THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

Queen Mary of England—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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Producer of The Birth of a Nation, General Director of Reliance and Majestic Companies.

I have watched 100,000 people pay $2.00 each to see Griffith's wonderful moving picture, "The Birth of a Nation." Quite aside from the money—for $2.00 a seat in a large theatre comes to a biggish sum every night—I am free to admit that there's a considerable satisfaction in being President of the Company that produced "The Birth of a Nation."

To be part of a success is a good deal.

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And when the success is so stupendous as to revolutionize an industry over night, it is pretty nearly overwhelming.

Night after night I have stood in the shadow beside the entrance of the Liberty Theatre and watched New York's smartest motors roll up and pour into the theatre,—the most brilliant and most critical audience in the world. The audience that has demanded (and got) the greatest operas and greatest plays ever produced.

Then, I have gone into the theatre and watched that audience,—that chatters and laughs through any but the finest music; that is bored by the play that is only ordinarily good,—sit for two hours and a half spellbound by a moving picture.

Of the picture itself I shall say nothing.

Newspapers and magazines the country over printed column after column about it on their editorial pages and over the signatures of their best dramatic critics.

It has lifted the moving picture from mere entertainment into the realms of serious art. Some have praised and some have blamed; but none have questioned the fact that "The Birth of a Nation" is quite the most stupendous spectacle ever shown in a theatre.

D. W. GRIFFITH—Producer of The Birth of a Nation, Chief Director of the Reliance and Majestic Companies.

THOS. H. INCE

Managing Director of Domino, Broncho, K. B. and Fulton Companies.

It isn't the action—though every principal character is played by a star of the film drama.

It isn't the 18,000 people, the 3,000 horses, the miles of carefully laid out countryside which made the "stage" of the piece.

It isn't the brilliance and steadiness of photography, nor the wonder of its composition.

Each of these is but a *part*.

That which has made "The Birth of a Nation" is the miracle of its "direction."

The world owes to D. W. Griffith—the "director" who produced "The Birth of a Nation"—more than it can ever pay in mere dollars, though those it is showering on him by hundred thousands.

Working with Griffith on "The Birth of a Nation" were other directors, several of whom have had the benefit of his genius and experience from the first.

With Griffith these men control the "*direction*" of all the moving pictures produced by the Reliance and Majestic Companies. Some of their productions you may have seen—"The Outcast," for instance, or "The Victim," or "Enoch Arden." Each of them has in it the same qualities that made "The Birth of a Nation" great.

THOS. H. INCE—who made the Far West real—and used an active volcano as a stage property.

For every thousand who have seen "The Birth of a Nation," probably ten thousand have seen the photo plays of Thomas H. Ince. It was he who first immortalized the Wild West through moving pictures.

Of course you know films marked K. B. or Broncho?

The rattling, smashing, outdoor films with Cowboys and Indians, wild rides and wilder battles?

It was Thomas H. Ince who made the 101 Bison Ranch as familiar as Broadway.

"The Battle of Gettysburg," one of the first really great moving pictures, was conceived and made famous by Thos. H. Ince.

And it was Thos. H. Ince who produced "The Wrath of the Gods," the amazing Japanese picture with a volcano in full eruption.

The "Cup of Life" is his, too, and "The Devil" and "On the Night Stage."

MACK SENNETT—Laugh Maker—Director of Keystone Comedies.

MACK SENNETT

Managing Director of Keystone Comedies.

Reader—did you ever see a "Keystone Comedy"?

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If Mr. Guzzle and the Keystone Police Force are not friends of yours,—you have lost some happy half hours.

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THE PROPHECY— Two years ago I saw the trend of Moving Pictures—saw that Griffith and Thos. H. Ince in the direction of great spectacles; Sennett as the world's greatest laugh maker, were working in the spirit of the trend; but away ahead of it. Today I prophesy still greater things for the productions of these three men and their associates.

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Very sincerely,

H. E. Aitken

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QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

THE great European war affects profoundly all the women of each nation involved. It affects doubly the royal women. The Queen of England, the Czarina of Russia, the Queen of the Belgians, the Empress of Germany, each carries in these momentous days a frightful burden. The young Prince of Wales is at the front; the King of the Belgians has been twice wounded; the Empress of Germany has her sons as well as her husband in the field.

In addition to these cares these women of exalted rank have the responsibility that comes always to the very great. To see a world crisis approaching, to know every detail by which it has been furthered or retarded, to realize at last its inevitability—to see, in a word, every movement of the great drama and to be unable to check its *dénouement*—that has been a part of their burden. And when the *dénouement* came, to sink their private anxieties in the public welfare, to assume, not a double immunity but a double responsibility to their people, has been the other part.

It has required heroism of a high order. It is, to a certain extent, a new heroism, almost a demonstration of the new faith whose foundation is responsibility—responsibility of a nation to its sons, of rulers to their people, of a man to his neighbor.

Royal Sympathy

IT HAS been my privilege to meet and speak with two of these royal women, with the Queen of England and with the Queen of the Belgians. In each instance I carried away with me an ineradicable impression of this quality—of a grave and wearing responsibility borne quietly and simply, of a quiet courage that buries its own griefs and asks only to help.

PHOTO. BY W. AND D. DOWNEY OF LONDON

Her Majesty Conveyed in Every Word a Deep Feeling of Friendship for America

From the beginning of the war I had felt a keen interest in the Queen of England. Here was a great queen who had chosen to be, first of all, a wife and mother; a queen with courage and a conscience. And into her reign had come the tragedy of a war that affected every nation of the world, many of them directly, all of them indirectly. The war had come unsought, unexpected, unprepared for. Peaceful England had become a camp. The very palace in which the royal children were housed was open to an attack from a brutal enemy, which added to the new warfare of this century the ethics of barbarism.

What did she think of it all? What did she feel when that terrible Roll of Honor came in, week by week, that Roll of Honor with its photographs of splendid types of young manhood that no Anglo-Saxon can look at without a clutch at his throat? What did she think when, one by one, the friends of her girlhood put on the black of bereavement and went uncomplainingly about the good works in which hers was the guiding hand? What thoughts were hers during those anxious days before the Prince of Wales went to the front, when, like any other mother, she took every possible moment to be with him, walking about arm-in-arm with her boy, talking of everything but the moment of parting?

And when at last I was permitted to see the Queen of England, I understood a part at least of what she was suffering. I had been to the front. I had seen the English army in the field. I had been quite close to the very trenches where the boyish Prince of Wales was facing the enemies of his country and doing it with high courage. And I had heard the rumble of the great German guns, as Queen Mary of England must hear them in her sleep.

Even with no son in the field the Queen of England would be working for the soldiers. It is a part of the tradition of her house. But a good mother is a mother to all the world. When Queen Mary is supervising the great work of the Needlework Guild one feels sure that into each word of direction has gone a little additional tenderness, because of this boy of hers at the front.

It is because of Her Majesty's interest in the material well-being of the soldiers at the front, and because of her most genuine gratitude for America's part in this well-being, that I took such pleasure in meeting the Queen of England.

It was characteristic of Her Majesty that she put an American woman—a very nervous American woman—at her ease at once, that she showed that American woman the various departments of her Needlework Guild under way, and that she conveyed, in every word she said, a deep feeling of friendship for America and her assistance to Belgium in this crisis.

In Friary Court

ALTHOUGH our ambassadors are still accredited to the Court of St. James, the old palace has ceased to be the royal residence. The King still holds there his levees, to which only gentlemen are admitted. But the formal Drawing Rooms are held at Buckingham Palace. To those who have seen St. James' during a levee, or to those London tourists who have watched the Scots Guards, or the Coldstream or the Grenadiers, preceded by a splendid band, swinging into the old Friary Court to perform the impressive ceremony of changing guard, the change in these days of war is most amazing. Friary Court is guarded by London policemen, and filled with great vans piled high with garments and supplies for the front—that front where the Coldstream and the Grenadiers and the others, shorn of their magnificence, are waiting grimly in muddy trenches or leading charges to victory—or the Roll of Honor. Under the winter sky of London the crenelated towers and brick walls of the old palace give little indication of the former grandeur of this most historic of England's palaces, built on the site of an old leper hospital and still retaining the name of the saint to whom that hospital was dedicated.

There had been a shower just before I arrived; and, although it was February, there was already a hint of spring in the air. The sun came out, drying the roads in the park close by, and shining brightly on the lovely English grass, green even then with the green of June at home. Riders, caught in the shower and standing on the sheltered sides of trees for protection, took again to the bridle paths. The hollows of Friary Court were pools where birds were splashing. As I got out of my car a Boy Scout emerged from the palace and carried a large parcel to a waiting van.

"Do you want the Q. M. N. G.?" said a tall policeman.

This, being interpreted, I was given to understand was Queen Mary's Needlework Guild.

Later on, when I was taken to Buckingham Palace to write my name in the Queen's book, which is etiquette after a presentation, there was all the formality the visit to St. James' had lacked—the drive into the inclosure, where the guard was changing, the stately footmen, the great book with its pages containing the dignitaries and great people of all the earth.

But the Boy Scout and the policeman had restored my failing courage that day at St. James' Palace. Except for a tendency to breathe at twice my normal rate as the Queen entered the room I felt almost calm.

As she advanced toward us, stopping to speak cordially to the various ladies who are carrying on the work of the Guild for her, I had an opportunity to see this royal woman who has suffered so grossly from the camera.

It will be a surprise to many Americans to learn that the Queen of England is very lovely to look at. So much emphasis has always been placed on her virtues, and so little has been written of her charm, that this tribute is only fair to Her Majesty. She is tall, perhaps five feet eight inches, with deep-blue eyes and beautiful coloring. She has a rather wide, humorous mouth. There is not a trace of austerity in her face or in any single feature. The whole impression was of sincerity and kindliness, with more than a trace of humor.

I could quite believe, after I saw Her Majesty, the delightful story that I had heard from a member of her own circle, that now and then, when during some court solemnity an absurdity occurred, it was positively dangerous to catch the Queen's eye!

Queen Mary came up the long room. As she paused and held out her hand, each lady took it and curtsied at the same time. The Queen talked, smiling as she spoke. There was no formality. Near at hand the lady-in-waiting who was in attendance stood, sometimes listening, sometimes joining in the conversation. The talk was all of supplies, for these days in England one thinks in terms of war. Certain things had come in; other things had gone or were going. For the Queen of England is to-day at the head of a great business, one that in a few months has already collected and distributed over a million garments, all new, all practical, all of excellent quality.

The Queen Praises Canada

THE Queen came toward me and paused. There was an agonized moment while the lady-in-waiting presented me. Her Majesty held out her hand. I took it and bowed. The next instant she was speaking.

She spoke at once of America, of what had already been done by Americans for the Belgians both in England and in their desolated country. And she hastened to add her gratitude for the support they have given her Guild.

"The response has been more than generous," said Her Majesty. "We are very grateful. We are glad to find that the sympathy of America is with us."

She expressed a desire also to have America know fully just what was being done with the supplies that are being constantly sent over, both from Canada and from the United States.

"Canada has been wonderful," she said. "They are doing everything."

The ready response of Canada to the demand for both troops and supplies appeared to have touched Her Majesty. She spoke at length about the troops, the distance they had come, the fine appearance the men made, and their popularity with the crowds when they paraded on the streets of London. I had already noticed this. A Canadian regiment was sure to elicit cheers at any time, although London, generally speaking, has ceased any but silent demonstration over the soldiers.

"Have you seen any of the English hospitals on the Continent?" the Queen asked.

"I have seen a number, Your Majesty."

"Do they seem well supplied?"

I replied that they appeared to be thoroughly equipped, but that the amount of supplies required was terrifying and that at one time some of the hospitals had experienced difficulty in securing what they needed.

"One hospital in Calais," I said, "received twelve thousand pair of bed socks in one week last autumn, and could not get a bandage."

"Those things happened early in the war. We are doing much better now. England had not expected war. We were totally unprepared."

And in the great analysis that is to come, that speech of the Queen of England is the answer to many questions. England had not expected war. Every roll of the drum as the men of the new army march along the streets, every readjustment necessary to a peaceful people suddenly thrust into war, every month added to the length of time it has taken to put England in force into the field, shifts the responsibility to where it belongs. Back of all fine questions of diplomatic negotiation stands this one undeniable fact. To deny it is absurd; to accept it is final.

"What is your impression of the French and Belgian hospitals?" Her Majesty inquired.

I replied that none were so good as the English, that France had always depended on her nuns in such emergencies, and, there being no nuns in France now, her hospital situation was still not good.

"The priests of Belgium are doing wonderful work," I said. "They have suffered terribly during the war."

"It is very terrible," said Her Majesty. "Both priests and nuns have suffered, as England has reason to know."

The Queen spoke of the ladies connected with the Guild.

"They are really much overworked," she said. "They are giving all their time day after day. They are splendid. And many of them, of course, are in great anxiety."

Already, by her tact and her simplicity of manner, she had put me at my ease. The greatest people, I have found, have this quality of simplicity. When she spoke of the anxieties of her ladies, I wished that I could have conveyed to her, from so many Americans, their sympathy in her own anxieties, so keen at that time, so unselfishly borne. But the lady-in-waiting was speaking:

"Please tell the Queen about your meeting with King Albert."

So I told about it. It had been unconventional, and the recital amused Her Majesty. It was then that I realized how humorous her mouth was, how very blue and alert her eyes. I told it all to her, the things that insisted on slipping off my lap, and the King's picking them up; the old envelope he gave me to make notes of the interview on; how I had asked him whether he would let me know when the interview was over, or whether I ought to get up and go! And finally, when we were standing talking before my departure, how I had suddenly remembered that I was not to stand nearer to His Majesty than six feet, and had hastily backed away and explained, to his great amusement.

Queen Mary laughed. Then her face clouded.

"It is all so very tragic," she said. "Have you seen the Queen?"

I replied that the Queen of the Belgians had received me a few days after my conversation with the King.

"She is very sad," said Her Majesty. "It is a terrible thing for her, especially as she is a Bavarian by birth."

From that to the ever-imminent subject of the war itself was but a step. An English officer had recently made a sensational escape from a German prison camp, and having at last got back to England, had been sent for by the King. With the strange inconsistencies that seem to characterize the behavior of the Germans, the man to whom he had surrendered after a gallant defense had treated him rather well. But from that time on his story was one of brutalities and starvation.

The officer in question had told me his story, and I ventured to refer to it. Her Majesty knew it quite well, and there was no mistaking the grief in her voice as she commented on it, especially on that part of it which showed discrimination against the British prisoners. Major V—— had especially emphasized the lack of food for the private soldiers and the fearful trials of being taken back along the lines of communication, some fifty-two men being locked in one of the small Continental box cars which are built to carry only six horses. Many of them were wounded. They were obliged to stand, the floor of the car being inches deep with filth. For thirty hours they had no water and no air, and for three days and three nights no food.

"I am to publish Major V——'s statement in America, Your Majesty," I said.

"I think America should know it," said the Queen. "It is most unjust. German prisoners in England are well cared for. They are well fed, and games and other amusements are provided for them. They even play football!"

The Practical Daughter of a Practical Mother

I STEPPED back as Her Majesty prepared to continue her visit round the long room. But she indicated that I was to accompany her. It was then that one realized that the Queen of England is the intensely practical daughter of a practical mother. Nothing that is done in this Guild, the successor of a similar guild founded by the late Duchess of Teck, Her Majesty's mother, escapes her notice. No detail is too small if it makes for efficiency. She selected at random garments from the tables, and examined them for warmth, for quality, for utility.

Generally she approved. Before a great heap of heavy socks she paused.

"The soldiers like the knitted ones, we are told," she said. "These are not all knitted but they are very warm."

A baby sweater of a hideous yellow roused in her something like wrath.

"All that labor!" she said, "and such a color for a little baby!" And again, when she happened on a pair of felt slippers, quite the largest slippers I have ever seen, she fell silent in sheer amazement. They amused her even while they shocked her. And again, as she smiled, I regretted that the photographs of the Queen of England may not show her smiling.

A small canvas case, skillfully rolled and fastened, caught Her Majesty's attention. She opened it herself and revealed with evident pride its numerous contents. Many thousands of such cases had already been sent to the army.

This one was a model of packing. It contained in its small compass an extraordinary number of things—changes of under flannels, extra socks, an abdominal belt, and, in an inclosure, towel, soap, toothbrush, nailbrush and tooth powder. I am not certain, but I believe there was also a pack of cards.

"I am afraid I should never be able to get it all back again!" said Her Majesty. So one of the ladies took it in charge, and the Queen passed on.

My audience was over. As Her Majesty passed me she held out her hand. I took it and curtsied.

"Were you not frightened the night you were in the Belgian trenches?" she inquired.

"Not half so frightened as I was this afternoon, Your Majesty," I replied.

She passed on, smiling.

And now, when enough time has elapsed to give perspective to my first impression of Queen Mary of England, I find that it loses nothing by this supreme test. I find that I remember her, not as a great Queen but as a gracious and kindly woman, greatly beloved by those of her immediate circle, totally without arrogance, and of a simplicity of speech and manner that must put to shame at times those lesser lights that group themselves about a throne.

I find another impression also—that the Queen of England is intensely and alertly mental—alive to her finger tips, we should say in America. She has always been active. Her days are crowded. A different type of royal woman would be content to be the honored head of the Queen's Guild. But she is in close touch with it at all times. It is she who dictates its policy, and so competently that the ladies who are associated with the work that is being done speak of her with admiration not unmixed with awe.

The Work of the Queen's Guild

FROM a close and devoted friend of Queen Mary I obtained other characteristics to add to my picture: That the Queen is acutely sensitive to pain or distress in others—it hurts her; that she is punctual—and this not because of any particular sense of time but because she does not like to keep other people waiting. It is all a part of an overwhelming sense of that responsibility to others that has its origin in true kindliness.

The work of the Queen's Guild is surprising in its scope. In a way it is a vast clearing house. Supplies come in from every part of the world, from India, Ceylon, Java, Alaska, South America, from the most remote places. I saw the record book. I saw that a woman from my home city had sent cigarettes to the soldiers through the Guild, that Africa had sent flannels! Coming from a land where the sending, as regards Africa, is all the other way, I found this exciting. Indeed, the whole record seems to show how very small the earth is, and how the tragedy of a great war has overcome the barriers of distance and time and language.

From this clearing house in England's historic old palace, built so long ago by Good King Hal, these offerings of the world are sent wherever there is need, to Servia, to Egypt, to South and East Africa, to the Belgians. The work was instituted by the Queen the moment war broke out, and three things are being very carefully insured: That a real want exists, that the clothing reaches its proper destination, and that there shall be no overlapping.

The result has been most gratifying to the Queen, but it was difficult to get so huge a business—for, as I have already said, it is a business now—under way at the beginning. Demand was insistent. There was no time to organize a system in advance. It had to be worked out in actual practice.

One of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting wrote in February, apropos of the human element in the work:

"There was a great deal of human element in the start with its various mistakes. The Queen wished, on the breaking out of war, to start the Guild in such a way as to prevent the waste and overlapping which occurred in the Boer War. . . . The fact that the ladies connected with the work have toiled daily and unceasingly for seven months is the most wonderful part of it all."

Before Christmas nine hundred and seventy thousand belts and socks were collected and sent as a special gift to the soldiers at the front, from the Queen and the women of the empire. That in itself is an amazing record of efficiency.

It is rather comforting to know that there were mistakes in the beginning. It is so human. It is comforting to think of this exceedingly human Queen being a party to them, and being divided between annoyance and mirth as they developed. It is very comforting also to think that, in the end, they were rectified.

We had a similar situation during our Civil War. There were mistakes then also, and they too were rectified. What the heroic women of the North and South did during that great conflict the women of Great Britain are doing to-day. They are showing the same high and courageous spirit, the same subordination of their personal griefs to the national cause, the same cheerful relinquishment of luxuries. It is a United Britain that confronts the enemy in France. It is a united womanhood, united in spirit, in labor, in faith and high moral courage, that looks east across the Channel to that land beyond the horizon, "somewhere in France," where the Empire is fighting for life.

A united womanhood, with at its head a steadfast and courageous Queen and mother, Mary of England.

WAR

By W. B. TRITES

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IN A WHITE lingerie gown as fine as gossamer, a gown that seemed overweighted to the point almost of tearing with its rich load of white embroideries, May Houghton sat at tea with Captain Nugent and Foster Todd in her father's drawing-room in Park Lane.

"There isn't going to be any war," said Foster Todd.

"Much you know about it," said Captain Nugent.

"Gee, another scrap! You boys are the limit!" cried May Houghton.

It was cool in the pale drawing-room, with the delicate splendor of its old French furniture, but the midsummer heat without danced in transparent whorls above the Park's bright, flat, green expanse.

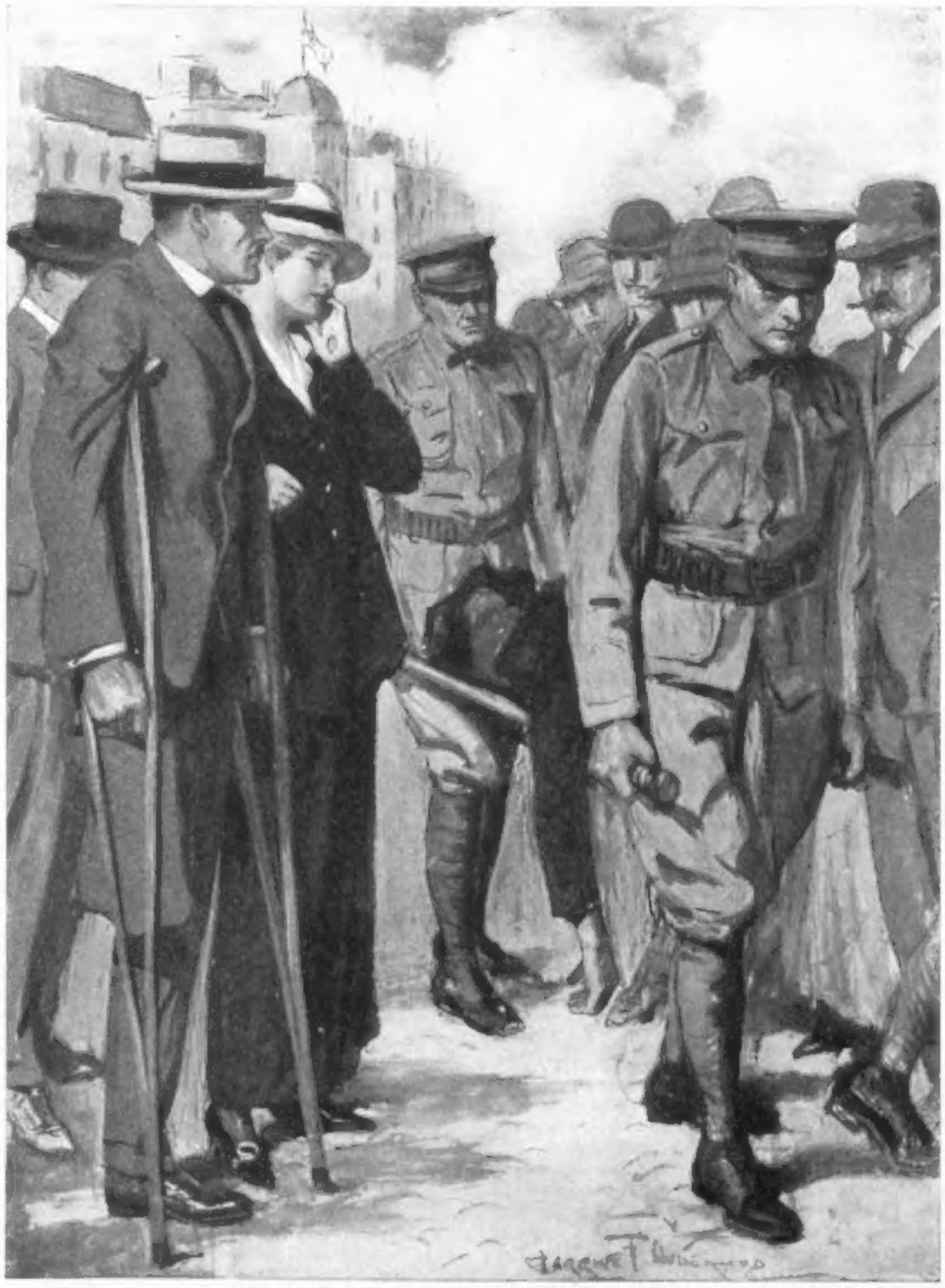
The ice king's daughter crossed her knees so as to show her beautiful shoe and beautiful ankle. Then she glanced down. Did it show enough, all that shimmering white loveliness? Well—no. And stirring in her chair, she pretended modestly to lower her cobweb skirt heavy with broideries; but in reality she raised it a little—raised it three or four or, perhaps, five inches. At the same time she gave the two men a shy look, a dazzling smile; she seemed to blush; and, shamed by her girlish innocence, they averted their enraptured eyes.

They turned their eyes to the tea table. They descended on the tea table for something more to eat. Foster Todd ate hungrily and hurriedly four slices of bread and butter, two brioches, a baba and a madeleine; but Captain Nugent only ate, in a very delicate manner, half a lettuce sandwich.

"The Kaiser is no fool," said Foster Todd.

"The Kaiser's mad," said Captain Nugent.

And May Houghton, looking demurely from the swell to the genius, wondered which she would choose for her mate. The swell?



"Poor Devils, They've Got a Stiff Time Ahead of Them!"

Captain Nugent was faultless according to the best West-End standards. The tall, slender and robust figure, the lustrous hair, the face's long, slim oval, the tiny, upcurled mustache, the regular features, delicate and yet firm, the big, strong hands and feet—yes, with Captain Nugent all was faultless, the faultless fruit of a dozen generations of hunting, fighting, ruling ancestors. And his dress! She looked at his boots with their gray-cloth tops trimmed with brown leather. She looked at the soft, fine fabric of his black morning coat. She looked at his fresh, rich tie, his crisp shirt, his collar of heavy white linen. All was perfect, perfect. And she had seen him in so many rigs. She had seen him in shooting tweeds, in court dress, in uniform, in pink at a hunt ball. And he seemed to have a different air for each rig. Thus, in blue lounge suit, he walked with a heavy stoop, his legs wide apart, his stick clump-clumping, his bowler crushed far down on the back of his head—a good, sturdy walk. In tail coat and tall hat he sauntered elegantly; in the swing of his stick and the rakish angle of his topper a kind of patrician wickedness was to be read. But he was languid and stately in court dress; his long legs in knee-breeches and silk stockings were extraordinarily graceful; he fell into graceful poses, his hand on his sword-hilt, which evoked memories of Vandyke or Sir Joshua.

Would she, on the other hand, choose the genius?

The lean and somewhat withered genius, Foster Todd, had bushy hair, a bushy mustache and a bright and tired eye. He wore a rumpled brown suit, square-toed slovenly boots, and a collar so much too big for him that May Houghton could almost have thrust her white, round arm through it to the elbow down his scraggy neck. But then he was a genius. With him it was the inside that counted. Ah, if Foster Todd could but have turned himself inside out! Hold, though; had he not, in innumerable passages, already done so? Had Foster Todd not dazzled England with his inside beauty time and time again?

"The world," he was now saying, "has no use for the professional soldier to-day. The type of mind that chooses soldiering as a profession is a primitive type we'd be well rid of. Why, a war would be a blessing, a real blessing, if it killed off all the professional soldiers in existence!"

The professional soldier opposite put his monocle in his eye and stared at Foster Todd.

"Rot!" he said. "Swank!"

May Houghton laughed. In her cobweb gown with its heavy broideries she walked to the open window. As she stood looking out she was lovely—a full, blond, delicious loveliness—the loveliness of violet eyes, of bright, thick, soft hair, red lips, and a coloring like lilies and roses.

"I wish they hadn't mobilized!" she sighed. "But there won't be any war, will there?"

"No," said Foster Todd.

"Yes," said Captain Nugent.

"Well, England won't go in, will she?"

"No."

"Yes."

"You give me the shivers!"

"Even if Germany does want war," said Foster Todd, "we mustn't let her have it. If a drunken rough wants a fight, do we oblige him?"

"But suppose your drunken rough," said Captain Nugent, "begins to bash you on the head?"

"Then, of course, I hand him over to the police."

"But there are no international police."

"There's The Hague Tribunal."

"Rot!"

"'Rot' is no argument," said May Houghton. She directed on Captain Nugent a gay, mischievous and friendly smile. "Argue. Don't just grunt 'Rot!'"

But the young man made no answer. In calm silence he took out a cigarette-tube case. He drew from it a cigarette tube in three pieces, like a fishing-rod. He joined the three pieces together into a tube of gold and amber nearly a foot long. Next he took out a cigarette case and chose from it a fat cigarette. Finally he took out a lighter, clicked it, lighted his cigarette at the little flame, and fixed it in the gold and amber tube. Then, inhaling the smoke, he blew forth a great cloud from his nose, leaned back comfortably, and smiled at his beautiful hostess. Foster Todd, who had been watching him in silence, now resumed his argument.

"You say 'rot,' my friend, but I tell you ——"

And Foster Todd proved that right, not might, should settle nations' quarrels as it settles individuals' quarrels. He had even begun to prove that patriotism is a sin, when the ice king entered with a coal baron and a tobacco lord. Before that formidable trio the two Englishmen, overawed, took their departure.

II

FOSTER TODD awoke at nine, and as he lay on his back in the wide bed an anxious, considering look came into his eyes. How did he feel this morning? Did he feel up to writing his forty-seventh war article? No. And he closed his eyes again patiently.

But sleep would not return to him. He lay, tossing, coughing, stretching himself for an hour. Then at ten in despair he rang for his breakfast.

His breakfast comprised porridge, a kipper, bacon and eggs, toast, marmalade and coffee. He ate it in bed in his red pajamas of sanitary flannel, propped amongst pillows, the silver breakfast tray on his lap, a newspaper in his left hand, while the steam heat clanked and gurgled in the various radiators of his big house on the Chelsea Embankment.

After breakfast, in dressing-gown and slippers, he seated himself at his table facing the river, took up his fountain pen, yawned, and began his war article.

War—and England, for though from the beginning Foster Todd had protested shrilly in the Daily Dispatch, England had gone in.

From the beginning Foster Todd had been writing war articles, not, as some said, because his books had stopped selling and he needed money, but because he was a genius, and the place of a genius, in a crisis such as this, is at the front—at the front, of course, metaphorically speaking.

His forty-seventh war article began this morning with an attack on the Prince of Wales Fund. He went over a half dozen complaints which pensioners of the fund had written to the Dispatch, and he selected a complaint that promised to work up well. It was the case of a woman pensioner who had been rebuked by a woman official for going to the "pictures." But the pictures, Foster Todd pointed out, cost only tuppence. The idea of rebuking that poor soul for spending tuppence on amusement when amusement was so needful in troubled times like these! The Prince of Wales Fund was much to blame, and so forth.

He turned his attention next to Lord Kitchener and the War Office. In creating overnight, as one might say, the largest volunteer army the world had ever seen, Lord Kitchener and the War Office had made, here and there, a mistake. Foster Todd recounted the three or four complaints that had come in to the Dispatch. Volunteer A had had to sleep in his overcoat for lack of a blanket. Volunteer B had had to spend sixpence for tea, because the army ration had run out. Foster Todd pointed out complacently, but very, very firmly, that mistakes like these would not help recruiting.

But one o'clock sounded. Luncheon was announced. He shuffled in his carpet slippers into the dining room.

There was a little heap of mail beside his plate—an essay by James Juggles comparing him with Swinburne, a dinner invitation from a duchess, a publisher's check for eight hundred pounds, the photograph of a pretty girl with a request for an appointment scrawled across the back—but this might well be a practical joke—and an offer of a dollar and a half a word from an American magazine for an article on white slavery in its relation to race suicide.

A newspaper propped before him, he lunched on cold ham and chicken, boiled potatoes and boiled greens, suet pudding, rich Gorgonzola, and potent, ink-black stout.

For an hour afterward, stupefied, he drowsed over the Times. Then he returned heavily to his war article.

He attacked heavily the various men—Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith and the rest—who in their call for recruits had declared the war to be a matter of life and death for England. He told these men to stop making statements so silly and false. For the war, he said, was not a matter of life and death for England, and it could become a matter of life and death for England only when Germany's navy became equal to England's in strength. Germany, to be sure, might begin to build more ships; but England would then build more ships faster than Germany. England would maintain her lead in ship-building if she had to send all her sons to the yards. This war a matter of life and death indeed! Rubbish!

But he ended on a patriotic, martial note. There were he said, innumerable ways to help England win, innumerable ways besides the crude, obvious one of dying for her in the trenches. Yes, he said martially, there were innumerable ways to help. Why, he himself, for example—and he frowned martially as he pushed his fountain pen across the page—he himself could go out and sell matches in the street in such a manner as to hasten the day of England's victory. Copyright by Foster Todd in the U. S. A.

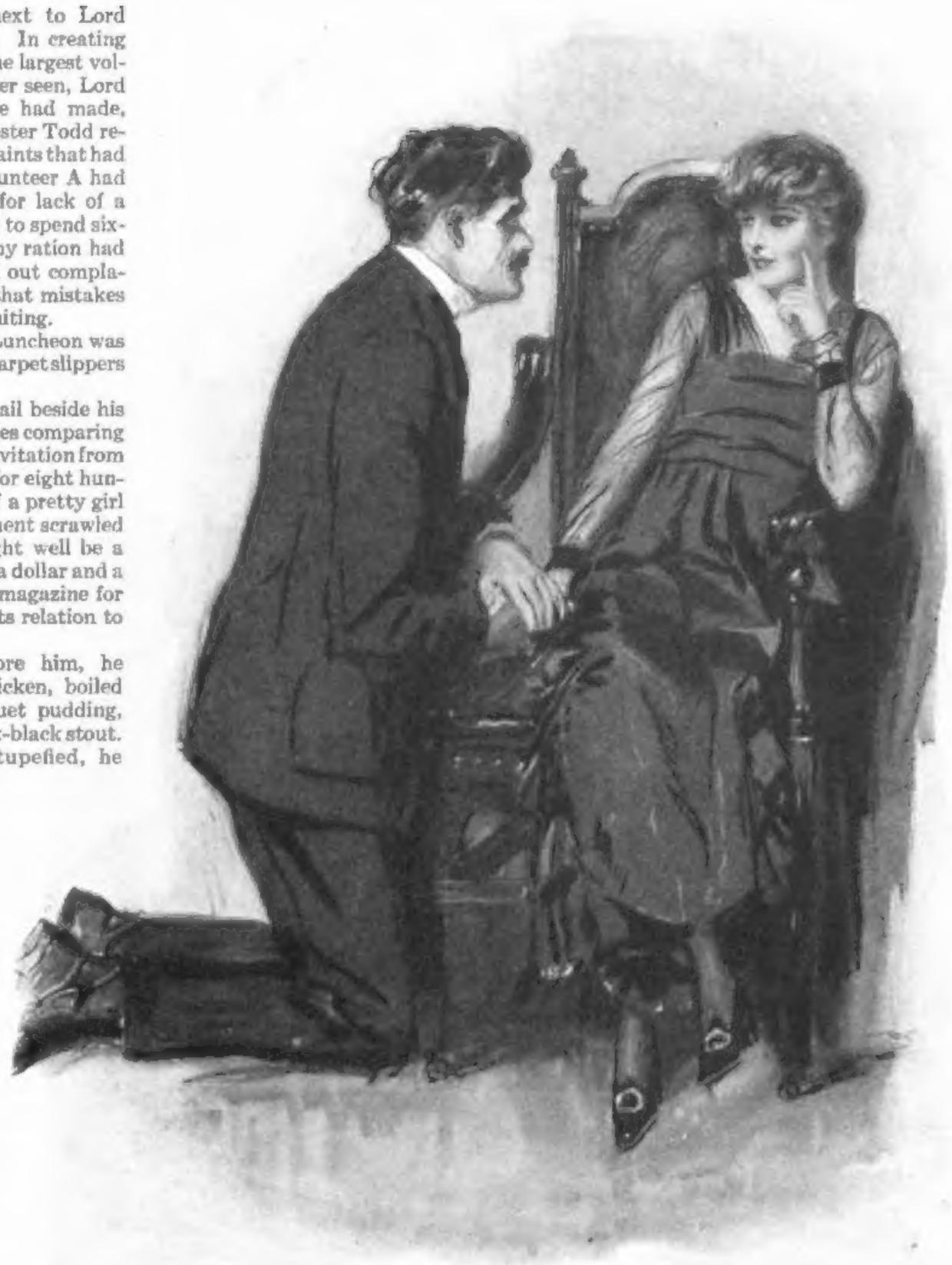
A maid entered with his tea, and, his mind now fixed on white slavery in its relation to race suicide, he consumed three cheering cups, a plate of bread and butter, a half dozen jam sandwiches, a crumpet and a large toasted scone.

Enlivened by the tea, he dressed and went out for a walk. But the London streets were chilly after his steam-heated house. Soon, therefore, he dropped into a club. He settled back in a huge armchair before a great fire. Over a whisky and soda, a cigar and a dozen newspapers, the time passed pleasantly. He was astonished when the dinner hour struck. Dinner? So soon? Ah, well, the club dinner was not bad at three-and-six. He ate, while pondering race suicide and white slavery again, a thick soup, a cut of salmon with sliced cucumber, ptarmigan vol-au-vent, boiled leg of mutton with boiled greens and boiled potatoes, a plate of custard and stewed fruit, and some anchovy paste on toast by way of savory, drinking with the meal, from a squat black bottle, a rich and powerful Burgundy from Australia. He took no coffee afterward—he seldom took coffee—and, red and stertorous, he lay back in his armchair before the fire again, with magazine and cigar, awaiting the hour when he could decently order another whisky and soda.

"Hello, Todd!"

"Good evening, Lanigan."

Lanigan, the banker-poet, sat down beside the table and began to rustle the newspapers. "The young Earl of Miltoun has been killed," he said. Rustle, rustle. "Phew, the Duke of Dorset is wounded! Captain Neville Nugent too—only slightly though."



May Houghton Listened to Foster Todd's Proposal Gravely

Foster Todd started. Then with knit brows he gazed into the fire in silence, stroking his mustache. Nugent slightly wounded, eh? Well, that would advance the young officer in May Houghton's favor.

"These Liberal sheets are all rancid now," said Lanigan. "There's nothing in 'em but rancid complaints. Here's another growl of yours in the Dispatch, I see. My God, man, don't you know the youth of England is conquering and dying? Why don't you write about that?"

"The work I am doing is more useful," said Foster Todd.

"Rot! The young men of England are fighting and dying." Lanigan struck the newspaper before him with his fist. "All the young men fighting and dying," he repeated, "while you whine here that the taxpayer is being overcharged for their boots."

"And won't my whine be useful," snarled Foster Todd, "if it puts better boots on the young men's feet?"

Silence, reflection, and Lanigan gave a nasty laugh. "Oh, that's not your motive, Todd."

"What is my motive then?"

"Limelight."

"Bah!" And Foster Todd, with a half dozen hip jerks, caracoled round in his armchair like a horseman until his back was completely turned upon the banker-poet. "Bah! Jealousy!"

"By Gad," cried Lanigan, "I'm going to write you up for that! You a genius! Me jealous of you! I'll show you up for that in the Authoritative Review!"

III

CAPTAIN NUGENT was shaving.

The open windows of his tower bedroom looked out over lawns and forest to the sea. The sea was misty, the sky misty, the November air pure and moist and cold. Captain Nugent shivered, for there was no fire in the grate.

The scar of his wound, a scar that still looked raw, made shaving difficult. It ran from his eyebrow down across the cheek to the bottom of his ear, and it enhanced rather than lessened the distinction of his appearance. But it was a nuisance, undeniably, in shaving. About it the razor must move with slow care.

"Your bath is ready, sir."

Captain Nugent stepped gingerly, with tightened lips, into his bath. But the shock of the icy water proved, as always, delightful; it made his flesh burn and tingle; it brightened his eyes and colored his cheeks; and thereafter he was cold no longer. When he got out of the bath his hard, slim, wet figure smoked like a warm horse in cold weather.

To dress in the open room was like dressing in the open; but he was aglow with heat, and he put on slowly and carefully fresh, beautiful country clothes—a striped shirt and collar of soft flannel, a dull green suit, and brogued shoes of a rich red-brown. Then, his hair very lustrous and well-brushed above the slim oval of his grave, clear-colored face with its scar, he descended to the breakfast-room.

Two belated guns were in the breakfast-room. Captain Nugent, nodding to them, looked into the covered dishes under the silver warmer on the sideboard. There were bacon, sausages, kidneys, truffled eggs. But amongst the cold dishes a ham took his eye. He cut a small pink slice. From an enormous bunch he clipped a half dozen hothouse grapes as big as plums. A very old manservant, straight and thin and ruddy, brought in a silver pot of coffee and a rack of fresh toast.

"How's your wife this morning, Parr?"

"Very much as usual, thank you, sir. She would like ——"

"By the way," Captain Nugent interrupted, "I want your wife to have some fruit. Tell Johnson, will you—all he can spare."

"Thank you, sir," said the old man. "And she would like, if it's possible—she would like to see you before you go back to the trenches, sir. Having nursed ——"

The old servant paused. He screwed his face up in an odd, senile grimace which was intended for a smile. Captain Nugent sat looking at him attentively. He hurried on:

"Having been your nurse once, sir, she takes it very hard, all this here getting wounded, and recovering, and then going back to get—to get wounded again. This war seems more murderous than other wars, does it not, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know, Parr," said Captain Nugent, frowning slightly.

"Well, there were your father and your grandfather, sir. The regiment didn't suffer so in their day. They went through their campaigns with scarcely a scratch. But now a young man can hardly get to the front—he can hardly get to the front before —— It don't seem hardly right, do it, sir?"

The grimace, intended for a smile, spread over Parr's face again, and he looked at Captain Nugent fixedly. All of a sudden he gave a kind of sob. The sob mortified him, he repressed it at once and, with a helpless, apologetic gesture, he turned and busied himself amongst the dishes on the sideboard.

"Nonsense, Parr." Captain Nugent addressed the old, leaning back calmly. "But tell your wife I'll come over this afternoon, of course. I might take the fruit myself, eh? See that Johnson makes me up a good basket."

"Thank you, sir." Parr walked to the doorway, turned and, rubbing his tremulous hands, said: "She is an old woman, you know, sir, and I —— Beg pardon, miss."

He stepped back with a jerky bow to let May Houghton enter, then he disappeared.

"Hello, Tommy Atkins!" said May. "Sleep well?"

"Yes, thanks. Did you?"

"I always do."

May Houghton wore a homespun Norfolk suit of blue-and-white check. The blue, he noticed, matched her eyes. Her flannel blouse was white with a blue stripe. Her full, firm neck was clasped in a flannel collar which was pinned with a gold pin. Beneath her skirt he saw her slim ankles in woolen stockings of a smaller blue-and-white check, and on her feet were trim, stout shoes of brogued Russia leather like his own. She carried in her hand a scarf of soft blue wool. Her eyes sparkled, her mouth was like a rose, her golden hair glittered in the gray light.

Captain Nugent lifted the silver covers for her, and she chose a sausage.

"Bully!" she said. "I always have a good breakfast appetite in England."

"So do I," said he.

"You!" she cried. "You!"

"Yes, I. Why not?"

"Oh, you never really have an appetite," said May Houghton. "You wouldn't eat, if you had an appetite, in such an old-maid way. Like this—look."

And she caricatured his delicate and ascetic table manners. She took up on her fork a tiny morsel of sausage; she lifted it with great deliberation to her mouth, and, scarcely opening her lips to receive it, she chewed it very slowly—her jaw hardly moved.

But the ice king entered, superb in a yellow plaid shooting suit and yellow gaiters. "Well, captain," he said as he filled his plate, "when you come to Houghton Towers after the war I'll let you shoot a buffalo."

"So you really preserve buffalo!" said Captain Nugent. "It must be very curious."

"Buffalo, deer, wild boar; I even had some bear. But that was dangerous."

"Yes, I should think so." Captain Nugent, having finished his grapes, rose. "Big place, Houghton Towers?"

"Well, yes, it's about—er—well, it's about eighteen times the size of this place." The ice king paused and turned his gaze calmly upon his daughter. There was a frown on his daughter's young brow. He smiled as if he had expected to find the frown there, and said: "Oh, it's God's own country, America."

"Yes, I dare say." And Captain Nugent, with a nod to his guests, withdrew.

"Why aren't you married, May?" said the ice king significantly. "Then you and your husband could take charge of my Belgian field hospital."

"Are you so anxious to be rid of me, daddy?"

"No. Oh, no." The ice king pushed his plate toward her. "Just fill that up again with sausage and eggs and bacon, will you?" He added thoughtfully: "It's time you were married though."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

Standing behind him as he ate, she ran her fingers absently through his thin hair, ruffling up the careful coiffure into ridiculous, hornlike tufts.

"Nugent is poor," said the ice king, "for all the state he maintains at his little castle here. He's likely, though, to inherit Lord Neville's title any day. I'd rather you married Nugent than that genius chap."

The ice king stopped eating. He looked seaward dreamily. His daughter, in the silence, dreamily built up a little horn of hair above his ear. "The Earl and Countess of Neville," the ice king murmured in a thrilling voice. "Wilbur J. Houghton, of Houghton Towers, has sailed for Egypt on his yacht, the Ice Maiden, with the Earl and Countess of Neville. Lady Neville is, of course, Mr. Houghton's daughter."

"It's a pity you can't marry him yourself, father dear." The young girl built up another horn of hair behind the first one, then, her head on one side, she studied the effect.

"Better him than Foster Todd," growled the ice king.

"But, father, Foster Todd's a genius."

"Genius your grandmother! Give me some of that cold ham. He's no more a genius than I am."

"But, father, you are a genius, a genius of finance! Why, everybody says that."

"Nonsense, girl!"

But the ice king was pleased. He tried to frown, but he could not conceal his foolish pleasure.

"Nonsense, girl! Me a genius? Nonsense!"

"It's what everybody says."

"Nonsense," grumbled the ice king, smiling and blushing foolishly under the little horns that stood out in every direction on his old head.

IV

THE library was wainscoted in old oak: old oak to which a surface like dark, translucent lacquer had been imparted by the care of generations of skillful, faithful hands. The curious ceiling of white Italian plasterwork dated from the sixteenth century. The old oak table and the high-backed chairs were fine Jacobean pieces.

"It leaves me very little to go on with," said Captain Nugent. "However ——"

And he took up his pen and signed another check.

Since breakfast he had been verifying the quarter's bills with his secretary. They were frightful bills, and it may well be that in their presence he trembled, winced and bit his lip. But he made no complaint; he ordered no retrenchment. To the end, the very end, he would maintain at Castle Nugent the state which his father and grandfather had maintained before him there.

"The old servants' pensions, and that's all, eh?"

"All except the tariff-reform and anti-socialist league subscriptions. But the moratorium might well ——"

"No," said Captain Nugent firmly, and he opened his check book again.

"By heaven!" cried the secretary, "you Tories will sacrifice anything to your wrong-headed beliefs! It's rather splendid of you, Neville."

"Yes, I dare say."

And Captain Nugent, standing before the empty grate, frowned and twisted his mustache.

Captain Nugent had a rich man's income, but he spent it anxiously, as a navvy's wife spends her husband's pay, fearing to run short. Captain Nugent scattered lavish sums on beautiful, magnificent, useless things—on acres of shining gardens, for example—in the same unselfish and chastened spirit wherewith a navvy's wife spends her scant allowance on flour and margarine, on cocoa and little, stubby, hobnailed boots.

And Captain Nugent lived in cold, bare rooms, where it was his pride to do without a fire. He plunged into forbidding, icy baths on the frostiest, dreariest of mornings. He denied himself the pleasures of the table. In bad weather as in good he passed the day out of doors. He kept his body hard and supple, then he risked its destruction on the hunting field, in big-game shooting, in mountain climbing and in battle. Captain Nugent stood for old things—for bravery, magnificence, pride, religion, war, just as Foster Todd stood for new things—for universal peace, for the abolition of wealth and poverty, for internationalism as distinguished from patriotism, and, by timid suggestion, for free love.

"The car is waiting, sir."

He descended. He put on in the spacious, lofty hall a gray overcoat with lining and collar of gray fur. Under the porte-cochère a long, low, pale touring-car throbbed. He took his place at the wheel, May Houghton sat beside him, while in the rear Lady Bland and the ice king reclined, for the car was very fashionably cut, as in a bed.

They spent the day in the soft, cold, pure air. They glided smoothly and swiftly along the edge of precipices high above the clear and crinkled sea. On the green slopes of the downs sheep fed in white herds. By the wayside wild flowers grew. Now the sun shone, now it rained a little, now the sun shone again, spreading over the countryside a laughing radiance.

They lunched at Barnstaple, a Devon lunch—herring fresh from the sea, a Devon chicken with laver, the seaweed vegetable, and an apple-tart with Devonshire cream.

"Good cooking," said the ice king. "It's almost as good as our own Southern cooking—eh, what, May?"

On the return Captain Nugent got out at Mrs. Parr's, and May Houghton got out also to walk back with him. While waiting before the cottage, she picked a bunch of violets from the roadside bank.

"How green it all is," she said as in the waning afternoon light she and the young man entered the park.

And indeed the old stone wall was hidden for its entire length under a vast curtain of green moss. The tall, straight, leafless trees were covered, literally covered, with moss and ivy up to their topmost boughs. Moss and ivy carpeted, too, the ground. The very air, the very light, seemed green. And amid this green silence, this green solitude, the long-tailed pheasants trudged, flew heavily, and uttered their sardonic, gonglike call.

A turn of the path brought them to the broad drive which ran, between two lines of ivy-mantled oaks, straight to the gray castle's west façade. The south façade, too, was visible, with its terrace set, like a hanging garden, above the lawns and flower beds. The castle was lofty. It rose in gray, lofty, splendid harmony against the gray sky.

"How rich you must be," she said, "to keep up Castle Nugent."

"Rich?" he replied. "Lord, no! The dear old place is ruining me!"

"Ruining you? Really?"

"Yes, really."

They walked on in silence. The dim light grew dimmer. The castle windows here and there began to be illumined, beautiful golden panels shining on façade and tower.

"I suppose," she said, "you'll have to marry some vulgar American girl for her money, eh?"

He frowned.

"Forgive me," she said. "I'm a vulgar American girl myself to talk so."

"Vulgar?" He glanced at her. In her long brown coat with its collar of soft brown fur she was lovelier than her fresh-plucked violets. "Vulgar?" he repeated. "You don't look vulgar."

"Even the vulgarest of us," she said, "want—to be married—for love."

He bit his lip, then he said stiffly:

"I shall ask you to marry me for love later on if—if ——"

"If what?" she whispered.

"If I come back," he replied, "whole."

"Oh, don't say that!"

And she began to cry, turning away to hide her face, searching hurriedly in her coat with both hands for her handkerchief.

"Forgive me," he said. "I'm a morbid brute."

"No," she gasped, "it's not that, but ——" Her head was bent, her shoulders heaved, she pressed her tiny handkerchief to her mouth and eyes. "It's not that."

Before them the gray castle rose with its lighted windows. A pheasant in the distance uttered its gonglike, wild and mocking cry. The young man bit his lip angrily.

"I'm a morbid brute."

(Continued on Page 49)

He Felt Strangely Serene. At the Same Time It Was a Bad Thing to be Lying Like This in the Snow

THE TREASURE SINK

WHY INDIA CAN AFFORD A WAR CONTRIBUTION

By Albert W. Atwood

JUST after war was declared last August a British Cabinet Minister rose in Parliament and read a message from the Viceroy of India to the effect that seven hundred native potentates had offered their personal services, armies and treasures to the King. Many of the offers were accepted at once and a division or more of native troops transported to France, where they have since been fighting with great fierceness and bravery.

In the rush of world events, how many persons have stopped to think that, probably for the first time in ages, India has reversed her historic rôle and is giving out instead of taking in? From the twilight of antiquity India has been the World's Sink of Gold. For centuries she has sucked in silently—like a sponge—the gold and silver and jewels of other lands.

Heaped up in vaults of palaces are these riches—useless, unseen, forgotten, beyond record and enumeration. Side by side lie British sovereigns of William IV and Mexican piasters—even the bullion of the Incas and the secret stores of the Montezumas. From the mines of California, Australia and South Africa has been dug the earth's reluctant wealth, discovered and extracted by endless skill and labor, only to be carried along the broad avenues of trade to the Far East, there to disappear like streams in the desert, practically buried again, so far as money or credit is concerned.

Before 1835 imagination may run riot, unhindered by figures or statistics. Centuries ago the very name India had passed into poetry as the synonym for costly merchandise. Solomon's cherished cargoes came from India, and Homer knew its products by name. Most of the famous diamonds of history belonged at one time to Indian princes, as many of them do to this day. Prior even to authentic history itself, the Arabian Nights tells of Sindbad the Sailor's adventures in the Valley of Diamonds, the gist of which has since been found to be based on rather commonplace facts.

Since the British began to keep records in 1835, however, we do know that more gold—to the amount of fifteen hundred million dollars—has gone into India than has come out. In two years—1911 and 1912—imports of gold exceeded exports by two hundred and sixty million dollars. As for silver, that country is believed to have had as much as all Europe in the Middle Ages, though it has never boasted a silver mine; and there is good reason for stating that, since Columbus discovered America, India has absorbed one-fourth of the world's silver production. At any rate, in less than a century three billion dollars of the two precious metals has been absorbed!

The Money Graveyards of the World

THESE billions lie in the money graveyards of the world; they are its lost, unproductive treasures. They and the jewels—which, of course, no one can count, because there are no statistics or records—are the sifted pickings, not only of centuries of trade and taxation but of war and plunder as well. We often think of the modern Hindu as a weak person; but if he has been proved a lion in action on the battlefields of France let it not be forgotten that his warlike traditions and exploits of valor stretch back to the misty morn of romance and chivalry.

The truth is, the Indian chiefs were spoiling for a fight. What are a few generations of British rule to perhaps forty centuries of continuous history, a commingling of fierce and devastating wars, deep conspiracies, terrible revenges, massacres and treacheries?

When the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies told Parliament—to mention but one incident—that Sir Pertab Singh, though seventy years old, insisted on joining the fracas in Europe, "and would not be denied," was it any cause for surprise that the oldest aristocracy in the world should find itself again on the fighting line? Gratified as the British are that the subject races of India should prove so loyal, it is only natural that peoples inured to war and rapine and pillage, external and internal, since before the time of Alexander the Great, should be swept by a wave of martial enthusiasm.

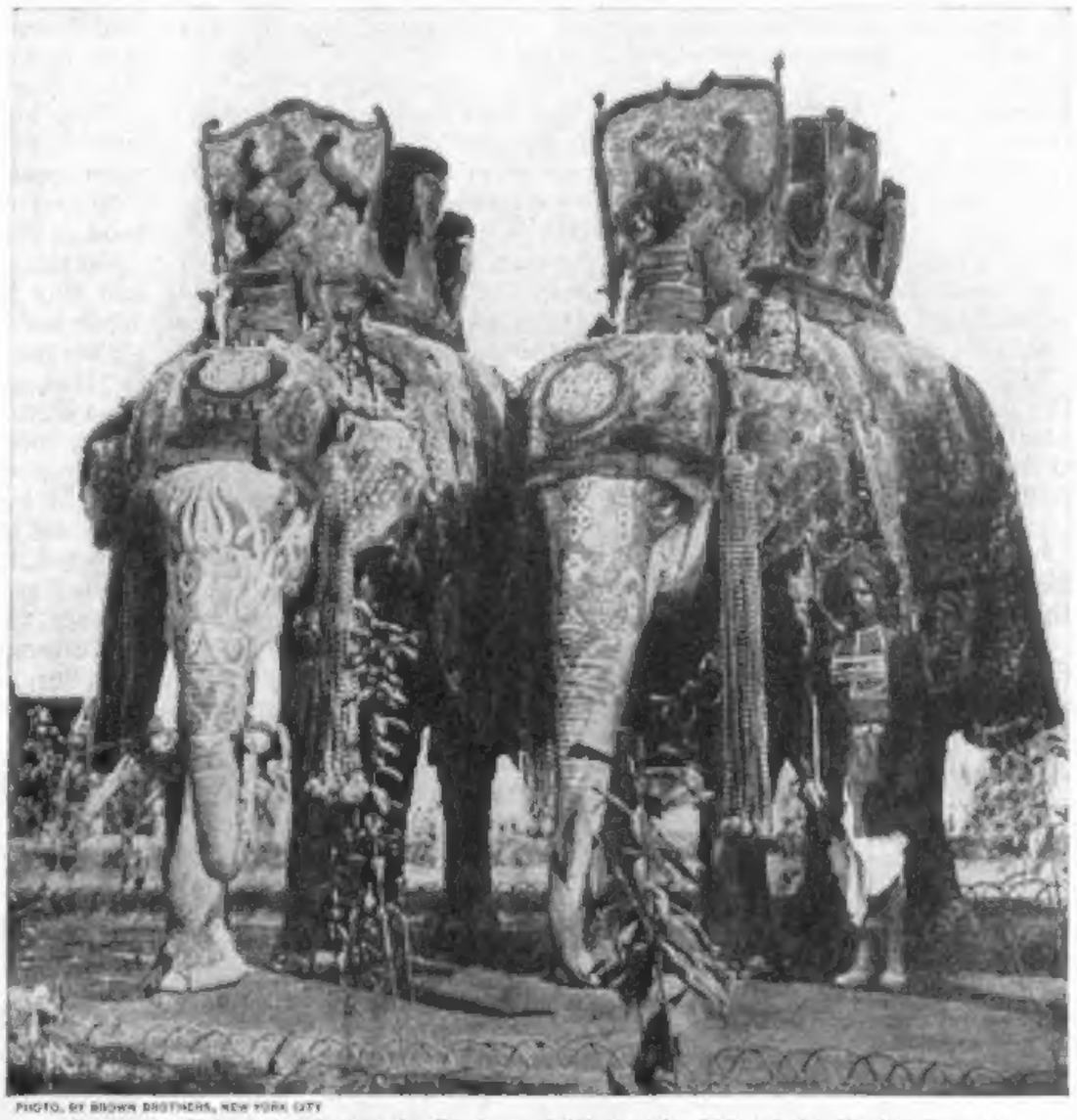


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Gorgeous Triumphs, Festivals, Durbars, Still are the Life of the Native Princes

The English Government described the great and timely gifts of its loyal Indian princes as being "marked with an opulence truly Oriental." Indeed, they were; but the mere ascertainable facts of the dazzle and splendor of the royal courts of India for twenty-five centuries past outdo all fable and fiction.

Lord Curzon, once Viceroy of India, and the late Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, head of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the city of New York, once became excited in a debate over a mere column supporting the platform on which rested the famous Peacock Throne of the Great Moguls. Gorgeous triumphs, festivals, durbars—a luxury and magnificence of life unknown to other parts of the world—have been, as far back as human records go, and still are the life of its native princes. The Maharajah of Kapurthala, though modern enough to be at this writing on his way to the San Francisco Exposition, decided a few years ago, when his son was married, to invite all their European friends, and actually chartered a steamship to convoy more than two hundred guests from France to the scene of the wedding in India.

The mighty rajahs and maharajahs of India do not go in for stocks and bonds the way our Rockefellers and Morgans do; but when it comes to gold, silver and jewels they outshine our most bediamonded billionairesses.

It is related that an English duchess went to India to see a particularly fine collection, taking her own diamonds along for purposes of comparison; but when the courteous potentate had showed his collection and asked in turn to see her by no means unknown jewels she stammered, and replied that she had "forgotten to bring them."

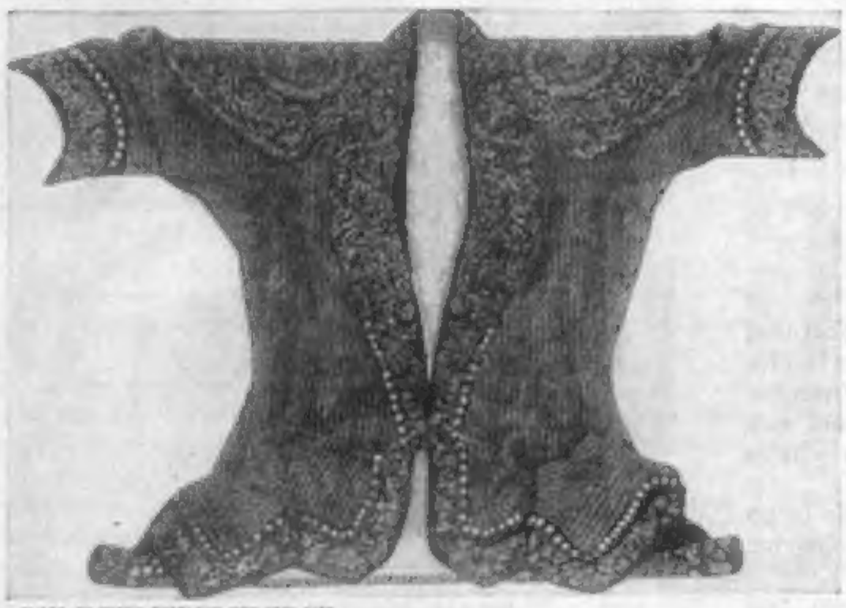


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A State Coat of Brocade With Borders Set With Gems

"I offer all my troops and resources," declared the Gaekwar of Baroda immediately after the war started—"all I possess."

And he promptly proceeded to purchase a great ocean liner—the Empress of India—to be converted into a hospital ship. He and two other Indian princes—the Nizam of Hyderabad, who gave two million dollars in cash to the British Government, and the Maharajah of Mysore, who gave one million, six hundred and fifty thousand dollars in one contribution, with more to follow—alone out of seven hundred native princes, are entitled to the royal salute of twenty-one guns.

Pleased as England was to receive an entire hospital ship from the Gaekwar's private purse, it is unlikely that his resources are much depleted thereby. This very enlightened and modern prince has one piece of jewelry, without doubt the finest and most costly in the world—his famous shawl of pearls, with an arabesque border of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds—which was stated, at least fifty years ago, by the Imperial Gazetteer of India to be worth five million dollars. Baroda also owns three of the world's most famous diamonds—Star of the South, ninth largest in existence; Akbah Shah, and Empress Eugénie. Several of his diamonds were once owned by that ill-fated empress of the French.

Baroda's collection has been variously estimated as being worth from fifteen million to forty million dollars, the lower figure without doubt being conservative. He has whole carpets of pearls; chairs, tables, beds and water jugs of gold and silver; an elephant throne which takes twenty-four men to lift; solid gold guns to precede him when he moves in state; and a treasure house to keep these baubles in.

The Gaekwar of Baroda in ordinary life is civilized enough. He has visited this country a number of times; and his son, pleasantly known as Young Gike, graduated from Harvard in 1912. The mighty monarch is now suffering from a nervous breakdown and is living in London. His name was once mentioned in a divorce suit, but he evidently thinks well of his consort, the Maharanee. At a dinner in Washington a young matron rapturously exclaimed to the Gaekwar:

"I should so love to see your pearls!"

"Here is one of them," quickly replied the prince, smilingly pointing to the Maharanee.

The Gaekwar's Modest Answer

ONCE he was interviewed by an unabashed woman reporter. "Is it really true," she inquired, "that you wore five million dollars' worth of jewels at King George's coronation?"

"I really don't know their value," he politely answered; "but they are not for sale."

Baroda and the Maharajah Sindhia, of Gwalior, have each been reputed to be the richest prince in India, and their incomes have been stated as high as fifteen million dollars a year. I do not suppose anybody knows—except perhaps a few British officials, and they will not tell. It is regarding one of the Maharajah Sindhia's rather near ancestors that the most thrilling of Indian tales of hidden wealth is told. The present Maharajah presented the British with a hospital ship, for use in a Chinese campaign; and in this war he has not only been one of the largest individual

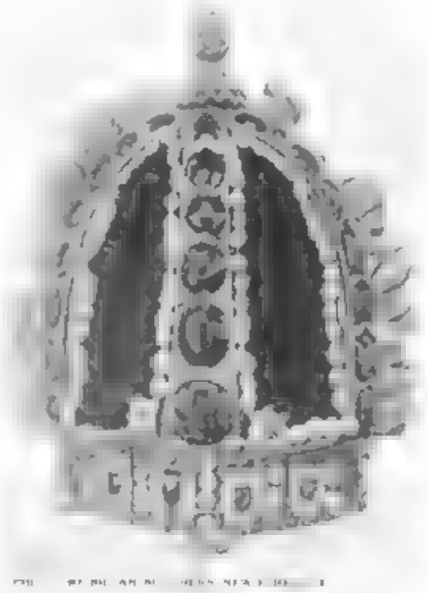
donors to the Belgian Relief Fund but has presented a complete train of ambulances to the English army forty-one ambulances, four officer's cars, five motor lorries and ten motor cycles, which were reviewed in state not long ago by King George and Queen Mary.

If the story about Gwalior's grandpa—I think it was has a scintilla of truth, it is the part of wisdom for this young prince to be generous toward the British Government.

"You know," said a native witness, who may also have been a good liar, before one of the dull, heavyweight royal commissions appointed every few years to investigate Indian affairs, "how anxious the late Maharajah Sindhia was to get back the fortress of Gwalior; but very few knew the real cause that prompted him. That cause was a concealed hoard of sixty crores of rupees" about two hundred million dollars—"in certain vaults within the fortress, over which red-coated British sentinels had been walking for thirty years, never for one moment suspecting the wealth concealed beneath their feet.

"Long before the British Government gave back the fortress everyone who knew the entrance into the concealed hoard was dead except one man, and he was exceedingly old and, though in good health, might die at any moment from sheer old age. If that had happened the treasure might have been lost to the owner forever, and to the world for ages, because there was only one entrance and that was cunningly concealed.

"So he was in such a fix that he must either get back his fort or divulge the secret to the government and run the risk of losing the treasure. Masons were brought from a distance, sworn to secrecy in a near-by temple, and taken, blindfolded, in closed carriages from the railroad station to the fort. They opened the vaults; the treasure was seen to be intact; and, after the masons had been taken back, blindfolded, the native soldiers who stood guard over them while they worked were taken out and executed."



A Cap for an Image Set With Gold and Gems

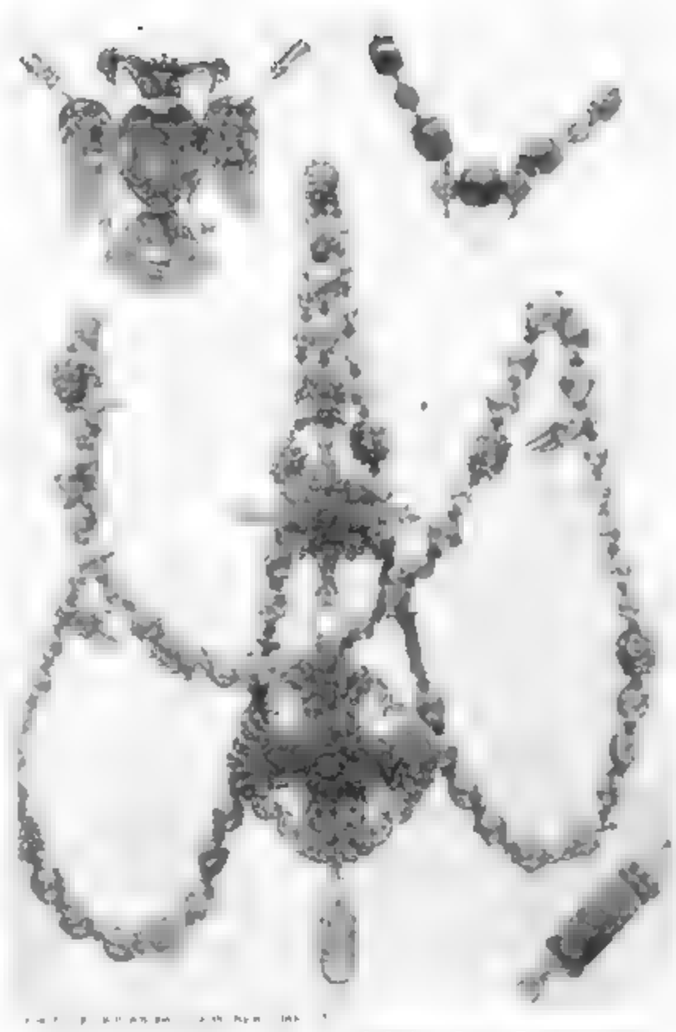
That Gwalior is enormously rich there is no doubt; and on state occasions he wears a crimson sash covered with precious stones, one story asserting that this article was originally intended for the tomb of Mohammed.

No doubt Rudyard Kipling had the old, isolated fortress of Gwalior in mind when he wrote in the Jungle Book of the treasures of Cold Lairs, guarded by an aged White Cobra, with eyes as red as rubies. He tells how Mowgli, hero of the Jungle Books, visited the deserted city—empty and silent in the moonlight slipped over the rubbish of the ruined queen's pavilion, crawled down a half-choked staircase and sloping passage, which turned and twisted several times, and at last came to where the root of some giant tree had forced out a solid stone in the wall of the vault.

The White Cobra had stood guard apparently for ages

"Five times since I came here," said he, "has the stone been lifted; but always to let down more and never to take away. There are no riches like these riches—the treasures of a hundred kings. . . . Look thou and see what man has never seen before!"

"The floor," says Kipling, "was buried some five or six feet deep in coined gold and silver that had burst from the sacks they had originally been stored in; and in the long years the metal had packed and settled as sand packs at low tide. On it and in it, and rising through it, as wrecks lift through sand, were jeweled elephant howdahs of embossed silver, studded with plates of hammered gold and adorned with carbuncles and turquoises. There were palanquins and litters for carrying queens, framed and braced with silver and enamel, with jade-handled poles and amber curtain rings; there were golden candlesticks hung with pierced emeralds that quivered on the branches; there were studded images, five feet high, of forgotten gods, silver, with jeweled eyes; there were coats of mail, gold inlaid on steel, and fringed with rotted and blackened seed pearls; there were helmets, crested and beaded with pigeon's-blood rubies; there were shields of lacquer, of tortoise shell and rhinoceros hide, strapped and bossed with red gold and set with emeralds at the edge; there were sheaves of diamond-hilted swords, daggers and hunting knives; there were golden sacrificial bowls and ladles, and portable altars of a shape that never sees the light of day; there were jade cups and bracelets; there were incense burners, combs and pots for perfume, henna and eye powder all in embossed gold; there were nose rings, armlets, headbands, finger rings and girdles past any counting; there were belts seven fingers broad, of square-cut diamonds and rubies; and wooden boxes, trebly clamped with iron, from which the wood had fallen away in powder, showing the pile of uncut star sapphires, opals, cat's-eyes, sapphires, rubies, diamonds, emeralds and garnets within. The White Cobra was right. No mere money would begin to pay the value of this treasure, the sifted picking of centuries of war, plunder, trade and taxation. The coins alone were priceless, leaving out of the count all the precious stones, and the dead weight of the gold and silver alone might be two or three hundred tons."



The People Turn the Gold Coins Into Ornaments

When Looting Was Good Form

CALL it fiction if you will; but there is not a detail that cannot be duplicated in fact. The hoarding of dynasties—only rarely broken up by some enlightened prince who may send off forty or fifty bullock cartloads of silver to be exchanged for government securities, or by such an upheaval as the present war—is one of the great obstacles to the progress of India as a country. It has spelled ruin to her economic development. Persuasion and compulsion go only a little way with such a habit as hoarding, ingrained in a people for ages.

Though of course it is no longer the polite thing to do, the great accumulations of Indian wealth are really the accretions of thousands of years of loot and plunder, as well as of war, trade and taxation. There are seven hundred separate chiefs, each ruling over his own people, in some cases only a few villages, or perhaps a state as large as California. There are innumerable castes, races, religions—an inextricable mixture of people that has never possessed, in its four or five thousand years of history, any national spirit. Thus, from the earliest times until half a century ago the chiefs of India fought one another.

Beginning with Alexander the Great, in 327 B. C., they were subject also to constant ravages from without. There were the Greeks, Arabs, Persians, the Portuguese, Dutch, French and British—all in turn looters. Many of the world's greatest diamonds, originally produced by India and belonging there, are now the property of the Persian crown, carried off to Persia in raids made centuries ago.

The British, now model administrators, were not so finicky at first. Who has not heard of the famous trial of Warren Hastings? In a library I have seen a book on early Anglo-Indian law, with reference to a statute which provided that loot might be taken in a city stormed east of the Cape of Good Hope, but forbade looting in cities west of the Cape.

It goes without saying that a country which has produced, prized and fought for so many diamonds as India, must have gathered its treasures by no squeamish means. When King George, Emperor of India, entered the ancient capital of Delhi he wore the Kohinoor, possession of which his liege subjects in that part of the world regard as the token of supreme authority, however bloody its history may have been since it first adorned the Peacock Throne.

From the fields of Golconda came the Great Mogul diamond, largest in the world, and those priceless fated stones, the Orloff, the Sancy and the Kohinoor. The Orloff, now at the Russian Czar's scepter point, is supposed to have been stolen by a French grenadier from the eye of a Brahman idol. It finally fell into the hands of Prince Orloff, of Russia, who regained his lost favor with Catharine the Great by presenting it to her.

Diamond experts believe that the Sancy, after leaving India, belonged to such celebrities as Charles the Bold, Queen Elizabeth, Cardinal Mazarin and Louis XIV. A well-known English writer on gems, Edwin W. Streeter, in describing the great diamonds of India, has said:

"The diamond has been a factor in tragedies innumerable, supplying the motives of war and rapine, setting father against son, blurring the fair image of virtue, making life a curse, and adding new terrors to death. There is no intrigue, however deep, no crime so shameful, that cannot be paralleled in the history of famous gems; no butchery has marked the red footsteps of military conquerors with deeper lines of infamy than in Eastern wars for gems."

The Hindus themselves believe their country's history goes back five thousand years before Christ, and European scholars admit the authenticity of records that antedate by some fifteen hundred years

(Continued on Page 57)

King George Taking the Queen's Hand to Lead Her to the Royal Pavilion

THE COURTING CANDLE

By Mary Lanier Magruder

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. GOLDBECK

MOLLY sat on the steps and the eyes av her flashed like the fire av frost. Ye've seen it—the cold ice on the gray trees in the dead av winter and all at wanst the sun looking through! Only 'twas no winter at all, but an April day and the lilacs out. In the ould counthry, where Molly was born, the hills would be green in the soft, gray rain; and the sun that warm on the bogs! But 'twas in the new counthry where Molly sat on the steps of the boongalow her father had built, and the spring was late with warmth. Before her, acrost the pike, in a pasture rich as cream, her cows nipped the young clover. A good thing 'twas for her whin her father became captain av police! Whin him and Tammany retired unexpected, they were both raisonably well provided for.

A shrewd boy, with a twinkle in his eye, were Dennis McShane, and a shrewd ould boy were Shamus O'Brien, the father av young Rory; but nayther so shrewd that they didn't sprout ears av a donkey whin they betrothed Rory and Molly in their cradles. Tis an ould trick nobody's taking these days. Lave the youngsters alone and they'd have worked the thing out between 'em; but, as 'twas, they'd been ingaged all their lives, which takes the flavor out av coorting, so to speak. And Molly liked to crack the whip over Rory. She had the McShane high-headedness; ould Dennis was a driver av min. But you'd niver suspicioned it in her till she let you look under the lids av her eyes. There was frost there—and fire too.

There was more than wan av us in New Erin—'tis a name the west county has because we Irish are thick in it—that had a sly sort av hunch that Rory had a roving eye and a roving foot. 'Twas in the blood av the O'Briens back in the ould land—and blood will tell.

Now Molly, sitting beside the hyacinth pots, sees Rory go flying by in an autymobile with a girl whose woonderful hair niver grew natural on the head av anny living soul, and her complexion resembled the raymarkable tints ye've seen on thim dummies what they dress up in store windows with a placard saying: "Once twelve bucks and now marked down to elivin-ninety-eight." It was the hair and the complexion av the girl that sint the blazing frost into Molly's eyes. And there and thin she jerks off the ring Rory had given and flings it beyont the hedge.

Now av all persons to be passing right thin, should it be Thomas McCaw! Molly, with a little jump, sees him stoop his long six feet and pick the pretty trinket from the roadside dust.

"Oho, Miss Molly! And is it so ye toss away pearls and gold? 'Twould buy a pig now, or a cow, or bread for a starving child for half a year."

He leans over the fince, holding it out to her.

"I've a right to do as I please with me own," snaps Molly, her cheeks like the japonica bloom. Thomas turns it over on his palm.

"'Tis a fairly handsome stone. If ye say the wor-rd I'll toss it away." But his fingers cling to it as if sorry to part company. Molly's red lip curls up.

"Since ye are in such distress about it, Mr. Thomas McCaw, ye may toss it to me, and I'll see that its fate is so wrapped in mystery that your parsimonious soul will not be wrinched by any knowledge av it."

"Now, Miss Molly!" says Thomas, reddening.

Molly holds out her hand. He opens the gate and comes swinging his long legs up the walk. He looks at her in his solemn way. Black Irish is Thomas; and his eyes, whin he turns thim on you, are like nothing so much as dark pools in the mire lands.

"I met Rory at the bridge," Thomas says, putting two and two together, and astonished that it doesn't make five. And by that wan fatal remark he lets the ould cat go mewing out av the bag.

"Did you?" says Molly—very, oh, very softly. "Did ye have a pair av opery glasses to discover him? Or maybe 'twas smoked glasses to consider the tints of the—the young person's hair and complexion? Thomas, I am astonished that ye left off thinking av your tin per cints long enough to discern anybody."

"Six per cints!" says Thomas, flushing still redder.

With that, he drops the jool as if it burnt him. Molly slips it into her pocket. Thin she sits tapping her foot and looking at him under lids half shut.

"God alone knows what ye charge the widows and the orphants. That's between thim and the soul av ye."

He straightens up thin; stiffly, too, as a man that has had a pinprick too many.

At the Gate He Looks Back Wanst at the House

"Sharp answers provoke wrath; but I'd have ye know I've no mind to let ye snap my head off because ye're fashed by the doings of Rory O'Brien. 'Tis not the first time he's been gallivanting, and 'twill not be the last. What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. Ye can do better than to lock hands with him, Miss Molly."

And, with this gintle reminder, Thomas jams his hat over his head and starts for the gate. 'Tis the voice av Molly arrists him as he lifts the latch.

"Come back, Thomas, and beg my pardon."

"For what?" he says, staring.

"Mainly because I've told ye to."

"I've done nothing to be asking your pardon," says Thomas stubbornly. Molly laughs thin—a trickle av sound like the flowing av brooks be Connemara.

"Come back, thin, Thomas, and I'll beg yours."

There he stands, halting and leaning against the gate, the great gossoon, that shy av women that Molly might have been wan av the little people for all the suspicious way he looked at her.

"Come here!" Molly says, beckoning with one slim finger. "I've a bargain for ye. Ye've been wanting the spotted Jersey cow these six months."

The legs of Thomas unlimber. Come to bargains, 'twas said Thomas made meat and drink av thim. He seemed niver to have fed on much more substantial fare, he was that long and slinder and pale. "Yes," he agrees warily.

"Ivery wanst in a while ye've stopped be the gate and naked me if I'd changed me mind. Well, I have, Thomas. Here's my bargain—but, first, sit down here by me. I'll not be shouting it out so the neighbors can hear."

Thomas comes and sits beside her. "Closer, Thomas," says Molly wickedly. "I must whisper."

Thus, with his edging up and Molly's leaning to him to whisper, her plump shoulder is against his own. There was perfume in her hair or else the dying bud av a hyacinth tucked away in its shadows. Thomas had niver known a woman's hair could smell so sweet.

"I want to punish Rory," Molly says. "And I don't want all New Erin laughing at the Molly McShane that could not hould her man. I want to borrow ye, Thomas, for a month or two. I'll let ye have the Jersey cow, the pride av me heart, if ye'll be betrothed to me—say, for two months, Thomas."

"To you!" Thomas stammers. "The Jersey cow!"

"Yes," says Molly tartly; "me! The Jersey cow."

Thomas draws away and looks at her, from the same shadows av her hair to the velvet rose av her cheek—to the wee hollow av her firm, white throat. "'Tis a bargain," he says solemnly.

At that, Molly jumps up.

"The halter rope's in the gangway av the barn on a hook. Ye'll be a-wanting to take the cow home?"

"No," says Thomas. "Niver pay in advance. It's not business and there's more to say. Sit down."

She sits down, wondering a little.

"If ye are betrothed to me, ye'll want a ring."

"I've one av my mother's will do," Molly says coldly.

"No; as your fiancé, I buy my own rings. 'Twill not be a pearl either," says Thomas, snapping his lips. "There's only one stone proper for an ingagement ring—'tis a diamint," says he.

"Oh, but ——"

"I can sell it afterward," Thomas says. "Or keep it. A diamint is a good investment anny day."

"Oh!" says Molly with a sharp look at him.

"Ye'll have a light for me every Winsday and Sunday eve?"

"I won't!" says Molly. Thin wickedly: "Business is business. 'Twill burn out too much oil."

"Thin we can sit in the moonlight," says Thomas. "I dunno who pays for that."

"But it won't be moonlight every night," Molly answers.

"Thin I agree to furnish the oil," says he firmly.

"Ye won't either," Molly says and begins to laugh. She laughs till the tears spill out av her gray eyes. "Ye may have Sunday eves," she concedes.

"Well, if I must," he says. "And how many letters a week?"

"None!" raysponds Molly promptly.

Thomas looks at her reflectively. "Rory O'Brien's Aunt Bridget is postmistress at New Erin. 'Tis said she's that handy with the teakittle for steaming and the gluepot for sealing again! A raly affectionate letter from you to me would set Rory by the long ears av him."

"I niver wrote a love letter in me life," says Molly.

"Nor I," rejoins Thomas; "but there's a complete letter writer in the attic and the two av us might learn."

At that, Molly breaks out laughing again; and Thomas laughs too—a silent sound down in his throat.

"Well, it's a bargain thin," says Molly. "And whinever I give ye back the ring the cow's yours."

"It's a bargain," he agrees. "Except one thing we've not mintioned." He turns his hat round and round, staring into it. "It—it's the—kisses."

"No!" says Molly in a voice that makes him jump clean down to his toes. "No! Do ye understand, Thomas? That's not in the bargain."

'Tis on the nixt Sunday evening that Thomas fetches the ring. There's a lamp in the parlor and the little kittle for tay, and Molly's in a pale blue dress, with a spark av divilment lighting her eyes.

"Well, Thomas," she says, "I looked for a letter and ye wrote me none. Shame on ye!" And she crooks an arch finger at him.

"I've been over to Princeton buying the ring," he says, dusting his hat and laying it on the table, and thin taking it up and dusting it again and placing it on a chair. Then he balks for lack av speech and takes up the hat again.

"There's not a speck av dust on it. Give it me!" And Molly takes it and hangs it on the rack.

"I've the ring here," he says, the words popping out. "I—I hope ye'll like it."

"A brass one would have done as well. It would have been significant annyhow," says Molly; and a little blush av shame colors her forehead. Then she peeps at the ring.

"Oh, Thomas!" she says.

No wonder the words av her! There on its bed av snowy cottonwool the jool blazes out like blue fire in the fens.

"Put it on," says he. "No; wait! 'Tis I who put it on ye. First, there's a word or two inside ye may like to read."

Molly's face pales now as she holds the ring be the lamp. There be the words, bould and clear: "Thomas to Molly. April, 1910."

"What made ye spoil it with the lettering?" she says crossly. "The long fool!" thinks Molly.

"'Twill be a reminder to me," says he.

"Av what?"

"Av a bargain," he says, and slips the ring on her finger.

In a fortnight all New Erin knows that Thomas McCaw has slyly coorted Molly McShane right over the head av O'Brien. The trouble is, the news is too late to reach Rory himself, who has gone a-fishing in the East, with no word to Molly but a short letter av departure. But Bridget O'Brien is still on her job av being handy with letters, and the ould crone's eye is cocked on Molly's good pasture land and the tidy boongalow—for there's others thun Thomas with an eye to a bargain. Ould Shamus would turn in his grave did he know, as ould Biddy knows, that the farm he left to Rory has been mortgaged for an autymobile.

With Rory gone and no post-office address left behint him, the flavor goes out av the bargain for Molly. Ivery wan gossips and wonders; but only Father Sullivan is pleased. 'Tis queer how Father Sullivan has always been good friends to Thomas, bristling like a porcupine if there's sneers flung at the selfish, could heart av the McCaw.

"'Tis because he's not wasting and spinding and running like you wastrels," says he. "If ye live beyont your incomes and borrow his money, 'tis no fault av his. If ye can't and won't pay, why, what can he do but collect? Out with ye!" 'Tis how he talks to us in New Erin whin we buy a mortgage av Thomas.

Now he sits at tea with Molly and her cousin Norah—who lives with Molly as chapyrone—and he is pleasing as a basket av chips.

"Ye've shown your sense, me daughter, to turn down that wild, philandering Rory for Thomas McCaw. Ye'll always have plinty and never miss the draft that goes overseas by ivery monthly post to thim poor ould souls."

"What draft? What souls?" says Molly.

"Have I let the cat out? Well, well!" says his rivirince. "I thought he'd have told ye. Still, 'tis not like Thomas to tell. But on the road from Ballymoney down to Ballymena there are five people who, but for that draft that comes to each cottage ivery month av the world, would not be sitting now under their own neat thatch, with the pig out in the sty, and the tea plintiful in the pot, and meat ivery day if they want it. There's Peg Megone and Barney O'Leary and Katy Lynch and Mary O'Donohue, and Kilpatrick, the jarvey. I knew them long ago; and I knew the mother av Thomas, the slip av a lass! The pity av it—the pity!"

And his rivirince sighs and shakes his head. Cousin Norah sighs and nods and fills up his rivirince's cup; but Molly looks at him very hard, a question in her eyes.

"Times had been hard, bitter hard, even before the potatoes failed. Each man av us was busy with his own troubles. Mary McCaw lived a bit lonely out by the peat lands, Andy having been dead more than a year. Mary was proud and silent; and whin we wint by to see how the famine fared with her she'd taken the last and given it to the child. And, dead av starvation, there she lay on her bed in the cabin be the ould road to Ballymena. And she was a slip av a girl not much older than you."

"Lord!" Molly whispers. And she looks down with a scared, white face at the diamint on her finger.

Whin Thomas comes on the following Sunday eve and sits silent in the corner drinking his tay, Molly sits silent, too, a long time, looking at him.

"Thomas, for an Irishman, ye have a still tongue sometimes," she says finally.

"The sound av your voice," says Thomas, "is more pleasant than me own."

"Ye're always thinking, Thomas," she goes on, not heeding the blarney. "Is it your tin per cints?"

"Six per cints—and legal," Thomas corrects her.

"Sometimes your look is that far away that I'm wondering if there's somebody in the ould land ye can't forget."

Thomas sets down his cup and gazes into the fire, his chin dropped—'tis May, but the chill's in the air and very cozy is the hearth with the logs snapping.

"Ye've guessed. There's one there, Molly."

Womanlike, she woos him on.

"'Tis a wonder ye don't go back to her, Thomas."

"'Tis too late," he says. "I wisht I could; but——"

"'Tis niver too late for mending some things, Thomas."

He turns his black eyes on her; but she knows, does Molly, that he is niver seeing her.

"I'll be sure av three good meals a day so long as I live, and the fire on me hearth burns bright whin the winter's on. I've cows and money and land. But it's all too late for her! She'll niver know. I can't go back, Molly—only to her grave. 'Twas me mother!"

And thin Molly sits gulping till prisintly the kittle boils over, and she jumps up and takes it from the hob, scolding to hide what's in her heart. But Thomas goes on:

"I was a weak, wild thing that they took from her breast—her dead av the famine in the cabin be the peat lands! They were nigh starving themselves. Crowded though the cabins were, they made room for me, and shared the last crust. Ah! 'twas crusts in thim times, Molly—food as ye'd scarce offer your cat in the corner. And, now I'm here in this pleasant room in the new counthry, me mind goes back to the ould days ——"

"And the heart av ye is like water!" cried Molly. "An thim as succored ye—I could name thim. There's Peg Megone and Barney O'Leary and Katy Lynch and Mary O'Donohue, and Kilpatrick, the jarvey."

He stares at her. "Ye're a witch!" he says, wondering. "And I know who keeps the roof neat over their heads and the fat pig for bacon in the sty forby; and ——"

"Pshaw!" says Thomas, very uncomfortable. "'Tis only a matter av business. They invested in me. 'Tis only fair they should have interest on their investment. Six per cint." And he changes the conversation.

'Tis June before Rory comes home. On a Sunday afternoon, whin Molly's soul is at raysonable peace with the world and her dress is fine and becoming, in rushes Rory like a southwest storm.

"What's this I hear? What—what—what?"

"I don't know, I am sure," says Molly coolly, knowing quite well what he has heard. "Ye might be an Englishman for the manners av ye—or a Dootchman," she adds.

"What's this rotten talk av ye and Thomas McCaw? Ye are not ingaged to him. Ye're ingaged to me."

"No," says Molly sweetly. "I left off being ingaged to you when I become ingaged to him." And she holds out her hand with the ring on it. "'Tis a beyootiful stone—a diamint is the only fit stone for a betrothal ring," says she.

"He's bought you with his infernal money," shouts Rory—"with his d——d tin per cints!"

"Six per cints," says Molly, "and only three to widows and orphants. No; 'twas the other way round." And smiles at her own joke.

Rory tears about the room in a rage. Thin he quiets a bit under Molly's indifferent but truthful remarks—and, besides, the mortgage is due and the autymobile's smashed. And, too, Molly's hair is her own and the pink on her cheek didn't come out av a box. She sits there, watching him, a curious little smile on her lips. Niver a doubt has she that she's punishing him. 'Tis well worth the Jersey cow.

It will not do to yield too soon, Molly reflects. So Rory leaves finally with no comfort. No sooner has he gone than Thomas comes in. "Rory's been here?" he says.

Molly's heart gives a little flutter, niver having noticed before how thin his lips are or how black and cruel his eyes.

"He's come back," she says, conjuring a smile; "but he's got to bend lower. He's not humble enough yet; but he will be. So we'd as well close our bargain." With this word she draws off the ring and lays it on the table. "The halter rope's in the gangway. Ye'd as well take the cow."

Thomas' smile, whin Molly meets it fairly, sends slivers av ice down her shoulders.

"A bargain's a bargain," he says, "whin there's legal ividence av such. Have ye any contracts or writings?"

"The letters," says Molly, gasping. Thin the blood flies up into her face. The letters writ for ould Bridget to read! And she'd steamed thim and read thim—the crone!

"Well, ye're jilted thin," says Molly hotly. "And give me my letters."

Thomas shakes his head. "Jilted am I, Molly McShane? And how, thin, will ye like a breach-of-promise suit and the letters in coort and me swearing 'twas you ——"

And with that the blood av ould Dennis McShane wakes up in Molly. There is a lighted candle on the table and she snatches it up and flings it in his face, and a spatter av grease goes down the new black coat—and the candle goes out. And so does Thomas, without anny further gintle hint. And Molly sits there sobbing in the dark.

And thin for two days the skies weep, and Molly weeps with thim, drying her tears long enough to write a letter to Rory. The same is short and strictly to the point. But on Tuesday eve she comes down to the parlor and there's one candle lit on the table; and Molly is pleased with the light av it, since her own thoughts want the dusk. The red av shame creeps up on her white neck as she sits there.

There's a sound in the hall and at the door, but Molly pays no mind to it. Thin out av the darkness comes Thomas McCaw. He is dripping with rain and his black eyes are glittering through his wet locks.

"I've brought ye the—letters, Molly McShane, and ye can bury the ring in the mold or throw it into the flames; but there's one thing I can't give ye back—nor would I if I could. All the gold and jools in the world couldn't buy it. 'Twas the kiss," he falters, "that ye gave me by the thorn bush that woonderful night in May."

And there they stand looking into each other's eyes.

"Since ye were turned your teens I've wanted you, Molly, as I've wanted no other woman on God's earth. And whin you played at bargain with me my heart shouted for joy. I meant to hould you by fair means or foul.

"But to-night, as I stood outside watching the little candle flare up so solitary in the darkness, I thought av what I'd heard them say—that in the ould counthry; if a lad had whispered soft words into a colleen's ear, and the ould folks were willing, she set a little candle in the window for a signal. 'Twas called the coorting candle. And as I stood out there in the rain longing to ye, Molly, it come to me that ye'd a right to set your candle for whom your heart would choose, even though't be Rory O'Brien."

Molly stands there, her hand at her bosom. So sudden and strange the words av him; so black and sad his eyes.

"Ye're a winsome pair av lovers!" she says bitterly. "No less, to love a bould, silly girl like me. I've sint Rory about his business—which is chasing ivery pair av strange eyes that smiles on him. And, Thomas McCaw, I'm sinding you."

She leans over and—somehow, out goes the candle.

"There's your ring on the table. There's the door, and beyont it is the gate. They are shut to ye, Thomas!" And her words are slow and dropping like ice on his wild heart. "They are shut," says she, "till the coorting candle is lit for ye in the window. When ye see the candle there ——" So she goes on mocking him in her voice of bittersweet. "Ye'll mind that, Thomas?"

And her laugh is like the sound av the cold brooks by Connemara. And so he goes out, head bent, his heart cold as snow on the Se-ayras. At the gate he looks back wanst at the house where so many pleasant evenings have gone by and the heart av him goes from snow to water—for in the window av the room he has left, fresh-lit by Molly's trembling fingers, and glowing like a star av hope on the stormy night, he sees—the coorting candle!

"I Want to Borrow Ye, Thomas, for a Month or Two"

THROUGH THE KNOTHOLE

How Some Business Men Met Their War Shrinkage

By James H. Collins

IT BEGINS something like a moving-picture film: Time: June, 1914: six weeks before the outbreak of a world war.

Scene: A staid factory town Down East, with things going badly at the mill.

The mill—a big local institution. Founded by grandfather—took out fortune. Run by father as a Down-East family affair—sixty thousand a year net profits. Then sons of the third generation and sons-in-law—and trouble. Belong to the cultured classes; little real knowledge of business, only tradition for policy; pull this way, that way—until profits shrink to nothing. Ablest man in lot incorporates mill, buys others out, takes charge as chairman of board of directors—new lease of life for twenty years.

Now profits gone again; dividends stopped after panic of 1907; stiff competition grown up in Middle West; workers growling; crowd of stockholders clamoring for receivership, led by opportunist lawyer—lawyer wants to be receiver. Times out of joint all round.

Chairman of the board, now a gray-headed man, sits in mill office, talking with energetic young man from Middle West. Young man from Middle West has made a name for himself as assistant manager of big competitor. Chairman of board offers large salary and share of profits to him if he will become general manager and rehabilitate mill. Does not clearly see how this is to be done himself, but has faith in Middle Western ginger. Young man from Middle West full of ginger—ginger-colored hair, ginger-colored complexion, ginger-colored freckles, gingery speech and actions. Contract signed—start August first.

And then comes August first, and things begin to happen with a vengeance. Almost with the arrival of the new general manager there is a declaration of war in Europe, with destruction of credit, finance and confidence. Every business concern, big and little, is confronted with unprecedented universal dislocation and shrinkage. The new man had laid his plans for taking charge of a business that was, say, seventy-five per cent of normal. Now he finds that its percentage has suddenly dropped to about fifty. On every hand orders are being canceled, workers laid off; and people are declaring that prosperity has been killed forever.

One of the heaviest shrinkages in business last August was that of large construction and contract projects. Such projects are financed chiefly by bond issues. Bonds were unsalable and money rose to prohibitive interest. City and state governments, railroads and public-service corporations had to postpone, slacken and abandon improvements.

More than half the revenue of that mill came from such contracts—the majority of them made with city, county and state officials. For years production and selling had been keyed to contracts. A quick study of the situation showed that months might pass before there could be any healthy resumption of this business, on which the mill lived. Meantime, how was the organization to be held together and revenue produced?

How Smith Lost His Name

OUT on the edge of town, however, the new manager found something that interested him greatly. It was a little branch plant known as Factory Number Two, which had been started some years before as a sort of annex to the main mill, to make what were known as stock goods. These stock goods were things that could be turned out by the thousand, in standard patterns, as contrasted with the stuff made to fill big contracts, in original designs to meet elaborate specifications.

Nobody had ever given Factory Number Two much thought. Its products were regarded as by-products, and were even sold through a separate organization; for, though high-class salesmen on salary worked for the important contracts that kept the main plant going, the stock goods of Factory Number Two were permitted to find their way alone through retail merchants, who carried them simply as a side line and sold what they could, without sales stimulus from the company.

There was even a state of war between these retailers and the company's crack salesmen; for the latter, in landing a big contract for special work on a close bid, would sometimes draw stock stuff from Factory Number Two to shade prices, thus taking trade from the retailer in that territory, who was supposed to have exclusive sales rights on stock stuff.

The new manager immediately began to gather his organization for battle round Factory Number Two. Possibilities for its products had been underestimated and

The Employer Who Can Keep His Men in Slack Times Has Their Confidence and Loyalty

development neglected, while competitors were making fine profits on such stuff. New arrangements were made whereby the salesforce could work in coöperation with retailers in its territory to push these goods. Each salesman's territory was studied and a quota of sales set for him, and he was expected to reach that quota if he wanted to hold his job, because the sum total of all the sales quotas made up a living revenue for the company.

This new idea hit some of the salesmen in their dignity. For years they had been working on salary and having their own way, landing important contracts. To be set peddling the trinkets from Factory Number Two and told to hustle up so much business every month, or get other jobs, was a considerable comedown in life.

The salesman in one big Eastern city was so shocked that he hurried up to the factory to protest. He felt that he was about as necessary a man as the company had, and there was blood in his eye when he faced the new manager.

"My name is Smith ——" he began.

"No, it isn't," interrupted the gingery man from the Middle West. "We've stopped calling salesmen by their names and know them only by the quotas they're to sell. Your name now is thirty-eight hundred dollars. That's the business we want you to turn in next month; and it's the way you'll have to sign to get your salary."

Smith was really a good man; so he faded away into his territory and sold his quota and a little more. That was what all the good men did, while the others automatically discharged themselves, as the new manager had expected they would do, and made way for others. As wartime had thrown hundreds of capable salesmen out of other organizations, there was no difficulty in filling up gaps in the ranks.

Within two months this new policy not only produced revenue but laid foundations for solid future business. Errors in selling and production, which would never have been uncovered in ordinary times, were brought to light and corrected.

On the sales end, for example, it was found that contract selling had been honeycombed with graft. Secret commissions were granted to customers with large projects, because everybody in the trade did it. Salesmen felt free to raise prices when they could. This was all changed for a rigid policy of no commissions to anybody and the same price to all. Shortly after the new policy was adopted a salesman came to the manager triumphantly.

"I landed that Jonesboro contract at twenty per cent above our estimate," he announced.

"You did!" answered the boss. "Well, go right back, tell them you made a mistake in figuring, and give them the real price."

The salesman was dumfounded. Playing fair with customers was a new idea. But he did as he was told; and when the salesforce saw that the game was really to be played fairly, the salesmen fell in with the spirit of the thing and soon had advantages over tricky competitors.

At the production end, too, there were wrong methods in making goods. One article in particular, known as Number Thirty-three A, did not sell as the new manager thought it should. The salesforce reported that competitors had a much cheaper article, while the factory force said the thing could not be made for less. A meeting was called in the manager's office. Factory men and salesmen were present.

"Bring in Number Thirty-three A," said the boss; and when it was set down he began asking questions. "That's a well-finished piece of goods. What kind of customers buy it and where does it go?"

"Mostly into factories," said a salesman.

"What's our price?"

"Eight dollars on lots of a hundred or more."

"What do the other fellows sell theirs for?"

"From five to six dollars."

"Well, look at our fancy finish. Here's something that is stuck away in one corner of a factory, where nobody cares a hang for appearance. We make an article that might be installed in a bank or hotel lobby. No wonder it doesn't sell! I want you factory men to go back and make something honest in quality, but with no fancy trimmings, to sell for four-fifty."

With this new conception of the demand, they turned out an article that soon beat all the competition and became a big seller.

To help the salesforce through the depression, an advertising campaign was begun. The company had never spent more than fifteen thousand dollars for advertising in any year, and the chairman of the board was a little scared when asked for three times as much money to be spent in four months; but he saw the wisdom of using printed arguments to back up saleswork and made the appropriation. Salesmen were taught to cover their territory thoroughly where they had gone over it superficially. They found demand in unsuspected places. They were taught to forget prices and sell service—to make new markets by educating customers to the merits of goods.

Getting Business in Hard Times

BEFORE the end of the year the turnover on stock products had been doubled and the loss of contract business almost made up. By the time the tide turned, in the spring, gross sales were larger than for the same months of last year; and on the solid foundations that have been laid this company is bound to build a great business as the country again becomes prosperous.

American business has certainly been squeezed through a pretty small knothole of depression and retrenchment since last August; but in the main it has come through creditably. New standards have been set in conservative management, and new conceptions gained of business possibilities in times of stringency. There was less disposition this time to yield to gloom.

About eight executives in every ten took the common view that in hard times there cannot be much business going, and so cut down their activities; but the other two understood that people eat, wear and use somewhere between sixty and seventy-five per cent of normal in hard times, and went after that business actively. They found it easier of access than in good times, because most of their competitors were hiding in the cyclone cellar.

Eight executives out of ten laid off employees, reduced salaries and weakened their organizations; but the others held their organizations together, and took advantage of the unusual opportunities for strengthening them with good men set free by shortsighted employers.

The railroads were probably hit as hard as any industry; and in August the president of one big Eastern system was told that he must reduce his force to meet the shrinkage in revenue.

"I won't let any of my men go," he answered. "It has taken years to assemble and train them, and six months from now we shall need them all."

"Then you'll have to cut salaries."

"I won't do that, either," he said. "It would set a precedent; and it would take a year or two to get the directors in a frame of mind to put them back to the old

level. I've fought too hard for salaries as they stand now to countenance any reduction."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

The president took a night to think it over, and then announced that his entire force would work at regular salaries on two-thirds time. Adjustments were made whereby the men put in four days a week instead of six, and the necessity was set before them clearly, with the other alternatives. On that basis he squeezed through the knothole very comfortably.

To-day, while hundreds of employers who discharged men and cut salaries are spending money and time to build their organizations anew, this railroader has his old force. More than that, he has prestige as a boss; for, just as the little bank round the corner that has successfully withstood a run enjoys the confidence of its depositors, so the employer who can keep his men in slack times has their confidence and loyalty. They stick to him in good times, where others, who have discovered that their Old Man had not the resourcefulness to take them through the emergency, are hunting round to enlist under a better general.

When the knothole loomed up right ahead, most executives found that keeping the organization together was about the biggest and most immediate issue.

This is an age of specialized organizations. It takes time and money to train men; and the better the organization the greater danger of losing men to other organizations. Depression usually lasts but a few months in its acute stages; and, if the organization is impaired seriously during that knothole period, this may be by far the biggest ultimate loss outweighing the slump in revenue.

Some employers met the situation by cutting prices on goods or contracts, losing money on their operations for a few months, to avoid the heavier loss of disbanding the organization and later building it up again.

A small plant making parts for other manufacturers had about one hundred mechanics. The manager figured that the lowest cost of hiring and training a new man was fifty dollars; so this force represented an investment of at least five thousand dollars. There were about a dozen foremen and supervisors, who could not have been replaced for much less than five hundred dollars apiece. That made another five thousand dollars. The plant has no salesforce, because its output is taken by two or three big customers.

The manager made one of these customers a special war price on an order of parts. He figured on losing between four and five thousand dollars on that order as the cheapest way of keeping his force together—it would have cost him twice as much to shut down until business got better. When the work came in, and the idea was explained, the organization backed the boss so loyally that the order was delivered at just about cost; so the force was kept together and the plant lost nothing.

Again and again our typical American scheme of making things by the million, according to standards, helped business concerns through the squeeze.

Making the Best of Dull Times

ONE of the large electrical-equipment companies suffered heavy shrinkage in its revenue soon after war was declared. Much of its output is large apparatus, made to specifications, for big contracts. Such contracts are financed by bond issues of power and transportation corporations. Of course it was next to impossible to sell bonds while war readjustment was going on; and therefore it was necessary to abandon new construction projects for a while.

This company suffered a loss of about twenty per cent in its gross sales last year, most of it on contracts running between twenty-five and two hundred thousand dollars; but its working force was kept pretty well together by pushing standardized products. It has several factories and numbers its employees by tens of thousands. Its output comprises fully one hundred thousand separate articles, ranging all the way from a little wall switch to a huge generator, built to order.

For five years or more one of its most serious competitors has been the automobile industry not in the making of goods, but as a rival employer of high-class mechanics. Keeping the working force together was a vital matter; so all energy in designing, manufacturing and selling was centered on the products of standard character that could be made up and put away in stock.

As an illustration of the value of standard products in an emergency of this sort, it is said that if the electric locomotive had reached as high a degree of standardization as the steam locomotive this company could have built it in quantities and put it away to fill future orders But that was not possible, because electric locomotives are still built chiefly to specifications

However, great activity was centered round standard products and the best men were kept busy—at least for part of their time. The working force was carefully organized on a plan whereby married men and those owning their homes were given the preference over unmarried men and floating mechanics This company also took care of many good men by the expedient of loaning them to factories that were rushed

Slack times bring real opportunities to the executive who keeps his head and goes on hustling for business. They are times for laying foundations, making new connections, strengthening the human organization, increasing equipment and buildings while prices are reasonable, and preparing for future growth.

An Eastern manufacturer, who has been in business long enough to have passed through the depressions of 1893 and 1907, says that his biggest gains have been made by hustling in hard times; and he has quite a philosophy to explain this.

A generation or two ago, as he sees it, there was so little manufacturing in this country, by comparison with to-day, and distribution was so local, that anybody who put out a new product got public attention. But now it costs money to attract attention—a constant, heavy expenditure for saleswork and advertising. Slack times put a premium on optimism and hustling, because most of the competition that makes this cost of attracting attention is out of the running for a few months.

Competitors are fooled by the talk of depression. It is very contagious. They believe that trade is poor, that people are buying nothing, that there is no confidence, and so forth, and so stop advertising and discharge salesmen. Though the public is really buying at least sixty per cent of normal, one's competition automatically drops to about twenty-five per cent of normal; and there is the opportunity in a nutshell.

Some of this man's competitors not only stopped all activities last fall but came round and offered to sell out to him. Meantime he was introducing a new article. It had been developing experimentally for more than two years, and was easily the most luxurious and expensive thing he had ever designed. It appeared to be something that would find only a limited sale, even in boom times; but he put it on the market two months after war started, massed the whole salesforce behind it, and doubled his advertising appropriation. Before Christmas the factory was running overtime to meet the demand.

The goblins of depression lurk on every corner during hard times; and they get most business men.

The Goblins of Depression Lurk on Every Corner During Hard Times; and They Get Most Business Men

In a rising stock market, after a period of depression, invariably there are investors who buy securities with money that has been lying in safe-deposit vaults since the panic. A few months before this kind of buying develops, those investors could have purchased the same securities at about half of what they finally paid. But they keep away from the bargain counter in the depth of the depression, because, as they put it, "Confidence has not yet been restored." When they feel that the vague factor of confidence has been restored they rush to invest in a lamb's market. Business men are strangely keyed to bad news in hard times. They pay much attention to the state of trade and the state of competition, but forget that the state of a man's mind is about the biggest factor in business success or failure, and will produce results alone.

The Troubles of a Gloomy Executive

TARIFF changes reduced the protection on the product of a large concern. The president promptly cut down his output, salesforce and advertising.

"European manufacturers will get the cream of the business now," he said.

However, before any real competition of foreign goods developed in our market, war was declared.

"Now is the time to expand," advised a friend. "This war has restored your tariff."

"No; you are mistaken," said the president gloomily "Suppose the war stops to-morrow? That may happen any day. The flood of foreign goods stored up on the other side will swamp us. We stand no chance at all."

It was pointed out that his competitors were doing a good business in the same product.

"That won't last!" he insisted.

"Well, if I felt as you do," said his counselor, "I'd call the staff together, load them on a motor bus, take them out to Greenwood Cemetery, sit on the graves, and talk about blowing my brains out!"

That concern stopped advertising altogether and let many of its best men go, in both the production and selling departments. It lost sixty per cent of its business and is not through the knothole yet. Such a spirit of depression spreads through an organization quickly, reaches employees and customers, and nullifies the work of years in building confidence and connections.

"The effect is psychologic," says one New York manufacturer, "and destroys a whole lot of psychologic assets. Twenty-four hours after we made a decision to retrench here in the home office, our men in branches as far away as the Pacific Coast would feel it somehow."

This man thought of his psychologic assets first when trouble loomed up, and took an unusual method of safeguarding them.

A big sales and advertising campaign had been planned to start on August first. It was laid out months in advance and linked with all the growth and constructive selling of previous years. When war broke out he was afraid of but one disaster that the goblins of depression might work on him to alter that campaign. He knew New York was about the worst place in the country for an executive to be during such a crisis.

"New York takes its views from Wall Street," he says. "Just as trade and feeling in a small town reflect conditions in the local horsewhip factory, which is its principal industry, so New York is in the clouds or in the dumps according to the way things go in the stock market, its chief industry—the local horsewhip factory."

He went West, disappeared for two months in the Rockies,

(Continued on Page 61)

New Standards Have Been Set in Conservative Management

THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

HER NEGATIVES

"I Told Her She Could Keep Away From You. That's Me—a Man of Few Words"

WHEN the corn weather lies down on the rich prairie east of Bodbank, Illinois, and the nights are so hot that bullfrogs in the "sloos" along the Iowa banks of the Mississippi are too lazy to send their "gug-gug-gangs" across the lapping waters, and front porches are perching spots for youth, love and lemonade, the old members of the Back Room Club of the Phœnix Hotel sometimes stroll down town, stopping to pass the time of night on Main Street.

The real hour for meetings of the selected number of the brave little city's best citizens is between the closing of the roll-top desk and supper time. But at ten o'clock of a summer's night, when even the sheets will be hot, and beds are places to go when one cannot stay up any longer with the mosquitoes, it is probable that Judge Antrim, Dr. Reeve, with his worn black medicine case, old Bosville, Michael Lynch, and some of the others will be found in the back room under the ceiling fan provided by Rufe P. Holland, Prop.

They were discussing, on one of these dead-nir eveninga, something about which no one of them was admitted by the others to know much—the drama.

"It's always the same," said Michael Lynch. "The less we know av annythin' the louder will be the assertions av authority. Arguments on river traffic, razors, rheumatism and financial throuble perish here fer want av air, whiles discussions av astronomy, art, women an' immortality make the blue-painted walls av this room bulge out with opinionation."

"Yet it cannot be denied that American folks demand pleasant tragedies," said the Judge, mopping his brow with his spacious silk handkerchief. "They even want Jesse James' tent shows to end with a hug and a kiss under a motto worked in woolen, and so the author has to make a bloodthirsty rascal a hero covered with what stage people call 'juvenile bronze.'"

Malachi Sturges, the Bodbank magnate, head of the Blizzard Stove trust, nodded. "Exactly! I remember even when I was in breeches, I saw Punch kill Judy with a club, and then cried because the showman, who came in with a lot of river gamblers on the old Carrier Pigeon of the Dubuque Line, made the title part and hero of the piece come to a bad end."

Rufe P. Holland, who had just returned from the hotel desk where reposes the nickel-plated combination inkwell, toothpick and match holder, and advertising card-display, as well as the register and potato full of pens, looked up with a smile upon his round, red face, and put one of his shoes, which like his figure was as broad as it was long, upon the neck of the fool old yellow dog. He, too, spoke of the happy ending.

"While you're talking of problem plays like Punch and Judy, I rise to remark that the reason folks want a tragedy to turn out all right is plain," he said with his characteristic falsetto breaks of voice. "It's their worldly wisdom. There ain't many terrible plots in real life nohow. The edge of most woe gets turned so's it won't even cut into the sympathy of a woman who keeps an album of Friendship's Sentiments. It's hard luck on the dead, but the livin' folks are covered with a heavenly gift of thick callus. Happy tragedy is the most natural thing in the world."

"Good for you, me boy!" exclaimed Michael Lynch, rubbing his knees. "But there's too manny epigrams flowin' from ye not to predict foul weather for the Back Room Club. The meteorological bureau will issue a bulletin sayin': 'High narrative winds accompanied by reminiscences.' Go on wid yer story, fer I see the fringe av it hangin' out av yer mouth."

"Umph!" said old Rufe.

Nevertheless, he sat down in one of the old bent-wood chairs and told it. He went on:

To be frank with you, the first button factory on the river was started just across from the old duck marsh. Nothing is left of it now but half a brick chimney, like those that stick up among the weeds all over the United States as gravestones of an old race of industries whose descendants have moved on and flourished elsewhere. A moccasin snake bit Frank Newbury there last year when he was trying to use the old cellar for a duck blind.

Collis N. Kibbee owned the button factory. He had more than twenty fishers getting up the fresh-water clams for him, and one of 'em found a pearl as big as a sparrer's egg, and celebrated so hard that the last penny finished paying for the lot on the hill and the casket. Collis had the factory and a pile of old shells, out of which the pearl buttons had been cut, as high as the sawdust at the Bodbank Lumber Company yard—enough to furnish egg-shell nourishment to all the hens in Iowa. And to be frank, he had a daughter the like of which you never before in your life saw on any calendar.

No peach ever hung on a limb with more sunlight and surface bloom and invitingness than Cora Kibbee; and with the look of Diana in dimity, she had so much energy in her that it used to break her heart to waste any part of the day or night in sleep. She was climbing trees after red hawks' eggs at the age of ten; at sixteen she rode horses that were sold with a clause providing that the purchaser's widow gave up all her rights of action at law; before she was in long dresses she could shoot an old-fashioned forty-four and never turn her head away; and she could travel more miles in Iowa mud than a tax collector. She was the incarnation of Go-It.

Maybe it was a big testimonial to the rugged vigor of the brave men of the Mississippi Valley that about twenty-eight of 'em jumped in one after the other and tried to keep near her long enough to ask her to marry, and then when she said "No," dropped down in her wake all covered with foam like a foundered horse. She didn't take any of 'em. To be frank, free and aboveboard, Fate had decreed that she should make her own pick-and-choose. And there both feet of Fate slipped in the first instance, because, as any fool knows, a woman always has to be told what she wants. All by herself she can't tell at all what it is.

The trouble came because her father wanted her to have her photograph taken. He had been forced to keep at it for a long time, because she was used to having her own way and everything she wanted. If she wanted a boat, maybe she stood on the shore and pointed at one, and that was the one old Collis bought, cost what it might. And just so the converse was true—if she didn't want a picture taken, why that was the picture which wasn't ever seen in any dark room in a developing tray. Furthermore, to tell it just as it was, she didn't have an idea in the world that she looked the way she did—like Diana, with an expression on her face that said: "What's next—going up in a balloon?"

Her father kept at her though, and finally one morning, on her twenty-first birthday, after he had asked her again, she rolled up her sleeves, got into a flat-bottomed clammer's boat and rowed across the old Mississip. And to be truthful and honest with you, there being only one photographer in Bodbank, she had to go to him, just the way folks in the country with a toothache have to go to a veterinary because there isn't any other dentist. And the man she went to was Everett Maximilian.

They called him Max—everybody always called him Max. During the years he was taking pictures in Bodbank, before he met Cora Kibbee, to the second big climax in his life, he'd been known as Max. There isn't a covered bridge or a board fence within five miles of Bodbank that you can be sure hasn't had a yellow tin sign tacked to it sometime, with the *f*'s and *ph*'s all twisted up on it: "Maximilian, Bodbank's Phirst Fotografer, Takes Your Phace." To be all square and open about it, who would think Romance would leave her legacy to such a man and his heirs, if any?

He was young, and grew a lady's eyebrow on his upper lip. He could dance. He had a pleasant smile. He had learned already to dry-wash his hands when he was posing somebody for a half profile. He never took even a drink of Nauvoo wine, but he chewed a cardamom seed occasionally. You'd expect him to sing tenor, but it was a regular bull-bass that came out in the choir of the Gray Street Church, the kind of bass that you hear from the executioner in an opera. He came from Providence, Rhode Island, and he never from first to last bought a hat that was large enough or a pair of shoes that weren't too long and didn't turn up at the toes. And he took Cora's picture.

He came out of his dark-room, and there she was, standing up in front of the glass case looking at all the Bodbank faces—babies on pillows, young men standing leaning on the post of a painted balustrade with one elbow and with one leg crossing the other in the height of studied carelessness, and old ladies in caps, and brides and grooms together in pain. He had taken the picture of about every giggler within twenty miles, but he had never seen Cora. And to be straight and square about it, there she was, a sight for sore eyes! She had so much vitality that a blind man across the room could have felt her there. Max knew right away that she was the one girl in the whole valley who would have looked stylish in a Mother Hubbard; she seemed to him to be concentrated sunlight, the incarnation of a June morning, and the starting point of all the health and happiness in the world.

"Take my picture, please," said she. "Father wants a picture of me."

"I should think he would!" stammered Bodbank's Phirst Fotografer, and he sat her in a fancy chair, hauled out a rug made of imitation grass for her feet, and carefully polished the two steel tips of the headrest with his palm before he'd let them touch the thick rolls of hair behind her pink ears.

"I rowed across the river," said she, leaning back comfortable against the headrest, and folding her hands. "And that's why I opened my waist at the neck. I ought to fix myself up, hadn't I?"

Talk about the way Fate plays tricks when nobody knows it! She played one then, when she put that question to Everett M.!

Because the man who advertised platinum finish by the dozen right then and there had a moment of what they call inspiration.

Up to that minute he'd never stopped folks from fixing for a picture. He had a celluloid comb and a rosewood brush that had probably held at one time or another the hair of belles, bartenders, babies, bankers, pet Angoras and French bulldogs. He used to encourage their use to get the cowlicks on people to lie flat and prevent, as he said, the "subject from looking fuzzy." And then he'd putter around in front of people, advancing on them and taking a wrinkle out of a dress here or pulling down a pants leg there, and then retreating with one brown eye half closed,

the way a man looks when he's trying to match house paint. All the time he was making notes in his mind of the "little blemishes" he'd have to "etch out on the plate," and as he'd work he'd scowl a bit, and would murmur, "There, there!" the way you say, "So boss, so boss!" to a frightened cow.

The result was the same as all photographers get. Anybody who sat with a round circle of black cardboard behind his head would begin to feel that his face was a mechanical device, something like the switchboard of a telephone company, and that expressions could be "plugged in" on it. Then Max would say: "Raise that left shoulder a little. I want to avoid the sloping, bottle effect." From feeling like a fool, the one who was having a sitting would go to looking like one; and that's what accounts for the likenesses of loved ones you see on parlor mantels.

But this time Everett looked at Cora Kibbee, and he just said: "Don't do a thing."

"Do you like my neck to show a little?"

"Don't ask me!" whispered Max, pulling the camera around where he could focus it by the ground glass at the back.

"Shall I put my sleeves down?" she asks.

"Hush!" says he, for he knew it was a great moment.

And he pressed the bulb.

He never thought of the consequences; he pressed the bulb. He took other views of her, just adding tragedy to tragedy. But he didn't know. He put another plate in and waited until she looked up at the skylight, out of which she could see the top of the Kendall Building, which was next to his studio on Main Street. So he snapped the shutter. She thought that it was too bad that her mother had not lived until now, her own twenty-first birthday, and for a moment she looked wistfully at some empty spot in the air. And he pressed the bulb. She took a deep breath, threw back her fine, adequate shoulders, and for a passing second she wore the expression of happy Juno who has won from Venus in a beauty contest. He took another. She still carried a pond lily she had picked on the Iowa shore, and she raised it to her incomparable nose in a moment of superb unconsciousness; and to be frank and aboveboard, the strength and grace of her forearm blended at her fingertips with the delicacy of the aquatic bloom. Max pressed the bulb again.

These were the pictures that would have gone into court as evidence, if it had ever got that far.

Our Phirst Fotografer took them. He had a moment of inspiration, and yet he didn't know what masterpieces he was making.

"Well, when are you going to take me?" asked Cora, fidgeting in her chair. She had been paying no attention and knew nothing about sittings. And she folded her hands and stiffened up and stared at the lens.

"It's all done," said Max with his pulse thumping in his wrists. "I'll send you the proofs by mail."

She jumped up, glad to exercise her endless energy once more, and went humming a tune and half dancing to the door. She opened it so that a flood of hot sun came in on the floor, and the bell which Max had fixed to notify him of people who came in while he was in the dark-room gave its clink overhead.

"Don't send them," said she. "I'll row over again to-morrow. I'm crazy to see."

"Haven't you a mirror?" he asked.

She said: "Oh, you can't tell anything by a mirror"; and she threw the pond lily on the glass exhibition case, looked at the enlarged photographs of Bodbank's best who hung around in gold frames with their silly grins and stern dignity, and ran out. Max, our Phirst Fotografer, went to the door and watched her disappear down the slope on Main Street that leads to the river and the levee.

Then he went back and tried to scrub some of the chemical stains off his fingers; he thought he had seen her look at them. And then he developed the plates he had taken. And when he held the glass up to the red light, he says that he gave a shout. Straight and honest, he'd never seen such pictures! It was Art! And it was She!

Poor Max!

Cora came back to look at the proofs. Since she had been twelve she had never had a picture taken before. When she had been away at boarding school she had made fun of girls who went to galleries for sittings. She had always put her hands over her face when snapshots were being taken. She hadn't even yielded to the temptation to have her tintype likeness appear, sitting in an imitation aeroplane hung dizzy against imitation clouds with painted sea-gulls all about. A mirror didn't give her any idea. But one good look at these proofs of Maximilian's pictures planted enough seeds of vanity in five minutes to last a newly elected congressman, an editor of a weekly review, and a woman reformer the rest of their natural lives.

"Do I look like that?" she asks him.

He choked, trying to answer.

"Well, you don't know how grateful I am," she said, without looking up from the pictures, but talking as if he was responsible for the way Nature had made her.

Max just stood there like a grocery-store coffee grinder with nothing in it. Perhaps it was then, when she raised her eyes, when she was grateful and he looked at his best, that she felt one of her ordinary, spoiled-child whims come over her. She knew that her father would be angry, but she felt like going to him and saying: "You've bought me everything else I asked for. Now go and get me that photographer in Bodbank. I'd like him."

She had seen herself for the first time just as she was. She knew for the first time just how she looked to the rest of the world, and especially to Max. And so, to be frank about it, the evil was done.

"I wish I knew how you came to be taking pictures," she said.

"That's easy to tell," he replies, sitting up on the counter beside the sample angles of mahogany and gilt picture frames, and swinging his legs.

"I wanted to go to college, and the easiest way to get the money was to come out West here and do the thing I could do the best—take faces. But I never managed to get ahead enough to be able to go back. So for five years I've been making a physiognomonical and facial history of Bodbank, Illinois. I've got two tons of developed glass plates in the back room, covered with human expressions, and some factories and store fronts and new residences, and oil wells and strings of river catfish, held by the proud alias Izaak Waltons, and kitties with bows of ribbon on their necks, and the Bodbank Guards at parade rest, and the Bodbank Fire Department on the post-office steps."

"Is that all?" asked Cora, filled with delight because she liked the stroking way he had with his voice.

"Oh, no," said he. "There are four separate and distinct greenhouses in Bodbank built out of my plates. And there's one man in Bodbank so mean that when he breaks a pane of glass in his house he always comes down to me and says: 'Everett, I had hard luck this morning. Mother put a mop handle through one of our lights. Can't you scrape off a face for me?'"

The girl's laugh sounded like thrushes, nightingales and larks, nonpareils, Patti, and gold coins running into an extended hand. To Max it was a moss rose turned into a noise.

"Do you think these are pretty pictures?" she asked, holding up the proofs.

"Wow!" said Max, before he could control himself. Then he hurried on in a businesslike way to tell her he would send the prints within forty-eight hours.

Cora thought a moment, and said: "Well, don't do that. I'm going to ride over here next Sunday morning on Getap. If you were going to be at your studio early I'd call for the pictures."

"Oh, I'm going to be here. But it's ten miles by way of the railroad bridge."

That wasn't anything to her. On Sunday she jumped off the roan three-year-old at eight o'clock, after she had ridden since six, and after the animal's tired hoofs had clooped over the pavement on Main Street down to the front of our Phirst Fotografer's studio. She threw the reins over the horse's head and put out her strong hand to Max, just as if she'd known him all her life.

"Do you know, I ought to be taking more exercise," she said. "I'd like to take a good long walk to-day, but I hate walking alone. Do people of Providence, Rhode Island, walk?"

"Some do," said Max, full of joy. "And among 'em is me."

He didn't know what he was saying at all. It was a summer morning and the air was fresh from a thunderstorm in the night, and the Mississippi was shining like a streak of liquid diamond at the bottom of the hill. And the girl was there. And to tell it just as it is, after her ride she was all pink under her tan, and her brown hair was blowing about like a lot of love's own fishing lines, and she didn't make a movement of her body that didn't spell Go-It.

So he went it. They left the horse at the livery stable, and Cora wouldn't even walk on the roads, but just struck off cross-country, and that day Max had his initiation. It was four in the afternoon when they got back, and the photographer was trying to make out which had been done the most damage, his feet or his heart. He expected to love her forever, and he suspected he would never walk again.

"Are you tired, Everett?" said she.

"Everett! Did you say Everett? Heaven bless you!" he gasped. "No, Cora, I feel like starting right out again." For he was certainly a game and loving liar.

Only when she had gone, he came out to the door of his picture shop with his shoes in his hand.

"I got 'em off just in time to save the stitches," said he. "Here, boy! I want to go home, and it's two whole blocks. Run down to Magoun's Livery and tell 'em to send me a hack."

Before the end of June Cora had nearly killed him. She walked, rode and ran him nearly over two states. He had to row across the river to see her, and back again later, when he was so tired he didn't know whether he was rowing or had blown out the gas. Before the middle of July he loved her with all his heart, and instead of wearing a bit of ribbon as a keepsake of her, he wore a set of chest muscles that rubbed together like English walnuts, and he had a forearm that would give out a ring if you hit it with a hammer.

He told me that the old Maximilian family of Providence had been the kind of people who complained of feeling a little better once in a while, and were always worse after reading symptoms, and curled up early, and had obituaries that spoke of patience in suffering. By the middle of July he

Cora Nearly Killed Him. She Walked, Rode and Ran Him Nearly Over Two States

had become the first of a long line of Maximilians who could get his feet wet, eat cucumbers and ice cream, and leave the cork in the antiseptic bottle, without having the neighbors bring in fruit, jellies and flowers. More, too, he was the first young man in the valley who had ever followed Cora around without a whimper. He was game. Putting it in the form of statistics, he had turned the crank of her Sunday ice-cream freezer more times, and pumped more water out of country wells for her, than all the rest of the masculine world combined.

He loved her with all his heart. He loved her so much that he tried to convince himself that if her fate demanded it he could go as an usher to her wedding with a happy heart, because her welfare might be better served. But somehow in his final picture it was always he who was marching up beside her. He loved her so much that whenever he looked at the seven views he had taken of her his heart would thump as if he had just run up all the stairs in the Washington Monument.

Yet after all he never dared to say anything. She was Cora Kibbee, in the first place, and to him it seemed that asking for her hand would be a kind of sacrilege. In the second place, she had been used to luxuries, and he thought he could not ask her to live a life which had no embossed writing paper or automatic piano-players in it.

If you get the right picture of Max you can judge what went through his mind one morning about the first of August when the bell rang as the studio door opened, and Collis N. Kibbee himself strolled into the photograph gallery. The two of them looked at each other, and Max had the idea that something was in the air. He had seen Collis, the owner of the pearl-button factory, at dinner sometimes when Cora had asked Max to stay at their home on the Iowa bluff that overlooked the twists of the Mississippi and the factory below, and the brown duck marsh to the north. But he had never had much of old Kibbee's attention, and had never been able to give him much, because Cora was there with her trout-pool eyes and the silk of her brown hair. The old man had framed the seven prints of his daughter, and every time Everett was at the Kibbee house the father would point to the picture of Cora with the pond lily, or the one in which she looked wistful, or the one which showed her glancing up as if envious of the flight of birds, or the one in which she smiled so expectantly that it could have been entitled Youth's Dreams, and he would comment upon our Phirst Fotografer's work laconically, saying: "Fine! That's fine! I call that portraiture with capital letters."

To be frank and open about it, however, Max could see on this morning that old Collis had come on business. Kibbee was a chunky little man with a jaw that had corners square enough to scare a barber, and a swatch of gray hair such as a state senator likes to ruffle up at the height of eloquence and the white heat of oratory. He looked to the photographer, who had just been developing pictures of the Brownson sisters in their graduation dresses, a good deal like a man who, without provocation, would bite a dog.

"S'nuff!" said Collis.

"What's enough?" asked Max, looking as unnatural as a crayon enlargement.

"Love," said the button manufacturer. "I'm a man of few words. And I answer you—love."

"I don't know what you mean?"

"Cora," said Kibbee.

"Well, how on earth did you know that?" said poor Max. "Why, she doesn't know it herself. I never said a word to her in my life. I buried all that and I never said a word. There's no way you could know unless "

He stopped there and gasped like a fish in a canary's cage, because he saw that Cora must have been talking. And of course Kibbee saw, too, that he'd put his foot in it.

"Well, what of it?" said he, fingering his watch with his square-ended fingers. "Suppose it was her. She always asks for what she wants. And if she wants a motorboat, or a horse, or a submarine, or an aëroplane, she can have it and she knows it. Her father will give it to her. That's me. And I tell you I'm mad. I'm an exasperated man. I'm disgusted. I saw her looking kind of far away and wishful yesterday, and I says to her: 'What can I get you now?' And she says to me: 'I want that photographer.' Pah, wouldn't that make you mad, eh?"

"I can't say it makes me very mad," says Max.

"Pah!" said Collis again. "After all the plans I've made for her! Suppose you had a daughter who fell in love with a Bodbank photographer, I guess you'd feel like going to lie down in the long grass. You'd feel fine, eh? Well, there you are! And so I told her she could keep away from you. That's me—a man of few words."

"Well, what do you want here?" asked Everett in a kind of cold steel voice. "Did you come for a sitting?"

Old Kibbee grunted pretty hard over that and said: "No, I didn't. I came to let you know what I told her. I told her that if you were a gentleman you'd keep away from her too. I told her that if there was any more love business it would have to be after you two young things had shown that there was enough money in snapping people's faces to feed and clothe more than one of you."

There must have been a streak of some kind of fighting blood in the Rhode Island Maximilians. They tell me that the soil back there is so rocky that the pioneers had to hunt for places to plant seeds with divining rods. Perhaps Max's folks had been the kind of people who make a living at it. And, like Max, such folks have deceiving exteriors, but are metallic enough inside.

"Well, listen to me," says the photographer, leaning over a little toward Kibbee. He had suddenly begun to drawl his words out with an evil-sounding twang on the end, about the way the folks back on the rocky farms talk to the soil to make it yield. "In the first place, I haven't got any apologies to make about my business. I pinch a little rubber bulb and make pictures, and you punch holes out of fresh-water clamshells and make buttons. I don't say there's anything disgraceful or coarse and vulgar about your business, but I do say that I've seen my pictures hanging on the walls of front rooms, and the most dignified place your buttons ever hang is on the weather side of a fifty-cent undershirt. A good deal of the merit in my product depends on me, and a big part of the merit of your product depends on the clams. I don't make so much money as you do, but neither did Columbus, François Millet, Abraham Lincoln, or Mohammed. As it stands to-day, I'd rather have an epitaph saying: 'He took ten thousand portraits,' than one saying: 'Here lies a button maker.'"

"Pah!" says Collis.

"In the second place," Max goes on, "it takes two to make a marriage. I love Cora, but I haven't asked you for her. When you come here to see me to ask me to give her up you're developing a plate that's never been exposed."

"Humph!" says the old man.

"And in the third place ——" Max says.

"Well?" says Collis.

"Never mind," says Max. "You wouldn't understand."

The button manufacturer looked at the photographer for a few seconds and the photographer looked at him, like two strange bulldogs, and then Kibbee went out into the sunlight. He was a little hotter than the day. But Max says that all the heat went out of his own self quicker than the red goes out of an electric stove when the current's off. And he buried his face in his arms, trying to get his mind round the fact that about all he ever wanted in the world was gone. He got out the negative of Cora with the pond lily and held it up to the light, and when he took one good look at it he shut his fists until they hurt him. It seemed to him that he couldn't stand it; life without her looked to Max a good deal like rat poison.

He went into his dark-room and tried to develop a picture of Mrs. Bucknam representing the Spirit of Spring as she appeared in the Gray Street Church tableaux, but it looked a good deal more like the Spirit of Oleomargarine, owing to the lady's contour, and he left it in the tray until it was only a photograph of midnight inside a cave. He grabbed his hat and went up Main Street and struck off across the fields. By and by he stood on one of those high bluffs and saw something white moving among the trees round her house on the Iowa shore. It was just like a bit of paper moving in the sunlight across the Mississippi, but he knew it was Cora and he roared out his woe.

And the next morning he didn't shave!

I tell you, to be frank and honest, I always wonder why it is that, if that kind of thing happens to kings and queens or other monarchs or their families, that people want to cry about it. It seems so dignified and tremendous and real tragedy. But when exactly the same thing happens to just plain people, everybody thinks it's comedy and laughs. If Max had been a prince in an opera he could have dashed down a cup of poison and died singing, and drawn tears from the eyes of all the onlookers; but being only Max, the photographer, he wouldn't have been able to throw himself upon his grandfather's Civil War sword without having The Daily Pilot call it a rash act, and the coroner bite off a piece of plug and say: "So far as I knew, he only owed one bill, and that was for a blue-serge suit with an extra pair of pants."

If he had been a grand duke he could have ended it by jumping off Lover's Leap; but being Max, he had to take his tragedy in the form of thinking about Cora's laugh, about how she could swim out to Snedder's Island and back, about the way her hand looked when she was holding the sirup jug over the wheat cakes, about the color of the sun-browned place behind her ears, about the mosquito bites he had got one day with her when they had gone to Mapelton, about the muscles his acquaintance with her had put on his shoulders, about the empty future, the dreary prospect, the gloom of days to come, and the big brooding tragedy of All Over Now!

In the next five days he took three different Bodbank faces on one plate, producing little Minnie Fogarty with a full beard; he let Jessie Richards sit for a portrait with her regular ordinary expression; he took the wrong side of Minister George K. Stafford's face, and let Mrs. Firkin pose for a full-length, including her feet. To be square and aboveboard about it, he was a broken-hearted man. No monarch alive ever suffered more than Max. The button manufacturer had blown his light out.

At the end of the fifth day he went to the post office and got his monthly letter from his Aunt Faith in Quidnick,

(Continued on Page 44)

She Was Used to Having Her Own Way and Everything She Wanted

WAR ORDERS—By Will Payne

PROBABLY you have forgotten the battle of Neuve Chapelle. It was one of those fleeting incidents of this war that figure in the headlines for a day or so; but in that fleeting incident—according to the British Chancellor's statement to the House of Commons—as much ammunition was expended as in the whole Boer War, which lasted from the battle of Glencoe, October, 1899, to the capture of General Methuen, March, 1902.

The war began August first. Of course ammunition factories were immediately speeded up to top notch. If you take twenty as representing Great Britain's outturn of artillery ammunition in September—said the Chancellor of the Exchequer—then the outturn in December would be represented by one hundred and fifty-six; in February, by two hundred and fifty-six; in March, by three hundred and eighty-eight.

Something like the same thing happened in respect of all munitions and army supplies. Parliament passed an act empowering the government to take over munition factories. The Board of Trade invited women to apply for men's jobs in plants that turned out army supplies. The woolen industry was especially regulated, so that soldiers might be clothed. Still, there were not enough military supplies—far from enough.

Motor Cars and Oil Ready for Shipment to Europe

Kitchener and Lloyd George declared repeatedly that lack of munitions was retarding the cause of the Allies. Deputations of manufacturers waited on the government to urge total suppression of the liquor traffic, in order that workmen might turn out goods faster for the army. All the fighting nations were in much the same state. A squad of modern fighting men in a couple of hours can shoot away enough ammunition to have kept our Revolutionary War going for as many months. They wear out shoes and clothing three or four times as fast as in civil life. More than ten million men were fighting. To supply them created a problem that taxed the world's manufacturing capacity.

The United States was the one country with great manufacturing facilities not engaged in war. Naturally bigger and bigger orders for army supplies were placed here; and, with the beginning of spring, astute persons in Wall Street perceived a golden opportunity. There was an abundance of cheap money. A new banking system had been inaugurated, involving some reduction in the amount of cash that banks were required to hold, and by the middle of March the banks of the city of New York had a hundred and thirty million dollars more cash than the law required, whereas in the middle of August they had about fifty millions less than their legal reserve. At the later period money could easily be borrowed on Stock Exchange collateral at from two and a half to three per cent, whereas at the earlier it was hard to get at eight per cent.

Marking Up Prices of War Stocks

SPECULATIVE pickings and brokers' commissions had been exceedingly meager for a long time. The New York Stock Exchange had been shut up from August to December; but by March the country had pretty well digested the mental shock of the war. Congress had adjourned. There were signs of business improvement. The state of the nation was decidedly more cheerful, and the astute persons referred to concluded it was high time to spin the wheel again. The Street began to hear persistently of great war orders and great profits appertaining thereto. Bethlehem Steel was easily boosted from fifty-four dollars a share to ninety-one. A number of automobile stocks responded readily to the bull propaganda.

Then, one after another, American "industrials"—hitherto engaged in such unmartial occupations as making flat cars, axles, air brakes, locomotives, dynamos and tin cans—were immediately clapped into uniform, so to speak, and thrust on the firing line, sword in hand. In one week, as a rather extreme example, six hundred thousand shares of Westinghouse Electric common—out of a total of seven hundred and fifty thousand shares—were sold on the Stock Exchange at swiftly mounting prices. In five days American Locomotive common was sent from thirty-one dollars a share to sixty-eight.

As war stocks rose, reports of war orders multiplied—and the profits thereon were enormous! With a few pencil marks on the back of an order blank, the young man in the broker's office figured it this way: "The Russian Government is buying five million shrapnel shells at fifteen dollars apiece; the shells cost the manufacturer eight dollars apiece; profit, thirty-five million dollars!"

As to the general character of this war-orders boom, the Financial Chronicle, which commonly views doings in Wall Street through roseate glasses, felt constrained to remark: "It may be doubted whether the big plungers, who are responsible for the sensational rise of the last six weeks and the spectacular incidents connected with the same, are yet ready to retire, even after the abundant spoils they have gathered. Their appetite has been whetted and they will undoubtedly seek a further slaughter of innocents." It adds, however, that this stock movement "originated in the West, where plunging is a fine art and is conducted by men of great daring." Presumably Wall Street, in the strictly geographic sense of that elastic term, merely supplied the innocents.

Finally, even the common stock of the Distillers' Securities Company—formerly known as the Whisky Trust—doubled in market value on the strength of war orders.

Inevitably Street rumor much exaggerated the extent of war orders and the profit to accrue therefrom. Yet there was a solid basis of very extensive war orders, taken at figures that would yield large profits; and I do not mean to intimate that there were not sound reasons, in the country's general condition, for some improvement in security values. When we come to concerns that have accepted large war orders we find, however, that the orders involve a merely temporary departure from their real business.

With the exception of Bethlehem Steel, none of these concerns had ever expected to make war materials or was equipped for it. The main business of the American Locomotive Company, for example, is to make locomotives; of the New York Air Brake Company to make air brakes. But when these war orders came along there was very little doing in the locomotive and air brake lines. Railroads were not buying new equipment. The locomotive company, as an illustration, was said, in February, to be running its plants at only eleven per cent of their capacity, and at the beginning of April at only fifteen per cent. At the beginning of April there were three hundred and thirteen thousand idle freight cars in the country—and naturally not much inducement to build more.

The manufacturers went in for war orders, then, because business in their regular lines was dull and because they were offered high profits. Profits had to be high, because special machinery and tools must be bought, which would probably be of slight value when the war orders ceased. It was something like suddenly converting a plow factory into a wagon factory, with the expectation of returning to the manufacture of plows at the end of six months or a year. The output of wagons during the interval, in addition to ordinary profits, would have to bear the whole cost of temporarily converting the factory from one purpose to the other.

In the latter part of April, for example, two war-order concerns contracted for a large amount of special machine tools to make shrapnel, fuse timers, and so on. The pressure on manufacturers of such tools had already been so great that this contract could not be completed until August. Presumably the toolmakers, under such conditions, asked a round price, and the war-order concerns must get enough for the shrapnel to pay for the special tools.

One effect of these war orders, therefore, is to throw manufacturing more or less out of normal line. The village harness maker earns four dollars a day at his trade. You pay him eight dollars a day to go over into Canada for six months and burn barns. That gives him a fine lot of money to put into circulation, but it is rather better that he should go on making the harnesses, which farmers want.

The war orders that have attracted the most explosive attention are of this nature—that is, for shrapnel and other materials of destruction. What they amount to can hardly be stated with assurance, because in various cases those who could speak with authority decline to do so. It appears, however, that the Russian Government placed contracts for about eighty million dollars' worth of shells with a Canadian manufacturer, who sublet most of the work in this country; and that the English Government placed in New York an order for shells that runs to sixty-six million dollars, with a net profit of about twenty per cent to the American manufacturers. Including powder, rifles, and other materials of destruction, the total business now booked here in that line no doubt runs to a number of hundreds of millions of dollars.

Change in the Character of Exports

AUTOMOBILES furnish an example of a somewhat less deadly war trade. Exports have increased decidedly; but this increase has not been in passenger cars. It has been in trucks that were in the main evidently designed for a special use. For example, in the latest month for which full details are available at this writing exports of passenger cars were only one million seven hundred thousand dollars, against two million three hundred thousand in the corresponding month last year; but exports of trucks rose from eighty-three thousand dollars last year to more than three millions this year. The average value of the trucks exported last year was fifteen hundred dollars, against three thousand this year—indicating that this year's exports were of a special type. In short, the increased exports represent temporary business, contingent on the war.

Going through the whole itemized list of exports, one finds the same situation over and over. To begin at the top of the list, for example, there are agricultural implements. Exports this year were only three-quarters of a million dollars, against three and three-quarter millions in the corresponding month last year. Peaceful, productive utensils are not wanted—or wanted only as an incident to war. Just below we find exports of horses and mules at ten and a half million dollars this year, against two hundred and thirty thousand last year.

The horses and mules are going over there, of course, to be eaten up by the war. Since the first fighting we have shipped about two hundred thousand head, which will finally tend to make horses and mules dearer for people who want to use them productively in this country.

Iron and steel manufacturers give a total of exports substantially the same as last year; but there is a great

shifting among the various items—that is, sewing machines, adding machines, cash registers, steam engines, builders' hardware, steel rails, structural steel, enameled ware, and like peace goods, show a marked decline. Firearms, cutlery, horseshoes, wire, steel bars, rods, billets and ingots show an increase. Exports of electrical machinery decreased and exports of motion-picture films fell off a half; but exports of explosives increased more than fourfold.

Of course it is not always possible to trace a direct connection with the war; but an increase of exports of chemicals, drugs and medicines from less than two million dollars to more than four millions looks warlike. We know that soldiers wear shoes, and leather enters into various other army needs. We find exports of leather and its manufactures for the month rising from four million dollars to sixteen millions. On the other hand, exports of wood and its manufactures dropped from six and a half million dollars to less than three millions, wood being comparatively little used in war.

A jump in cotton manufactures from less than four million dollars to more than nine millions, and in woolen manufactures from three hundred thousand dollars to more than four millions, may be attributed to war orders.

Of course our greatest war order—much outweighing all others put together—has been for food. Thus, our total exports in February and March were larger than in the corresponding months last year by two hundred and thirty million dollars; but exports of foodstuffs alone increased over a hundred and fifty million dollars. In one month exports of wheat and wheat flour rose from seven and a half million dollars to forty-eight and a half millions. A short wheat crop last year, elsewhere than in the United States, and the blockade of Russian wheat exports from the Black Sea, would no doubt have increased our exports of foodstuffs this year in any event; but by no means to this extent.

Such items in the list of foodstuffs as beef, canned and fresh, rising to more than three millions in the month this year, with exports of bacon more than doubled, of sausage casings tripled, of beans and dried peas multiplied by ten, of prunes and dried apples increased from four hundred thousand dollars to over a million—smell of war.

The most striking effect of war orders for food is found, of course, in the enhanced value of wheat, which sold in Chicago for May delivery as high as a dollar and sixty-two cents a bushel, against ninety-two cents last year. Corn was then seventy-seven cents, against sixty-four, and oats fifty-four cents, against thirty-six. That was decidedly good for people with grain to sell, but not quite so good for those with flour to buy.

On the other hand, in spite of the foreign demand for meat, producers of meat animals—that is, of hogs, cattle, sheep and chickens, taken together—were getting less for their product this year than last. A report by the Department of Agriculture on prices received by producers in the middle of April shows the compound price for the four articles to have been eighty-one cents a hundred pounds lower than a year before. Beef cattle were thirty-three cents lower; veal calves, thirty-seven cents lower; hogs, a dollar and thirty-two cents lower; with sheep and lambs somewhat higher.

That the increase in our trade thus far is a war product is shown by the destination of the exports. While our total exports in February and March increased a little over two hundred and thirty million dollars, our exports to Europe alone increased by nearly two hundred and forty millions. In other words, our exports to all the rest of the world declined a little as compared with last year.

How much American merchandise gets to Germany through neutral countries is a matter of conjecture; but probably the increase in our exports, so far, represents wholly purchases by the Allies, and those almost altogether are for feeding, clothing and arming the men in the field. Thus, in March total exports increased a hundred and nine million dollars, while exports to Europe alone increased a hundred and fourteen millions.

The big items, in round numbers, are: Shipments to England increased fifty million dollars; to France, twenty-seven millions; to Italy, seventeen millions; to the Netherlands, fourteen millions; while direct shipments to Germany fell off from twenty-eight million dollars last year to less than three hundred thousand this year. For the first time, Sweden and Norway are appearing as large importers of American goods—which probably means reshipment to a belligerent country. Taking the destination of shipments and the character of goods shipped, our peaceful trade is undoubtedly smaller than a year ago.

Shipments to South America decreased about two million dollars in February and increased about two millions in March; but there is as yet little evidence of indirect war gains due to the inability of the belligerents to compete with us in neutral countries.

True, the foreign trade of the belligerent nations has fallen off enormously. England's exports are only about two-thirds of normal. Germany's doubtless are even less. Russia has almost disappeared as an exporter. In part, this represents simply the destruction of former trade among the fighting countries; but where—as in Germany's case—it represents loss of trade outside the war zone, probably nobody else has gained by that loss. South America, Asia, Africa and Oceanica are getting less German goods than a year ago, but are not taking more American goods. Our total shipments to those divisions in March were less than a year ago.

The British trade report for the three months ending with March shows that exports of coal and other fuel fell off over twenty million dollars, or one-third; exports of iron and steel manufactures declined over twenty-five million dollars, or two-fifths; exports of machinery decreased nearly thirty million dollars, or more than a half; and exports of cotton and woolen goods fell off about twenty-seven million dollars, or two-fifths. We gained none of this lost trade—nor, broadly speaking, did anybody else. The trade simply disappeared.

No official report of Germany's foreign trade has been obtainable since the war began. Our report for March shows that imports from Germany declined more than a half. Probably the remainder of her oversea trade is in quite as bad or in an even worse state; but we have not gained thereby. (Continued on Page 41)

H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XVII

DRESSED to resemble an undertaker, but wearing a beautiful orchid to show he did not do it for a living, H. R. called a taxicab, drove to the Diocesan House, and sent in his card to the bishop.

The bishop was a judge of cards. He therefore received H. R. in his study instead of in the general waiting room.

"How do you do, Bishop Phillipson?" And H. R. held out his hand with such an air of affectionate respect that the bishop was sure he had confirmed this distinguished-looking young man. But the bishop had to be more than a theologian. Therefore he answered politely but noncommittally:

"I am very well, thank you."

"Did you recognize the name?" modestly asked H. R.

"Oh, yes," said the bishop. He had read about a meeting in Rutgers Square and therefore remembered Rutgers. His visitor's respectful but familiar manner made him inquire kindly: "And your dear mother?"

"As usual," replied H. R. with a grateful smile.

She was, he devoutly hoped, in heaven; but he could not forget that he was a gentleman.

"Perhaps you've read the newspapers?" pursued H. R., looking intently at the bishop. "They've been full of me and my doings these many weeks." H. R.'s voice was not at all apologetic.

"My dear boy!" expostulated the bishop.

He was a fine figure of a man, with clear-cut features and a look of kindliness, subtly professional, which was enough to keep it from being altogether benevolent; a good-natured rather than a strong man. One might imagine he had friends, but none could visualize him as a crusader. He was cursed with an orator's voice and loved words.

"I need your help!" said H. R. very earnestly.

The bishop knew that those to whom you cannot give cheering words and fifty cents are the worst cases; but he looked judicial in advance. To relieve suffering is far easier than to straighten out those tangles that society calls disreputable after they get into print. H. R. went on:

"I want you to help me to help your church."

"Help you to help our church!" repeated the bishop.

"Exactly!" And H. R. nodded congratulatorily. "So that you won't lose ground."

There were many ways in which this young man's words might be taken, and the visitor's mission, therefore, still remained a mystery. The bishop smiled gently with the tolerance of undyspeptic age toward overenthusiastic youth and said:

"Pardon me; but we are not losing ground. Our statistics show that the attendance at our ——"

"I beg your pardon, bishop." And H. R. shook his head with polite dissent.

"Figures ——"

"Ah, yes—figures of speech! I'll admit that our church is working harder and getting smaller returns for the money than any other. Why did we build our huge cathedral?"

"In order to glorify ——"

"Excuse me! There already existed the Himalayas and the Andes. The object of building churches is to fill 'em with the flesh of living people. I am a people-getter. That's my business."

"You are what?" The bishop did not frown; his amazement was too genuine and profound.

"I supply men and women to fill churches. Of course anybody could fill 'em with paper ——"

"Paper?"

"Theatrical argot for deadheads—people who don't pay, but contribute criticisms of the show. What I wish to do is to tell you what to do."

There was something about H. R.'s manner that showed plainly he did not wish to criticize or offend, but to help. Still, such remarks were not in good taste. The bishop, with a cold formality meant as a rebuke, said:

"I must say, sir, that "

"Just hear me to the bitter end, bishop. Deeds never convert—until they are talked about. Dynamic words are needed. I have made a specialty of them. I may say that I am not interested in money."

The bishop could see that this well-dressed young man, with the shrewd eyes and the resolute chin, was neither a lunatic nor an impostor; but the bishop could not help him, and he was sure the young man could not help the bishop.

Since no help was needed the bishop said coldly:

"Pardon me; but I do not wish to continue this discussion. You are ——"

"I am the man who is going to marry Grace Goodchild!"

The bishop straightened in his chair and looked at H. R. with a new interest. Grace was one of his flock. He felt a personal interest in her. She had not spoken to him about this affair. His curiosity was roused. Moreover, Mr. Rutgers was presumably a gentleman.

"Indeed!" he said, so humanly that it almost sounded like "Do tell!"

The bishop's duties made it impossible for him to remember details, but he recalled now that somebody had told him the Goodchilds had been in print lately and that the young man who proposed to marry the only daughter had been editorialized. The young man's visit might enable the bishop to be of some service to the family. He sincerely hoped it was nothing ugly.

"I've doped it out," pursued H. R. earnestly.

"I beg your pardon?" said the bishop, blushing.

"I have arrived at a logical conclusion," translated H. R.; "in short, I've found a cause that will put Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Lutherans, Jews, Parsees and native-born Americans on the Christian map of New York! And it does not involve turning the unoccupied churches into restaurants or vaudeville shows."

H. R. turned his hypnotic look full on the bishop. The young man's language was bizarre, but good might come of it. It is always wisdom to encourage good intentions by listening. Repentance comes after a soul empties itself of bitterness via the larynx.

"Tell me, bishop: What is it that is very scarce and very elevating, desirable to possess and more desirable to give, thrice blessed, rare beyond words, and beautiful as heaven itself?"

"Truth!" exclaimed the bishop, his voice ringing with conviction and the pride of puzzle solving; for, after all, he was a human being.

H. R. shook his head.

"That's only theology; possibly metaphysics. Let us forget rhetoric and get down to cases. Truth! Pshaw! Can you imagine that combination of four consonants and one vowel serving as a political platform? Never! No, bishop; we've got to guess something else. I've found it—rare, picturesque, with great dramatic possibilities, and easy to capitalize. It is ——" He paused.

"Yes?" said the bishop with an almost boyish eagerness—bless him!

"Charity!" The bishop's face fell. You almost heard it fall. H. R. shook a rigid forefinger at the bishop's nose and added in a distinctly vindictive voice: "'But the greatest of these is charity'!"

"But we always preach ——" began the bishop defensively.

"That's the trouble. Don't! We'll tackle charity by easy steps. We'll begin with the very lowest form, in order to break in American Christians gradually. We shall begin by feeding the hungry. It's spectacular and will lead to the higher forms. Show people that you will not only fill their bellies but send the caterer's bills to the Lord for payment, and the populace will supply not only the food receptacles but the stationery. A great deal," finished H. R. reflectively, "depends on the right stationery."

"I fear," said the bishop uncomfortably, "that we are talking to each other across an impassable gulf."

"Not a bit, bishop! The human intellect, properly directed, can bridge any chasm. Let us be philosophical." H. R. said this as one who proposes to speak in words of one syllable. "Now, good people—I don't mean you, bishop, you know good people always do everything wrong end foremost. Now, what do you, speaking collectively, do to feed the hungry?"

"We support St. George's Kitchens "

"Ah, yes, you use tickets! You astutely work to eliminate poverty by tackling the poor, instead of operating on the rich. You give tickets to the hungry! Think of it to the hungry! Tickets! A green one means a bowl of pea soup; a pink one, a slice of ham; a brown one, a codfish ball. The polychromatics of systematized charity, whereby you discourage the increase of professional paupers! Tickets! To the hungry! Ouch!"

The bishop more than once had despaired of solving that very problem. He shook his head and said, sadly rather than rebukingly: "But in a huge city like New York how else can we help those who really need ——"

"By using brains, Bishop Phillipson," said H. R., so sternly that the bishop flushed. "Who in New York are in need of charity? Five thousand empty bellies? No! Five million empty souls! Will you oblige me by torturing the ears?"

"Torturing the ears ——"

"Yes, by listening!"

This young man's epigrams were offensive, but they denoted an original mind. If he offered any valuable suggestions the bishop would forgive the language and use the suggestions. Not being a fighter he respected aggressiveness. H. R. went on:

"Do you hear?" He pointed to a corner of the study. "Do you hear a Divine Voice saying: 'Let them that hunger bring a physician's certificate of protracted inanition?' You don't? Then there is hope. Now, bishop, I propose to revolutionize the industry."

H. R. spoke so determinedly that his words were robbed of offense.

"How?" asked Doctor Phillipson with real interest.

All problems have a solution, though it may be late in coming.

"I shall continue to employ tickets, thereby utilizing the machinery already in existence a method to which the public is accustomed. That is always easier than the inauguration of new processes. But ——" H. R. paused.

"Yes?"

"I shall give the ticket to the full belly, however—not to the empty! That's the trick, bishop. The ticket goes to the man who pays twenty-five cents, not to the man who needs or accepts the quarter's worth of food. Some of our fellow Christians would compel a fellow man, made by God after His own image, to change himself into a first-trip-to-Europe dress-suit case. They insist on his pasting labels all over himself—Pauper! Hungry! Wreck! I propose to turn the tickets into ennobling badges and precious tags, marked Charitable! Decent! Christian! I do this by giving to the giver!"

"But I can't see ——"

"My dear Bishop, everybody acknowledges that it is much nicer to give to those you love than to receive. That is why we are exhorted to love our fellows—that we may love to give to them. It follows that everybody at heart likes to be charitable. Now, vanity was invented pretty early in history, but it has not been properly capitalized by the churches. Now listen to the difference when real brains are used: Remember that, though all is vanity, vanity is not all. Each person who gives twenty-five cents receives a ticket; he gets something for something. Remember, also, that we live in America. I have planned a Mammoth Hunger Feast in Madison Square Garden. Each donor from his seat will see a fellow man eat his quarter."

"But my dear Mr. Rutgers ——"

"I am glad you see it as I do. The ticket buyer goes to the Garden. He knows his ticket is feeding one man; but he sees ten thousand men eating. He looks for the particular beneficiary of his particular quarter. It might be any of the ten thousand eaters! Within thirty-seven seconds each donor will feel that his twenty-five cents is feeding the entire ten thousand! Did a quarter ever before accomplish so much? Of course the donors will feel not only good but proud—and all for a quarter of a dollar, twenty-five cents! From anybody else," finished H. R. modestly, "I should call that genius!"

The bishop shook his head violently.

"No! No! It is impractical, and worse! Would you compel starving men ——"

"To eat?" cut in H. R.

"No—to vulgarize charity and make it offensive, a stench in the nostrils of the self-respecting?"

"Hold on! Charity, reverend sir, is never offensive. The attitude of our imperfectly Christianized fellow citizens makes it a disgrace to show charity, but not to display poverty. The English-speaking races, being eminently practical, lay great stress on table manners. They treat charity as though it were a natural function of man, and, therefore, to be done secretly and in solitude. Our cultured compatriots invariably confound modesty with the sense of smell. Etiquette is responsible for infinitely greater evils than vulgarity. Feed the hungry! When you do that you obey God. Feed them all!"

"But ——"

"That is exactly what I propose to do—with your help; feed all the starving men in New York. Has anybody ever even tried that? All the starving men!" He finished sternly. "Not one shall escape us!"

The bishop almost shuddered, there was such a grimly determined look on H. R.'s face. Then he felt angry with this young man, of a type so different from those who helped in the work in which the bishop was most interested. Perhaps the disappointment he felt was responsible for the anger, for he had hoped vaguely that some good might come of their conversation. He said patiently:

"I still do not see how you propose to solve the problem that has so far baffled our best minds."

"Merciful Heaven, but You're Beautiful!"

"Nobody else could do it," acknowledged H. R. simply. "You see, bishop, I have carefully prepared my plans. They cannot fail. All I need is your signature."

"My signature to what?"

He had a flash of suspicion that this young man would reply: "To a check!" But he instantly paid H. R. the compliment of discarding the suspicion. This young man was not that kind of impostor—if, indeed, he was an impostor at all. This uncertainty made the bishop take H. R. too seriously to dismiss him unceremoniously. H. R. spoke determinedly:

"I am going to make New Yorkers acquire the pleasing habit of being charitable by selling tickets that will enable the holders thereof to behold the appeasing of hunger. The masses always follow the classes; if they didn't there wouldn't be classes. It isn't snobbery, but instinct. Mr. Wyman, who is, you know, of the National Bank of the Avenue, will act as treasurer of the people's funds."

It was the fashionable bank—stock, seventy-two hundred dollars a share—and all held by Vans.

"Has he——"

"He will," interrupted H. R., so decisively that the bishop forgot to be annoyed at not being allowed to finish his question.

"We shall appeal to all New Yorkers. Your name must therefore lead the signatures. Much, Bishop Phillipson, depends on the leader! Of course there will be other clergymen and leading merchants and capitalists, and the mayor and borough president, and the reform leaders—and everybody who is somebody. They must give the example. Do you yourself not constantly endeavor to be an example, reverend sir?"

Before the bishop could deny this, H. R. put in his hands a book, beautifully bound in hand-tooled morocco. The leaves were vellum. On the first page was artistically engrossed:

Hunger knows no denomination!
There must be no starving men, women or children in New York!
We who do not hunger must feed those who do.

LET US FEED ALL THE HUNGRY!

"Here, Bishop Phillipson, at the head of the list, is the place for your name. It will be followed by the names of men and women who stand for achievement, fame and disinterestedness." H. R. held a fountain pen before him and continued:

"If you sign I'll feed all the hungry—all! Have you ever seen a starving man? Do you know what it is to be hungry?"

The bishop shook his head—at the fountain pen. He had seen starving men.

"Listen!" commanded H. R. sternly. "Do you hear Him?"

"Your intentions, I have no doubt, are highly praiseworthy; but your language is so close to blasphemy ——"

"All words that invoke the Deity are so regarded in unrimed English. I told Grace you would not hear, but she would have it that you would sign in Chinese if it fed the hungry. 'But the greatest of these is charity.' The reporters are waiting for the list. Everybody else will sign if you head the list."

"Of course"—and the bishop's voice actually betrayed the fact that he had been forced into self-defense—"of course I should be only too glad to sign if I were certain such an action on my part would feed the hungry ——"

"All the hungry!" H. R. sternly reminded him.

"Even a tenth of the hungry of New York," the bishop insisted. "But, my dear young man, excellent intentions do not always succeed. Your methods might not commend themselves to men who have made this work the study of a lifetime."

"It is obvious that such men have not gone about their work intelligently, since there still exist unfed men in New York. Emotions, reverend sir, are all very well to appeal to at vote-getting times, but they are poor things with which to think. Now, I don't suppose I have devoted more than one hour's thought to this subject; and yet see the difference! All the hungry!"

In H. R.'s voice there was not the faintest trace of self-glorification; nor did his manner betray the slightest vanity. Both were calmly matter-of-fact. The bishop was not certain he could decide how much in the new generation was due to youthful confidence and how much to assurance begotten of knowing how to get results. This young man might have a reason for wishing to do so uncommercial a thing in so modern a way.

Doctor Phillipson did not wish to ask point-blank, but he did desire a direct answer to a question he did not quite know how to put without offending. So he looked both benignant and earnest as he asked:

"And your—er—quite unemotional and sudden interest in this—er—affair, Mr. Rutgers ——"

"You mean, where do I come in?" cut in H. R.

The bishop almost blushed. He explained kindly:

"Rather your motive in undertaking so difficult ——"

"Oh, yes. You mean why?"

"Yes," said the bishop, and looked H. R. full in the eyes.

"Because I desire to marry Grace Goodchild and I wish to be worthy of her. It is a man's job to jolt New York into a spasm of practical Christianity."

The bishop smiled paternally. After all, this was a boy and his enthusiasm might make up for what his motive lacked in depth.

"And besides," went on H. R. in a lowered voice, "I hate to think that men are starving when I have enough to eat without earning my food." He smiled shamefacedly.

"My boy," cried the bishop, and shook his boy's hand warmly, "I'm afraid you are ——"

"Don't call me good, bishop!"

"I was going to say great! Do you think you can do what you propose?"

"I know it!" And H. R. looked at Doctor Phillipson steadily.

The bishop looked back. He was no match for H. R.

"I will sign!" said the bishop. And he did!

XVIII

H. R. WALKED slowly to his office. He had won and spring was in the air. The sky was very blue and the air sparkled with sundust. Life thrilled in waves. The breeze sang—as it does at times in the city. It had not the harps of trees to strum on, but it made shift with the corners of the houses. Hand in hand with the breeze from the south came the joy of living that, after all, is merely the joy of loving.

The soul of God's beautiful world—light, heat, beauty, love—percolated into the soul of Hendrik Rutgers and filled it—filled it full!

It called for the one woman in songs—the same songs the breeze was humming. . . . Ah, the encouragement of the wind! It bade him take her! It told him exactly whither the breeze was going; whither he should carry her in his arms. It whispered to him of the place where he might lay down his burden!

He walked on, head erect, chest inflated, fists clenched. He would take her from the world and make her his world. Their world!—his and hers; his first, then hers. After that they would share it equally. The breeze sang on.

As he crossed Madison Square he was made aware that the sparrows also had heard the song and, phonograph-like, were repeating it—a little shriller, but the same song. Ten thousand sparrows—and each thought it was original! And the little pale-green leaves were nodding approval. And the azure smile of the sky was benignantly telling all creation to go ahead—as it was in the beginning; as it would be in the end. The beginning and the end of life—love!

He loved her! He would love her even if she were not the most beautiful girl in all the round world. He would love her if she were penniless, even if her father were his best friend. He loved her and he loved his love of her. Her eyes were two skies that smiled more bluely than God's one. Her hair had the rust of gold and the dust of suns, and radiated light and glints of love. From her wonderful lips came, in the voice of the flowers, the one command that he, a hater of slaves, would obey, gratefully kneeling. And the lips said it, flowerlike, in silence.

She was not there to be loved, but he loved her; and because he loved her he loved everybody, everything—even his fellow men. They also should love! All of them! Love to love and love to live! Did they?

He looked for the first time at his fellow men on the park benches. He saw sodden faces, reptilelike sunning themselves—warming their skins; no more.

They were men without money. They, therefore, were men without eyes, without ears, without tongues. They, therefore, were men without love.

If money had not been invented there would not be great cities to be loveless in! But those on the park benches, lizardlike sunning themselves, were tramps. The pedestrians had money. They, therefore, must have love.

He looked at them and saw that what they had was their hands in their pockets. Doubtless it was to keep this money there. By so doing they did not have to sit on park benches and fail to see the sky and the buds, and fail to hear the birds and the breeze.

"Even if He Loves Me, I Can Never Marry a Man Who Has Made Me Feel Like a Theatrical Poster!"

And yet, as he looked, he saw on their faces the same blindness and the same deafness. On the benches sat immortal souls drugged with misery. On the paths walked men asleep with self. He alone was alive and awake! The appalling solitude of a great city was all about him. He was the only living man in New York!

And Grace Goodchild was the only woman in the world! He loved her. He loved everybody. He wished to give—give—give!

"You'll be fed!" he said to the park benches.

"You'll feed 'em!" he told the sidewalks.

"I'll marry you!" he wirelessed to Grace.

"You," he said to all New York, "will pay for every bit of it!"

He walked into his office, frowning. Andrew Barrett was there.

"Come with me!" H. R. said to him, and led the way into the private office.

He sat down at his desk, brushed away a lot of letters, and said to his aide:

"Barrett, I've got a man's job this time."

Sandwiching for banks that had deposits of over one hundred million dollars appealed to Andrew Barrett. And the Standard Oil and the Steel Trust, also, had possibilities. After the S. A. S. A. got those, he was ready to take over the business; H. R. had promised to give it to him.

"Who is it?" he asked eagerly.

"Grace Goodchild!" answered H. R. absently.

"Oh, I thought ——"

H. R. started.

"What? Oh! I'm going to put New York on the map at one fell swoop."

Andrew Barrett beamed. At last, millions! All New York!

H. R. looked at his lieutenant and smiled forgivingly. After all, it was not Andrew's fault that the spring was not in his soul. When the world should become really civilized it would have six weeks every year during which no money-making would be permitted—a Lenten season for business. Meantime a man might as well be philosophical.

"Barrett, men and women in all civilized communities desire three things. All of them begin with B. Can you guess?"

"Not I!" answered Barrett diplomatically.

There are questions the answers to which gain you mortal enmity by depriving the questioner of the greatest of all pleasures.

"Bread, Beauty and Bunko. This is not original—it is a fact. You satisfy all the natural wants of humanity by supplying these three. Now, men pay for their necessities with whatever coin happens to be current. Nowadays they will pay in money; but if you are very clever they will even pay in service. I have sometimes thought of a state of society in which payment need not be made in interchangeable labor units, but in the self-satisfaction of accomplishment. I have even dreamed," he finished sternly, "of making goodness fashionable!"

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Barrett in indescribable awe.

H. R. shook his head gloomily.

"The trouble," he said bitterly, "is that it is so blamed easy to be good. It is too obviously intelligent—too much the natural thing to be. Men are bad, I firmly believe, because badness is so roundabout and expensive. How else can you explain it? Society, since money was invented, craves for expensive things. Society is, *ipso facto*, expense. Even intelligent men confound rarity with expensiveness. Artificial pearls would be as fashionable as the natural if they were equally expensive—granted, of course, that they were equally beautiful."

"Say, chief, I don't get the dope about goodness being easy."

"Probably not; it is too obvious. The love of life is an instinct, strong and universal. Treated as a human factor, bravery means the ability to die fashionably. The Spartan mother loved her sons. She desired her sons to be natural. When a woman wants that, she means artificial. All fashions are necessarily artificial. Hence the Spartan mother's 'With your shield or on it!'

"The axiom of the locality is the fashion of the place. When civilized man ceases to be artificial he ceases to be civilized. Make it the fashion to die bravely and men will laugh at death. Goodness is intelligent. All intelligent men should do three things: Be born; be good; and die. Life, therefore, becomes a perfect short story—it must have a beginning, a middle and an end. If I can make goodness fashionable I shall do something very easy and very difficult. If men were not such fools it would be so restful to be wise."

"Yes, H. R.; but human nature ——"

"Exactly. We go against human nature always. There is no born cheat. God gave to men the precious gift of fear in order that they might overcome it. Man's fear to-day is to be good. Once on a time men feared hell. It is now the fashion for Americans to think: 'To hell with hell!'"

Andrew Barrett shook his head dubiously. He was not really interested in abstractions, but he desired to be on good terms with his chief. The best way to be nice to a man is to put up a weak argument. He began feebly:

"But there must be some people ——"

"They are individuals. If men must live together in aggregations or artificial groups they must establish certain restrictions on their individualism for the guidance of the individual, so long as he has neighbors. It is perfectly proper to be selfish if you are alone. It is stupid to be selfish when you are one of a group. Therefore, my inveterately young friend and typical compatriot, we must do something for nothing. Tip off the papers."

Barrett shook his head.

"I don't get you," he confessed sadly.

"Few people do when you tell them they have to do something and not be paid for it. To-morrow and the day after our men must display a new sandwich for the cause for two hours." He paused; then he finished sternly: "Tell them I said so!"

"I will," hastily said Barrett, only too glad to shift the responsibility.

"You might request the regular advertisers to pay full time just the same."

"You bet I will! And what will the boards say?"

"Let me have your pencil," said H. R. And he wrote:

NEXT WEEK
THE MEN WHO HAVE MADE
NEW YORK
THE EMPIRE CITY OF
GOD'S OWN COUNTRY
WILL FEED
ALL THE HUNGRY
WHO HAVE NO MONEY

O. K.—H. R. Sec.

"There!" said H. R.

Andrew Barrett read it.

"If it was anybody else ——" he muttered.

"Convey to your reporter friends that this is the biggest story of the year. Say that you will endeavor to obtain permission to make public the details and the names. Particularly impress on them that it is a secret!"

"I'll impress that on them, all right," promised Barrett with profound sincerity. It is really pleasant not to have to lie.

H. R. rose and said:

"I must get the other names. I have begun with the bishop." And he showed Barrett the signature of Doctor Phillipson.

"Why his?" asked Barrett.

"I expect him to officiate at my wedding. Also, he is a conservative and Wall Street is for him, strong. Don't you see? Get the sandwiches ready."

H. R. no longer bothered with details. He had discovered that by resolutely expecting people to do things, people did them. Every eight hundred and thirty-one years a man is born who can throw on his fellow men the yoke of responsibility so that it stays put.

He decided that it would look well in print to play up the nonsectarianism of the affair. He would, therefore, have the prominent people meet in the Granite Presbyterian Church, attracting the Presbyterians, who otherwise might have objected to Bishop Phillipson's leadership; but the meeting would be presided over by Bishop Barrows, a Methodist. Bishop Phillipson would agree to this. Did not his name come first in the stirring call to the metropolis?

Of course, however, to give the project an attractive and, indeed, a compelling interest, he would resort to the great American worship of bulk. It must be big. It must be the biggest ever!

XIX

H. R. HAD no trouble in getting the other names. The bankers were easy. He told each that the cash was to be handled by a committee of bankers, thereby insuring efficient management. If Jones, of the small Nineteenth Century National, signed, Dawson, of the big Metropolitan, must do likewise or be convicted of lack of sympathy with a popular cause. The Dawson Party, comprising, as it did, the richest men in the world, needed popularity, heaven knew! He also told the bankers they would not have to pay out anything. It won them. He clinched it by comparing charity to the income tax. Yes; he did!

"Nobody," he argued, "objects to an income tax that embraces everybody! The great good of such a tax is to make every man wish to see to it that the money he pays is properly spent by the government; to make each man feel that his duty is to support the government, and to see that the government's business is conducted efficiently. The income tax should lead to more intelligent citizenship, to a business administration."

Each banker agreed heartily to that.

"The same with charity; compel everybody to be charitable—the clerk equally with the president. The burden should not fall on the rich, but on the many. All New Yorkers will learn to be helpful to all who need help, and nobody will be allowed to give more than anybody else. Just sign here, will you, please? Charity can be made intelligent by the process of distribution. Thank you!"

The other signatures were equally easy to get.

"The reporters will be present at the meeting. They may not stay until the very end. Confound 'em," said H. R. with passionate fervor, "you can't keep 'em away! All they want is an advance copy of the speeches and the names of the people in the first three rows. The meeting begins at eight-thirty sharp."

He did not urge a single signer to attend; but at eight-twenty every seat in the Granite Presbyterian Church was filled by prominent people who hated reporters and their loathsome prying into a man's private affairs.

It was a distinguished gathering indeed. H. R. had picked out nobody whose name was not familiar to readers of newspaper advertisements, society news and government anticorporation suits. Entire pews were filled with success in art, literature, science, commerce, finance and Christianity.

On the platform were seated four bank presidents, four bishops, four merchants, four social leaders, four great writers, four great editors, four great painters, four great landlords, four great statesmen—in short, four great everything.

H. R. rose and said:

"Before introducing the chairman, I desire the uninvited to retire instantly. The invitations were sent exclusively to the men who have made New York what it is!"

Would you believe it? Not one man retired! And they all knew what New York was too! They thought New York was something to be proud of.

"Those who do not rightfully belong here will retire!" repeated H. R., so threateningly that each man instantly sweated mucilage and remained stuck to his seat. "I present our temporary chairman, Bishop Barrows."

"The meeting will come to order," said the bishop.

Profound silence reigned. This so flabbergasted the reverend chairman, who was accustomed to addressing religious gatherings in New York, that he fidgeted. Then he offered a prayer. When he had finished, and the audience had drawn the customary long breath that follows the Amen, the chairman hesitated.

"I'll tell 'em, if you wish," whispered H. R. Then, exactly as though the bishop had acquiesced, he said: "Very well, bishop. Just tell 'em that I will tell 'em why we are here."

The bishop repeated hypnotically:

"Mr. Rutgers will tell you why we are here."

H. R. bowed to him and to the congregation. The reporters woke up. Here was something better than oratory or facts—news! This explains why the newspapers give more space to those who speak than to what is said.

"Fellow New Yorkers: In common with all of you, I acknowledge before the entire world that ours is a great city."

Every listener felt that the census had grievously understated the greatness of New York. Voice inflection is a wonderful thing.

"We have been accused of provincialism. They tell us we don't care for the rest of the country. That is not true. We do care. We ought to—we own it!

"We supply to the rest of the country the money to be prosperous with, the paintings to be artistic with, the magazines to be cultivated with, the gowns to be beautiful with, and a place to spend money in unsurpassed in the world. We have built the best hotels in the universe expressly to accommodate the people that hate New York. This is the soul of hospitality.

"New York leads. Other cities copy our clothes, our dances, our financiering, our barbers, our sandwiches and the uniform of our street cleaners. What is more important, however, is that our superiority is not only acknowledged but resented.

"We have decided to do something that never before has been attempted. Let other cities copy us if they wish. We are going to feed all the hungry who have no money! We are going to do it on the New York plan—completely, intelligently, efficiently and, above everything, picturesquely. You have seen the Sandwich Announcements?"

They had. For two days all New York had seen them and all New York had talked about them, because the announcements had taken on the aspect of a puzzle. The answer was now expected. On vaudeville stages shining stars were volunteering humorous solutions through their noses.

"We propose to do it by means of improved tickets. No man shall buy more than one. The millionaire and the school-teacher, the milliner and the janitress, the merchant and the mutt—all will help. And all will help equally, in order that each may benefit his soul in like degree without injury to any pocketbook. And, gentlemen, we are going to do it in an entirely new way!"

Novelty! Oh, New York!

"Nobody will be allowed to buy more than one ticket. The price will be twenty-five cents. That sum will buy one ideal meal. The ticket will not only entitle the holder thereof to admission to Madison Square Garden but it will also carry a coupon worth ten thousand dollars in cash!"

He paused. The assemblage went pale. Hands were seen hastily buttoning up coats.

"I personally will give the money," said H. R. sternly. A great sigh of relief soughed its way himward. "The meal will be a revelation to those who talk about the high cost of living, and will show the advantage of being permitted to do business in a large way without ill-advised interference from a grandfatherly government. It thus will have an important bearing on current legislation.

"Each ticket buyer will see, with his own eyes, the entire journey of the quarter from the pocket to the empty stomach. Also, the coupon attached to every ticket, worth ten thousand dollars in cash, will be a reward, not of charity alone but of the combination of charity and brains."

The audience fidgeted. They did not believe it; but, anyhow, it was the orator's own money.

"There will be," pursued H. R. accusingly, "no waste; no scientific unchristianity; no half-baked philanthropy; no nonsense. On one day next week the sun will set on our city, and not one man, woman or child will go to bed hungry. All the hungry who have no money shall be fed. As for the coupon, I myself have already contributed the necessary funds to take care of that.

"It has never been attempted. I realize that we cannot go against the law of demand and supply we cannot make lazy men prosperous or put in brains where they were left out by a wise Providence; but we are going to abolish hunger for one day, and then see what we can do to make conditions improve permanently. And the burden will be shared alike by all—nobody to give more than twenty-five cents."

A look of resolution came over the faces of the entire audience. It was an experiment worth trying.

"Gentlemen," added H. R. sternly, "we are going to give the lie to the envious outsiders who tell you that New York is heartless."

A storm of applause burst from the audience. H. R. held up a hand.

"In giving, it is always wise to know to whom you are giving. The Society of American Sandwich Artists, with the aid of those who have made New York what it is, pledges itself to see to it that the meals find the proper men. There is no such thing as scientific charity, any more than there is unscientific poverty. Nobody hates to give, but everybody wishes to give wisely. I guarantee that nobody who has money with which to buy food will be fed at our expense. I guarantee this!"

"How?" burst from three hundred and eighteen throats.

"That is our secret. I may add that the coupon, worth exactly ten thousand dollars in cash, is not a lottery scheme. Gentlemen, I count on your coöperation. I thank you."

He bowed, modestly stepped back, and nodded to Bishop Barrows.

"Adjourn!" he whispered.

"I have a few ——" began Doctor Barrows protestingly.

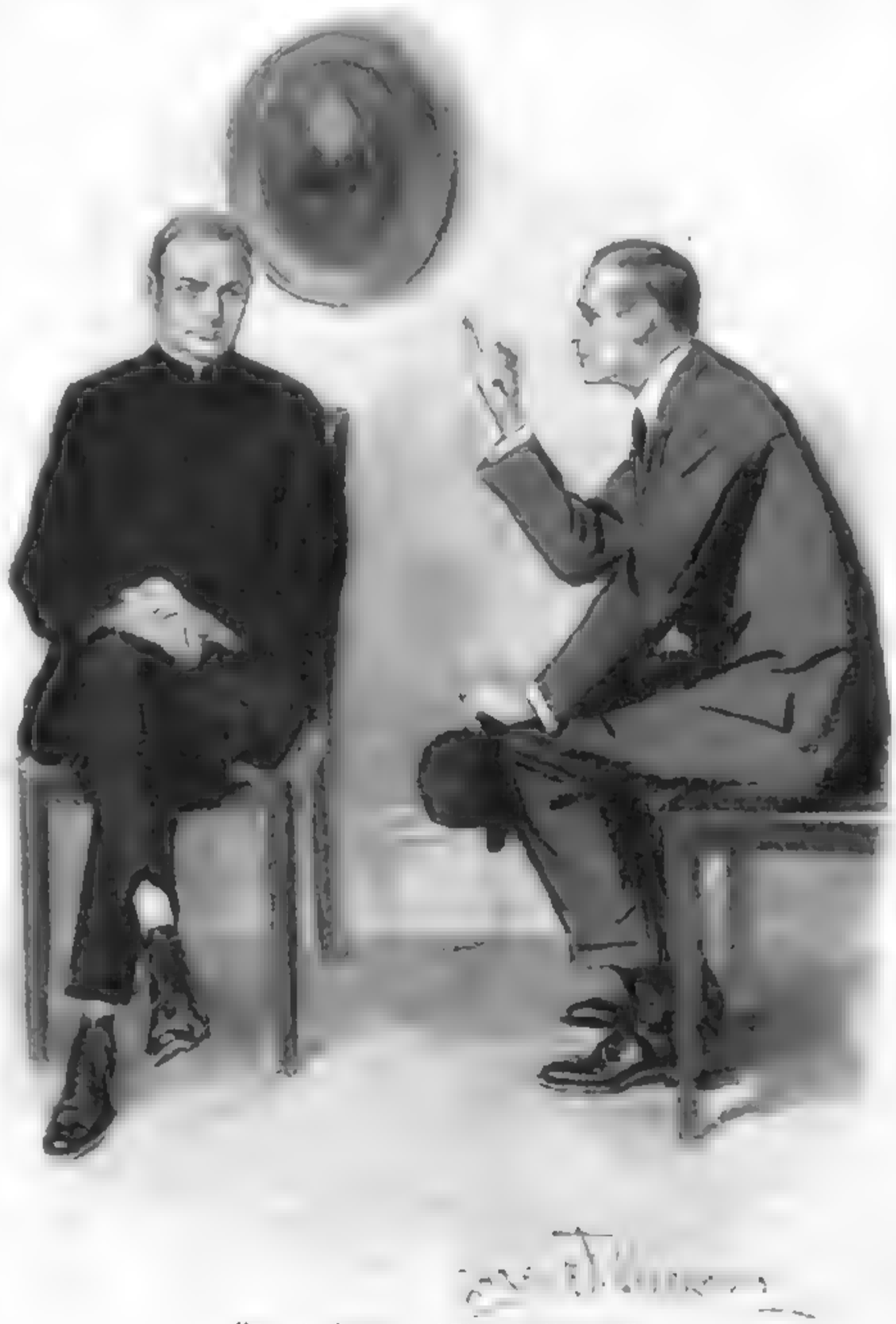
"Adjourn! The reporters will print them from your manuscript."

"But ——"

H. R. took out his handkerchief and wiped his cool, unfevered brow. He had foreseen the chairman's speech. Max Onthemaker, who had been waiting for the signal, jumped to his feet and yelled:

"I move we adjourn!"

(Continued on Page 38)



"But the Greatest of These is Charity!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 19, 1915

The Cause of War

"THE first fifteen years of the present century exhibit an unwonted stir among many millions of men," wrote Tolstoy, in War and Peace. "They are seen to quit their avocations; to rush from one side of Europe to the other; to plunder and kill each other; to triumph for a while, and then, in their turn, be beaten. During this period the course of daily life undergoes a complete change, until suddenly this ferment, which at one time seemed as if it must go on increasing, utterly subsides. What was the cause of this phenomenon? What laws did it follow? By way of reply, historians narrate the deeds or report the speeches of a few score men in a building at Paris, to which they give the name of the Revolution. They next give us an elaborate biography of Napoleon Bonaparte, and of certain other persons who became his friends or his foes. They tell us of the influence these persons exercised on one another; and they say: 'These were the causes of the phenomenon; these were its laws.' But reason refuses to accept such an explanation, because the cause is clearly inadequate to the effect. It is the sum of human energy which produced the Revolution and Napoleon, and it was that which maintained them and overthrew them."

So, to tell what the Kaiser did, or what a few persons in Vienna, Petrograd, London and Paris did—or to take the entire contents of all the white, green, blue, yellow, gray and green books—goes only a little way in explaining the causes of this war. The war is a product of the sum of human energy in Europe. This little particular act or that one may have applied the spark to the powder; but all Europe had been industriously manufacturing the powder for many years. All Europe had thought war. The competitive arming—with the ridiculous pretext, which really deceived nobody, that thereby peace was to be maintained—the continual stirring of international jealousy and suspicion, made war not only possible but imminently probable.

The war was an output of Europe's mind. If it is followed by enduring peace it will be because Europe gets a different mind. That we have maintained peace the last eighteen months is a reflection of the national mind.

Wealth of the Nation

A RECENT Census report puts national wealth in 1912 at a hundred and eighty-seven billion dollars, against a hundred and seven billions in 1904. On paper, then, the accretion of national wealth in eight years amounted to eighty billion dollars, or almost as much as the total accumulation of wealth from the settlement of the country up to 1900. To put it in another way, national wealth accumulated in the last eight years at the rate of ten billion dollars a year, whereas from 1890 to 1900 it accumulated at the rate of only two and a third billion dollars a year.

Now everybody knows that production minus consumption leaves no such yearly balance as ten billion dollars. The people of the United States collectively have fallen vastly short of saving eighty billion dollars out of their income in eight years. Turning to the detailed inventory of national wealth, the first item is real estate, valued at a hundred and ten billion dollars. This is just about the same real estate that we had in 1904. It has been improved since then to but a comparatively slight extent.

For example, the area of improved farm lands from 1900 to 1910 increased only fifteen per cent; but the total value of farm lands increased a hundred and eighteen per cent. Just about the same real estate that we had in 1904 was valued in 1912 at a far higher figure, and this increase in value was out of all proportion to the increase in productivity. In good part it was a product of higher prices for farm output. Thus, production of cereals from 1899 to 1909 increased less than two per cent, but value increased nearly eighty per cent. Again, value of urban real estate increased enormously from 1904 to 1912. The same city lots, with the same improvements, were set down at a much higher figure.

Marking up the value of the same real estate—having pretty much the same actual utility as in 1904—accounts for a large part of the increase in national wealth from 1904 to 1912. To divide that sort of increased wealth by the number of inhabitants, and so get an increase for each person of six hundred and forty-seven dollars in eight years, obviously means nothing.

New York—to illustrate—heads the list of states with total wealth of twenty-five billion dollars; but nearly eight billions of this is New York City real estate. Dividing that by the number of inhabitants is merely a sort of grim statistical joke.

Reasonable Wages

IN ONE of his few economic discussions Lincoln said that labor came before capital and created capital, and so was entitled to first consideration. But it cannot get first consideration.

Most businesses, as a primary condition of their existence, must pay a living wage to the capital employed in them; but some businesses can exist indefinitely without paying a living wage to the labor employed. There are exceptions, but, as a rule, you can say of any business that, unless it pays four per cent or better on the capital invested, it is only a question of time until it goes out of existence; yet it may continue indefinitely without paying labor the cost of maintaining and replacing itself.

The fact that capital must be reasonably compensated or it will withdraw is so much a matter of common knowledge that employers naturally regard as unreasonable any wage demand that trenches on a satisfactory return to capital. But from a laborer's point of view a reasonable wage is one that will meet his reasonable wants, and it is no more unreasonable for him to want roast beef than for his employer to want it. Both sides use arithmetic to demonstrate the reasonableness of their wage ideas. The employer may show that he cannot afford to pay more and the workman show equally that he cannot afford to take less.

Most wage disputes turn on the reasonableness of the scale, as though the problem involved were one that could be solved by logic and mathematics; but each side works the problem with a different divisor. The reasons that convince one side have no sanction on the other. When one side's reasons do not apply on the other side there is little point in talking about reasonableness.

The Bookless Town

WE HAVE formed a suspicion that the first step in selling more of anything is to make more people aware you have the thing to sell. We recommend the suspicion to book publishers, who have again been debating their ever-standing problem: How to sell more books! In the area inhabited by at least half the population of the United States, books, practically speaking, are not for sale.

Take the town that falls just below the line on which the Census divides rural from urban population—the town, that is, of twenty-four hundred inhabitants. On Main Street there are quite sure to be two or three shops where you may readily find out what phonograph records have been issued in the last six months or the last six years. There will probably be window placards inviting attention to some of the issues, but there will be no shop where you can gather an intelligent notion of what books have been issued in the last six months or the last year; in fact, in a town ten times that size you will not find one book out of ten that has come off the press in the last year.

In either town, if you have the title of a book you want and the name of the publisher, you will probably discover somebody who will search through a catalogue to get the price and order the volume for you; but that is no way to sell books. It is as much in the nature of a book buyer as of a female shopper to delight in browsing round.

Of course it is impracticable to put a stock of books in every country town; but we should like to see a dozen publishers coöperate for the purpose of setting up a stall—say, in the corner of the drug store—where convenient catalogues would describe their books with sufficient amplitude and accuracy to give the browser a fair notion of their contents. The describing would have to be done by a nonpartisan critic who could be depended on not to say that each volume was the most learned, eloquent and important ever issued.

Buying on Credit

EUROPEAN credit is now at the greatest discount ever known in this country. A cash credit of four dollars and eighty-seven cents in London is worth only four dollars and seventy-eight cents in New York, and by paying down the equivalent of five francs and seventeen centimes in New York you can get a cash credit of five francs and forty-three centimes in Paris—though a foreign-exchange expert, accustomed to figure with the point of a fine needle, would shudder at these rough approximations.

Berlin exchange is nearer par, because Germany is buying little from us; but London and Paris are deeply in debt to us on current account, because England and France are buying great quantities of American goods, though selling us comparatively little. Actually they cannot pay the bill. We must sell them the goods on credit in one form or another.

The four dollars and eighty-seven cents and the five francs and forty-three centimes are cash in London and Paris, available at par to meet any sort of obligation, to buy any sort of goods, or—in London at least—immediately convertible into gold. You could pay four hundred and seventy-eight dollars in New York for a piece of paper, mail it to London, have it changed into four hundred and eighty-seven dollars in gold and the gold sent back to New York. On a large scale the operation would yield a handsome profit. Yet nobody is doing it, because the comparatively few persons who are in a position to carry out such transactions on a large scale realize that to drain London of gold would cause disorders there that would react on us.

It is essentially just the situation that a country merchant faces when a farmer who is a good customer and solvent cannot, for the time being, pay his bill. The merchant may sue him and attach his horses; but, as he believes the farmer is "good," the best policy is to extend the credit.

The Skyscraper Problem

IN SOME respects the social sense is much better developed in Europe than in the United States. For example, Europe will have no skyscrapers. In London the height of business buildings is limited to eighty feet; in Berlin to seventy-two feet; in Paris to sixty-five feet.

The American attitude has been that, broadly speaking, what a man built on his own lot was nobody else's business. But it is somebody else's business, because a skyscraper, as a matter of fact, subsists not on the plot of ground it covers, but on the light and air above adjacent plots. This has been painfully demonstrated in New York, where skyscrapers of a dozen or fifteen years ago have been blanketed and half ruined by newer and taller neighbors.

A writer in the Journal of Political Economy some time ago cited the case of the Equitable Building, on lower Broadway. Replacing a low building with one thirty-six stories high is said to have depreciated the rental value of adjoining property at least thirty per cent. It was proposed that the city, or owners of adjoining property, buy the site and make a park of it; but the ground—a little over one acre in extent—was valued at twelve million dollars; precisely because, by putting a huge skyscraper on it and sequestrating the neighboring light and air, a great rental value might be extracted from it.

The writer referred to suggests, not absolute prohibition of tall buildings, but a graduated tax on them—the lower part, corresponding to a normal use of the lot, taking the regular tax rate; the next section, involving some encroachment on neighboring light, taking a somewhat higher rate; and the next a still higher one.

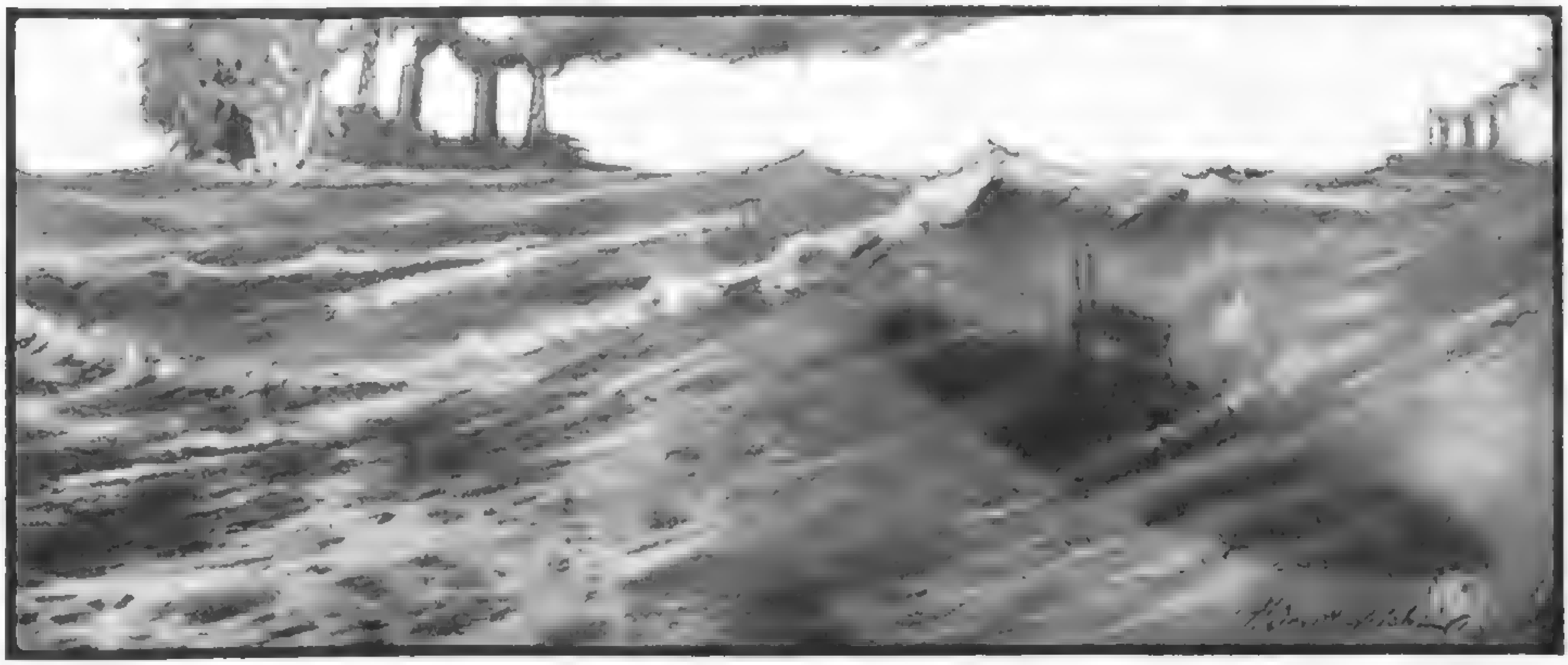
They're All for Peace

NAPOLEON, commenting at St. Helena on the benevolent enterprise in which he expended two or three hundred thousand lives, said:

"The war with Russia ought to have been the most popular war of modern times. It was on the side of good sense and sound interests of the peace and security of Europe. It was purely pacificatory and conservative. . . . In this way Europe would soon have been but one people; and every one, travel where he might, would have still been in the common fatherland. I should have insisted on all the navigable rivers being free to all, on common rights in all seas, and on the great standing armies being reduced merely to an efficient guard for the various sovereigns. . . . Then my leisure and old age would have been dedicated to making a tour with the Empress, driving our own horses and taking our time like a country couple, visiting all the nooks of Europe."

They all want peace; but some of them would achieve it by most extraordinary methods.

Democracy the Conqueror



By Albert J. Beveridge

DECORATION BY H. DEVITT WELSH

HOW will the war end? Which side will win? Those are the questions most Americans are asking. Amid the crash of the most gigantic conflict of all history we quite naturally take no time to sound the deep causes of this tremendous struggle of peoples; and it is not unreasonable that, in the hurry of our daily lives, we should be content with a hasty judgment formed from first reports and newspaper headlines. So the common query is: Which side will come out on top? And this is answered according to the sympathies of the questioner.

The impartial student of conditions, however, who has been in three of the warring countries and in two adjoining neutral nations, will venture no prediction as to which side is to be successful, or as to how long the war will last. It may possibly collapse as suddenly as it began, and in two or three months we may witness the peace congress in session; or it may run on for two or three, or even four years. Some well-informed men and careful thinkers in the countries at war believe that it will continue for a very long time. There are those, and they are among the ripest scholars and weightiest minds in Europe, who look for a series of wars.

Nor will the investigator on the ground hazard a prophecy as to the war's outcome in the sense of which side will triumph; he finds so many conditions that prevent definite judgment and make a hasty conclusion ridiculous. He feels that, at the present time, the winner cannot be named with certainty. One product of the war, however, is being forecast by uniform events that have happened and are happening among the belligerent peoples. To bring this before the American mind is the purpose of this article.

What is here written is merely a report of actual conditions and of tendencies so plain and powerful that they are noted by those in the warring countries who are most unsympathetic with them. Nothing is here stated that the most conservative mind in Europe does not assert to be the possible and even the probable social and economic fruits of the war.

The Dawn of a New Democracy

THE reader will seriously underestimate the movement of which this article gives examples if he thinks these lines are in any sense the reflection of the writer's opinion and desire; for no judgment is ventured as to whether what is happening and is likely to happen is right or wrong, or will affect mankind well or ill. The purpose of this article is simply to lay before the American people what already has been done in the countries at war, and what the wisest of Europe think will follow—some with terrified reluctance and some with eager welcome.

Each step in the neutral investigator's study leads to the conclusion that one consequence of the war is reasonably probable. No matter which side is triumphant, it is not unlikely that the world will behold in the countries at war—and, indeed, in all European countries except Russia—an immeasurable advance of democracy, expressed in terms of collectivism. Russia is excepted because of the nature of her culture, her peculiar mission, and the still comparatively uneducated state of her masses. Even Russia may be affected by the popular upheaval; but no one can predict this with any such likelihood as marks England, Germany and France.

Russia's destiny, speaking by and large, would seem to be toward the East. Her peculiar culture is a curious yet not inharmonious blending of Oriental and Occidental tendencies and habits of thought. She is a mingling of Eastern and Western civilizations. The Asiatic element in her history and development leads rather to the evolution of the social ideal by and through autocratic direction than democratic initiative; and yet in local matters the Russian people are self-governing to a degree, the Russian *mir* being more democratic than was the New England town meeting. The Russian psychology is not comprehended by Western nations and not even apprehended by Americans.

Russia is peculiar to herself—sufficient unto herself. In religion she is Holy Russia. In ideals she is Slav Russia. In language she is Russia the Unique. In population she is Russia the Cosmopolitan. In destiny she is Russia the Unknown. But always she is Russia the Militant. All these things are said, not in disparagement of that great empire or its wonderful people, but only to differentiate it and them from the other peoples and countries of Europe. It may be that the unfolding centuries will show Russia as carrying out the purposes of Providence, and so bearing blessings to ends of the earth that other peoples, at present more developed, could not reach.

As to the other warring countries, however, no such reservation is necessary. In all of them democratic advance is under way already, and this fact is admitted by everybody.

One who has stood within the circle of fire has seen many cherished ideas shrivel to nothingness, and favorite phrases have disappeared like tissue paper in an ardent furnace. One of these is that this war is a contest between absolutism and democracy. To the impartial observer on the ground this generalization appears erroneous. On the contrary, it would seem that the mutual ideal, allied with a rational individualism, is the power that will really triumph and already is winning on every French, German and English battlefield.

Instead of the world's witnessing a combat between despotism and liberty, the facts indicate that, regardless of the laurels, democratic collectivism is being forged in the warring countries, by the titanic blows of Armageddon, more quickly and more firmly than decades of peace have done. It is not extravagant to say time may show that the war marked the passing of an old economic dispensation and the coming of a new social and industrial period.

Just as the Napoleonic wars saw ancient political systems disappear in flame and blood, so the present conflict may be the labor pains of a new economic and governmental era for Occidental peoples. Indeed, if only the laws already passed and the measures already adopted remain in operation after Peace stills the cannon and sheathes the sword, Western Europe will have undergone a revolution in that regard; for stern necessity has forced the practical application of so many hitherto unaccepted theories that almost it may be said the principle of collectivism is conducting the war.

It was natural for Germany to take the lead in this, since long ago she made notable progress in this direction, with her system of old-age pensions, industrial insurance, trust management, and the like. In Germany the Social Democratic party was and is more compact in its organization, larger in its numbers and more practical in its demands than in any other country.

German Emergency Acts

SO IT surprised nobody when, at the outbreak of the war, a law was passed fixing maximum prices on the necessaries of life. Then came a measure providing for the care of women of the working classes during the childbirth period. The next step in this class of legislation authorized the government to take over basic foodstuffs—paying the owners the maximum price therefor—and to distribute the product equally among all the people at the lowest possible cost, in no case exceeding the maximum price.

Thus the cornering of life's necessities by speculators was effectually prevented. Thus, too, that misery and want which the birth of children so often brings to the families of workingmen, on the one hand, and the enfeeblement of the child, on the other hand, were overcome. In short, economic equality was thus perceptibly advanced and the chasm between wealth and poverty spanned for the moment, narrow and feeble as the bridge may be.

Such are examples of some of the laws and of their effect which the war already has written on the statute books of Germany. Others may be and probably will be enacted. A bill is pending providing for insuring against nonemployment, during the period of enforced idleness, the man who is able and willing to work but can get no work to do; and probably it will be passed if necessary.

In France the same tendency is observable; but, as yet, France has enacted little of such legislation. Yet in France the Prime Minister, Viviani, is a Socialist, the most eloquent orator in that party since the assassination of Jaures, and the Secretary of War, Millerand, a man of distinguished ability, has been counted a Socialist, though now he is considered a "Moderate"—that is, a Conservative-Radical. Though few laws have been passed such as Germany promptly enacted, yet much the same results have been achieved. Just how this happens to be the case is difficult to explain.

Persons who have lived in France for many years, and whose business it is to study French conditions, assert that the government at present is a military dictatorship under the forms of a parliamentary government and a responsible ministry. A plausible explanation of French political phenomena at the present moment is the willingness of

the French people to do and submit to anything that will bring victory, on the one hand, and their reluctance to part, in so formal a way as by a written law, with their individualistic ideal, on the other hand. But the upshot of it all is that the same tendency is conspicuous in France.

In England the Defense of the Realm Act, passed at the outbreak of the war, gave the government sweeping power; and under it the national authorities at once took charge of the railroads. For various reasons the factories of this greatest manufacturing nation on earth did not meet promptly and abundantly the nation's emergency in producing war materials; and a large number of British employees did not respond to the needs of the time in length of their working hours, application to their tasks, or even willingness to do urgent labor.

So, after seven months of war, conditions forced Parliament to enact a law giving the government power to commandeer the whole manufacturing and transportation industry of the United Kingdom—every factory, every dock, every shipyard, every acre of vacant ground. The British press at once declared that in passing this statute Parliament had taken a revolutionary step—some papers bluntly asserted that the commandeering law is State socialism. Under it the whole industry of the British Islands may be turned from private profit to public service, with compensation by the state.

The fact that in France and Germany the prices of food and fuel had been kept within reach of the masses, while in England these necessaries of life had risen until they were almost if not quite beyond the touch of the chilled and unnourished hands of the poor; the assertion by the masses of the needy that individuals and private concerns were making enormous profits by cornering supplies and raising prices, which in some few cases may have been true; and finally the passage of the commandeering bill—all combined to give body and force to a popular demand that the principles of this measure should be applied to food and fuel for the provisioning of the people at home, as well as to the production of war material for the equipment of armies in the field.

This demand is so strong, the arguments for it so potent, that if war long continues it is not impossible that the government will be forced to meet it by taking measures similar to those long since adopted in Germany. As a part of this movement the proposal is making headway that agriculture should be nationalized, just as manufacture already has been nationalized for war purposes. Careful observers have thought there are indications that this factor in England is silently working for peace; they say the conservative classes think they see socialism ahead of them if war goes on a long time.

The Swift Strides of Socialism

MANY Americans will assume, of course, that all these war measures will be repealed when the grave occasion which forced their enactment no longer exists; but this is by no means certain. Government monopoly of foodstuffs probably will be done away with in Germany; but maximum prices will be discontinued only where it is clear that the common welfare and the rebuilding of German business do not require them. It is likely that in Germany the other war measures will remain. As everybody knows, the government has owned and operated the railroads for many years in that country, and many other measures of state helpfulness have long been on the statute books.

Very conservative, level-headed English business men are inclined to think that government management of British railroads will not be relinquished; and the great mass of British workingmen are positive that this form of transportation management has come to stay. Though, of course, government control of industrial plants will not be kept up in England, yet there is reason to believe that the principle of public control of great business concerns will be retained to an extent which few would have ventured to prophesy a year ago.

Also, the movement for national regulation of the prices of basic life necessities has had a tremendous impetus and will not wholly recede with the coming of peace; in fact the most thoughtful and moderate-minded men of all parties agree that the social ideal and idea have made gigantic strides since the war began.

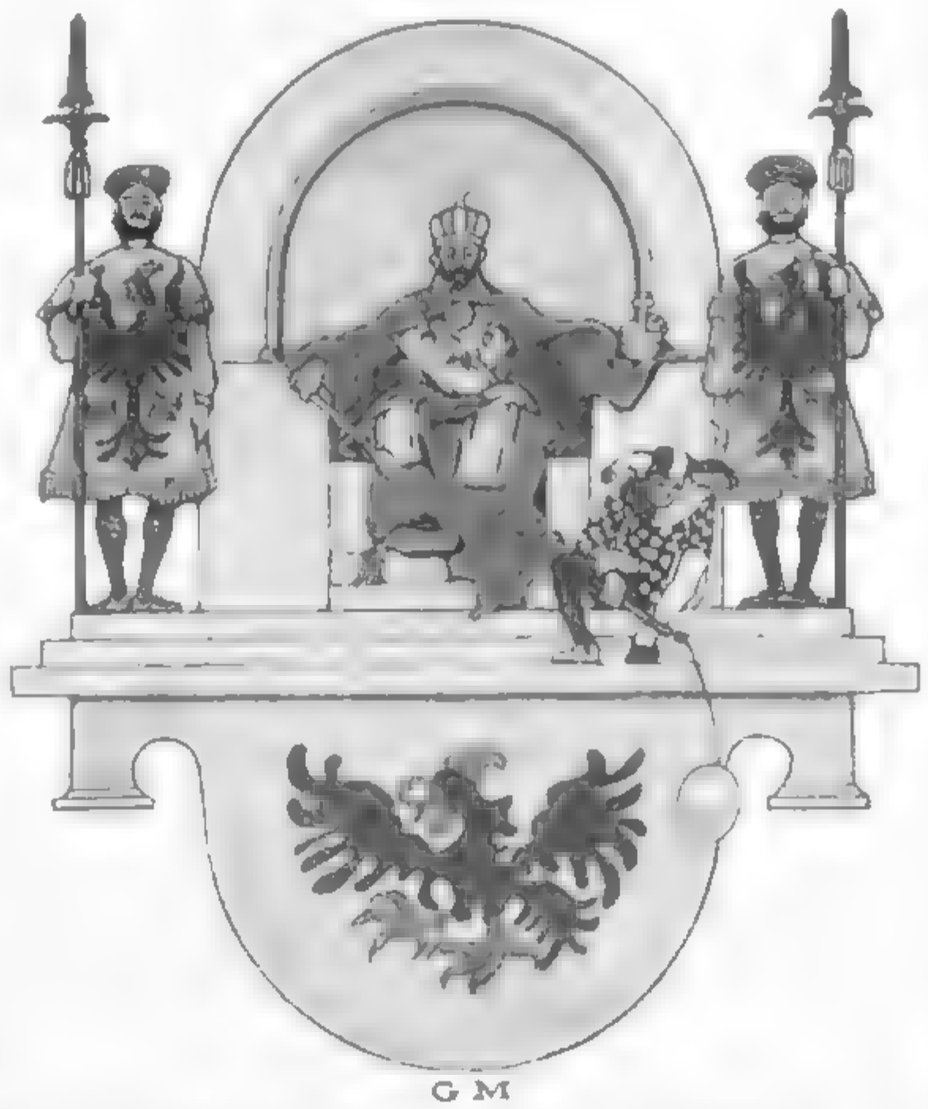
"If the war should go on for a year longer the return of peace will bring an entire reconstruction of English political parties," said one of the most eminent and reliable of contemporary British statesmen. "The Conservative Party of a year ago will have moved up to where the Liberal Party then stood; and the Liberal Party of yesterday will become the Conservative Party of to-morrow. The Liberal Party of the future will be distinctly socialistic."

The laws actually passed in the countries at war—and others may be passed—were and will be, of course, forced by a common emergency; but the principle that runs through all of them is government control of fundamentals for the common good. They are fruits of the community spirit quickly ripened by the heated atmosphere of war.

At the very outset German workingmen threw themselves into the conflict with immense enthusiasm, and have done, are doing and will do a large part of the fighting; in fact, German scholars, Socialists and business men say that Germany could not have waged war as she has done without the hearty and whole-souled support of German laborers. Dr. Albert Sudekum, leader of the German Social Democratic Party, asserted that more than fifteen hundred thousand German Socialists are at the front, many of whom are volunteers. The capitalist is fighting side by side with the employee; man of learning and distinction is trench companion of the farmer.

So, when the war is over the views of Germany's Social Democratic Party will receive from other classes a respectful consideration not hitherto accorded such men in any country. There will be no light and hasty repeal of laws without their consent. And their proposals will be examined with patient and considerate thoughtfulness; for to their former arguments they then will be able to add the convincing one that their theories have been tested, accompanied by the persuasive influence of the crimson sacrifice they have made without stint on the altar of patriotism. Unless present appearances are utterly deceptive and wartime sentiment a mere transient emotion, the careful student of conditions in Germany cannot but conclude that what is here set down is well recognized by all.

Nor can there be much question that there will be a redistribution of legislative power, to the end that the will



G M

of German voters will be more potent in Germany's law-making bodies. It will not be surprising if the Imperial Constitution is amended; and even conservative German business men, well versed in Germany's political, social and economic system, will not be surprised if the *Bundesrath* is considerably changed.

In England, where government control and social reform have made no such progress as in Germany, the advance of democratic collectivism will be more startling and dramatic than in the latter country. Great Britain already has a great army of volunteers. Scores of thousands of these left their jobs to serve the state; scores of thousands of others were unemployed when they enlisted.

When the army is disbanded, what will become of the soldier who had a job at the time he enlisted when he goes back and finds his place filled? And it will be filled; for it must be remembered that there are more laborers in England than there are jobs, and that the immense majority of British workingmen have not gone to the front.

Will the returned workingman be given his old place? If so, what will the man do who finds himself thus thrust out of employment?

And what of the multitude of British volunteers who had no jobs and come back to enforced idleness and poverty? They have been paid, fed, clothed and cared for during the war. When they lay aside their uniforms and hand their rifles over to the government, may they not say something like this:

"I was willing to fight for the country and the government cared for me while I was doing it; now I am willing to work for the country and the government must care for me while I am doing it. But I am not willing to starve; I am not willing to see my wife and children perish from hunger and cold. If the nation could feed, clothe and pay me for the destructive work I did for it in time of war, why can it not pay, feed and clothe me for the constructive work I am anxious to do for it in time of peace?"

May not such things be said by those who return from the fields of blood and find themselves destitute and without employment or the reasonable hope of it? May not such things be said? They are being said right now by those who have not gone to the front.

Of course such demands will not be granted; but there can be little doubt that important social developments will grow out of them, for the United Kingdom even now, March, 1915, is seething with social and industrial unrest. Is it unreasonable to surmise that agitation will be kindled to a fervid heat when peace adds to it the fuel of hundreds of thousands of idle men who feel that they have offered their lives for their country?

There is one outlet for this mass of probable discontent; and to this the more optimistic English thinkers look with hope and confidence. Such men believe that the disbanding of the army will be followed by a large emigration of discharged soldiers and their families to Canada and Australia.

This forecast is not without reason. Canada's admirable immigration propaganda will make strong efforts to get just such immigrants. Canada's immigration policy and laws, which are the best the world ever has seen and the best administered, have sought, with discriminating care, immigrants from carefully selected portions of Europe, high preference being given to those from the British Isles.

The unemployment of labor is not the only or even the largest factor making for the advance of democracy among the British people. There is another and more important one. It is spiritual and intangible. Notwithstanding the technical liberty and legal equality of rights prevailing in the British Islands, the social strata are as distinctly and clearly marked as though fixed by law. The war is breaking this up.

The Trend Toward Democracy

BRITISH farmer, laborer and clerk will return across the Channel appareled with a new dignity. That they will make this manifest in political affairs would seem to be only human nature.

If it is asked why this will be more true to-day than in the period of Great Britain's former wars, the answer is: First, that she never in her history put into the field any number to compare with the numbers she has enlisted in the present war; second, that most of her conflicts since the Napoleonic wars have been fought by her professional army; and third, that since the Napoleonic period democratic ideas have been sown thickly among the masses of the people, and that now war is ripening them into a fruitage not only of laws but of spirit, character and conduct.

In Germany this democratic spirit was manifest at the very beginning. It was illustrated in dramatic fashion by the throngs of men not called to the colors who demanded to be taken. When the war has passed into history this neglected but picturesque and meaningful circumstance will make a thrilling chapter in the history of this greatest of all wars.

The democratic spirit in Germany was quickly voiced from trench, battery pit and battlefield. Uncountable letters from soldiers at the front expressed it; and a multitude of verses written by all sorts and conditions of men, from blacksmith and bricklayer to scientist and writer, gave verbal form to the German poetic instinct. For example, consider the following lines of a German war poem:

The same coat, and our rights the same,
Comrades—forgotten rank and name—
The same wage and the same bread,
In sleep and death the selfsame bed
For one as for the other.

Men in England who are looking ahead understand this change the war is working on individual character. That brilliant journalist, A. G. Gardiner, in an essay printed in the London News and Leader of February twenty-seventh, remarkable for its breadth, foresight and power, declares that:

"Whatever the result, the world that will emerge when the deluge of blood has subsided will be a world that will be new and strange. There will be a chasm between us and our past unlike anything else in history. It will be as though generations of normal change have been swallowed up in the abyss.

"The old landmarks will have gone; the things that used to seem important will have become negligible; social relationships will have been transformed; ideas that were

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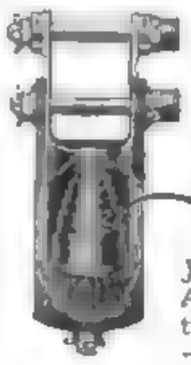

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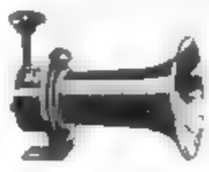

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infinitely remote will have burgeoned, as it were, in a night—nothing will be quite as it used to be. Humanity will have opened, not a new chapter, but a new age. It will be like him who looked out over

. . . . a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd;

but it will be a blank on which we shall write the future in new terms and in a new language. . . .

"A new England is coming to birth in the trenches of Flanders. The life of three million men, the flower of the nation, is being revolutionized. That young man who has gone from the plow will not return to the plow on the same conditions. He has made a discovery. Up to August last he seemed of rather less importance than the cattle in the fields, for they always were well fed and well stalled, while his whole life had been a struggle with grinding poverty.

"Suddenly he is exalted high above the cattle. He is a person of consequence. The statesman, the squire, the parson, the magistrate—all become his suitors. He is dressed for the first time in good clothes and good boots; he is well fed and well housed; he has pocket money; if he has a wife and children they are better off than they ever were before; if he dies their future will be assured as it would never have been assured had he lived.

"It is all like a miracle. The discovery he has made is that when the real emergency comes his life is as valuable to the state as any life. And the thought that is dawning on him is this: If I am so necessary to the state in time of war, the state must be just to me in time of peace, when I am doing its work no less worthily and no less vitally than on the battlefield."

As to the social and economic revolution that is in progress, Mr. Gardiner says:

"If we had eyes and ears for what is happening inside and outside the House we should be startled by its significance. Mr. Lloyd George doubles the income tax and the City declares that he should have a dukedom. The railroads are taken over by the state with a stroke of the pen, and the state becomes the guarantor of banker and trader, as well as of the interests of three millions of its citizens.

"We have found that in time of crisis the state is everything and private interest nothing. It will not be without resistance that private interest will recover its old dominion over the state."

There is a good deal of just such analysis going on in England—not by light-minded persons and agitators, but by serious thinkers and painstaking students.

Why, it is asked by the private in the ranks, cannot individual enterprise do the gigantic work required in wartime? Not entirely because private management is not willing to devote itself whole-heartedly to patriotic service; for, no matter how earnest the wish of individual or corporation to do the work required, it seems that they cannot perform with the necessary precision, timeliness and power the mountainous tasks required.

Most writers and the reading public are interested in the dramatic visions of a modern battle; yet the organization that prepares for the struggle is more wonderful than the thrilling deadliness of the actual conflict itself. The witness of a day of battle, who sees endless trains of ammunition and provision wagons; the movements of troops; the preparation and distribution of food for men and provender for horses; the immense and intricate arrangements for the care of wounded, field hospitals, ambulances, waiting trains; and, in short, all the details that focus masses of men and great numbers of guns at any given point in a battle line more than a hundred miles long—is impressed by the tremendous organization which makes such gigantic operations possible.

One division of that organization finds the required troops and has them on the ground where they are needed and when they are needed. This of itself is a staggering performance. Another section of the great organization attends to the roads over which the men must march and the guns, ammunition and provisions must be hauled; the condition of every yard of highway and crossroad must be accurately known, for a single mudhole might mean dangerous delay, and every foot of the road to be used must be in repair.

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Sampson Plugs are guaranteed never to leak—not to affect the shoe in any way—not to cut, injure or shorten life of the tube. Money will be refunded at any time if you are not satisfied.

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It leaves no bump in contact with shoe; when inflated the feather-edge mushrooms out and plug conforms to shape of shoe.

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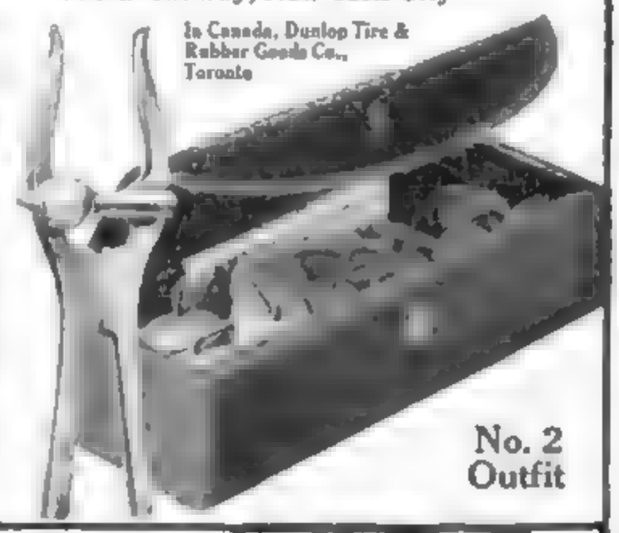

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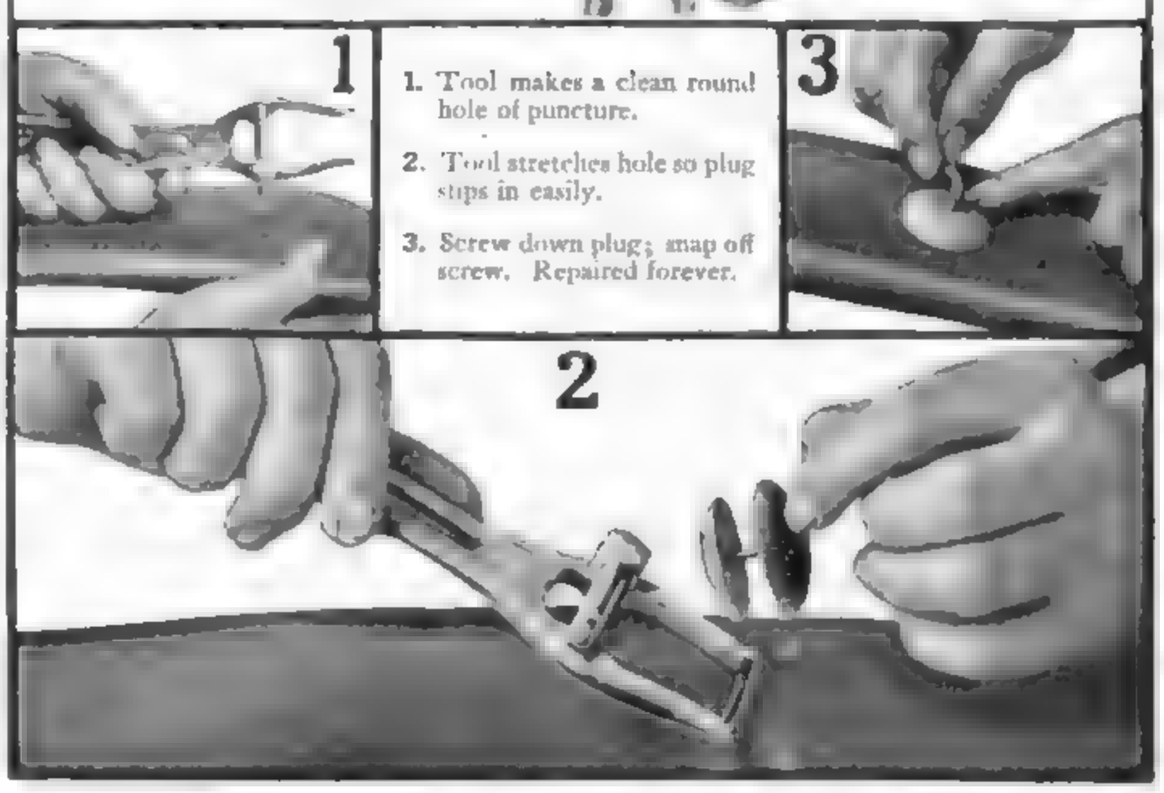
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1. Tool makes a clean round hole of puncture.
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WHEREVER men congregate, discussion of motoring and of tires follows. Common conversation deals with the number of miles which tires give. "I had great luck with my tires," says one, while others deprecate their bad luck with tires. Higher mileage isn't a caprice of fortune, nor yet a turn of luck. Tire satisfaction is a matter of tire selection.

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Still another part of the organization must look after the wounded, being prepared for enormous casualties. Yet another division must have continually at the front food for hundreds of thousands of men and tens of thousands of horses. An auditing department must account for every cent of the enormous expenditures.

If one will extend the illustration of military efficiency in battle to other lines of public effort less vivid, but quite as large and difficult, one will see why the peoples now at war are getting object lessons in government administration of big affairs.

It is not unthinkable, therefore, that when the war is over the common man, thus taught in wartime, will demand the application of the same methods to great industries which affect the public welfare in time of peace; and this, too, not alone on the ground of efficiency and economy, but even more largely as a matter of making great industrial concerns public-profit-earning enterprises instead of private-profit-earning enterprises. A very large circumstance will give great power to this movement. Indeed, it will be the strongest influence for the democratization of industry resulting from the war. This is the war debt. How will it be paid? How will it be possible to pay it by the old methods? The question has been asked, and by moderate-minded men, whether the next decade will not behold the beginning of an almost world-wide repudiation of obligations so vast as to be impossible of payment. Such a prospect, however, is not substantial. But that new methods of payment of this unthinkably enormous war debt must be devised is reasonably certain.

The Period of Reconstruction

Here again democratic collectivism steps in with a plausible plan. This plan is that the governments of the debtor countries shall take over basic industries (or retain them where already they have been taken over for war purposes) and from their profits discharge these vast war obligations. The advocates of this plan cite the immense income which such sources of revenue would yield.

It may well be that America will remain the one great country not driven to such an economic revolution. And, should this be done, it is not unlikely to become permanent rather than a mere temporary expedient; for if the countries involved succeed in paying their war debts in this way rather than by the old-fashioned methods of taxation, is it not probable that the people will demand that peace expenses be paid in the same way instead of in the old way?

Another result of the war reasonably probable is the extension of international law for the protection of private property on the sea in wartime. At present international law permits a belligerent Power to capture ships and cargoes sailing under the flag of a hostile nation.

After the war the whole structure of international law will be built on new and more rational foundations; and one of these will be that merchant ships carrying a purely commercial cargo shall be unmolested, no matter under what flag that ship sails, to or from what port it is bound, or by what country it is owned.

The oceans are the common highways of mankind. Their waters belong to all; and no nation, no matter how powerful, should be allowed to destroy exclusively peaceful commerce on the seas.

The good sense and justice of such an international law will be recognized by all mankind when the war, which is teaching us so many lessons, shall have come to an end. The sea activities of future wars will then be confined to naval battles and the search for and confiscation of contraband. Thus, one powerful argument for great naval armaments will be removed.

Further forecasts than the above cannot be ventured with any degree of rational confidence. The war has inspired some brilliant dreams for the world's future.

One of these is the big idea of a United States of Europe, with a common parliament, which would make war between European countries as impossible as between the separate states of our own country. But this is not likely, because of the racial lines on which most European nations are established, and also because of their bitter animosities. Still, so elemental are the changes which the war is making that even this glorious dream may be realized.

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This is the fruition of all aims since fore-doors were inserted. Then came straight lines, then streamlines, but all those lines were broken. In this Yacht-Line Body we reach perfection in graceful, sweeping lines. Even the door lines are unbroken. The body and door tops form a level line, and that line is *leather-bound*.

We have widened the rear seat so three big folks don't crowd it.

We have built a roomier tonneau. And the room is doubled when only five are riding. The two extra seats completely disappear.

We upholster with enameled leather this year, the costly finish of the high-priced car. Thus we bring you all the comfort, all the luxury it is possible to give.

For safety's sake, and for extra wear, all wheels have non-skid tires.

Finish That Stays New

And now we bring out a much-wanted innovation—our Ever-Lustre finish, exclusive to HUDSON cars. It has required an immense factory addition, equipped with ovens to hold hundreds of bodies.

Now each under-coat of finish goes on under pressure, is forced into every pore. Then each is baked on to give it wondrous hardness. The result is a finish which keeps its newness and lustre. It resists weather and washing, rubbing and mud. It combats as never before the main cause of depreciation.

A Trebled Output

But our best announcement is a trebled output. There will be overdemand for a while now, as with every new-model HUDSON. But the long waits of last year will not be repeated. And men who want HUDSONS will not be forced to take some second choice.

We are building of this new model 100 cars daily—a record fine-car output. You can get one—perhaps at once—if you see your dealer now. These new cars are now everywhere on show.

7-Passenger Phaeton or 3-Passenger Roadster, $1350, f. o. b. Detroit
Also a new Cabriolet, $1650, f. o. b. Detroit

Each HUDSON car brings with it the matchless HUDSON service. Ask our dealer to explain it. You will see how much it means.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

WHAT NEXT?

Mineral Cork

THE lightest solid yet known has recently been produced by electro-chemists, to be utilized as a sort of artificial cork. Five bushels of blocks of the artificial cork weigh only about one pound. Blocks of this material are soft and resilient, but have plenty of strength to stand up firmly and even to hold up a little weight; and they may be cut into slabs and handled like cork.

The minerals in this artificial cork are heavy enough, but the great amount of air locked in the material is the secret of its lightness. A block of it has nearly a thousand parts of air to one part of mineral. Under the microscope it appears as a mass of very delicate fibers, and each one of the fibers is composed of tiny air bags.

Because it is composed mostly of air it is an extremely efficient insulator for heat, chemists claiming it to be the best known. Air does not pass heat along very well, which is the reason for air spaces in house walls, for double windows and for refrigerator walls. The air shut up in cork gives it heat-insulating value. Thus, this mineral cork, which shuts up such a large amount of air for its bulk, is much more efficient than natural cork in preventing the passage of heat.

Artificial cork has been one of the modern hunts of the chemist, both because so much cork is used that there is a field for a cheaper substitute and because of the hope of making some kind of material that would be better than cork. The applications for it are numerous, including insulation for refrigerators, insulation for buildings, sound-deadening for walls, and perhaps even filling for mattresses.

New Ventilation Theories

EVERYBODY'S comfort in city life is due to be increased greatly by the astonishing revolution that is under way in the ventilation of factories, offices, meeting rooms, schools and homes. Furthermore, the new ventilation methods give a very definite promise of increasing individual ability to accomplish work in factories and offices.

The one great essential to good ventilation is cool air, in motion. "Bad" air, moving in the right way and at the right temperature, seems to be just about as good as fresh air. Into the scrapheap have gone, these last few months, all the old ideas that pure fresh air from outdoors, warmed and distributed in a room so that nobody can feel any draft, is healthful just because it is fresh air. The fresh air is healthful enough if it is not too warm and if one gets a gust of it every little while, otherwise it is worse than the formerly dreaded bad air, which had been breathed in perhaps over and over again, but which was kept cool, or stirred up by a fan.

So far do the new theories go that some ventilating experts are now recommending ventilating systems which will use over and over again the air in a building, simply washing it constantly and keeping it in lively motion at a temperature not too high.

Most striking of all is the new theory of how to tell what is good in ventilation. The old theory was to examine the air by chemical means to determine how much carbon-dioxide gas it contained, and so tell how much it had been used up by breathing. If it contained much carbon dioxide it was bad, and if it contained only the proper amount it was good—no matter how depressing it was to people in the building. The new theory is that if people are comfortable ventilation is good. If they are uncomfortable ventilation is bad.

It was only about two years ago that the experiments of Leonard Hill began to be taken seriously by ventilating engineers. Mr. Hill found that it was not the bad chemical matter in breathed air which constituted poor ventilation, but still, hot air no matter how pure. He worked up all his ideas by tests on students shut up in glass compartments.

Now his ideas have been enthusiastically adopted with only slight amendments. The New York State Commission on Ventilation and the Chicago Commission on Ventilation have just proclaimed their conviction, after elaborate tests, that cool, moving air is the ideal. Both of the commissions strongly approve the use of fresh air from outdoors, but both appreciate that the cool, moving-air features are of first importance. Proper humidity is another important point.

Accordingly the best ventilation for an office is that which will give air of proper humidity at a temperature of somewhere between sixty-four and seventy degrees, with a certain amount of motion to the air. Currents of air are necessary, but gusts are much better.

The New York State Commission found that the "willingness to work" was nearly twenty per cent better at a temperature of seventy-five degrees than at eighty-six degrees, and was fifty per cent better at sixty-eight degrees than at eighty-six degrees—which is a pretty strong hint to factory managers and school departments. They found that this willingness to work was not affected at all by changing from cool fresh air to cool bad air. The only evidence discovered that seemed to give a better showing for fresh air than for bad air, at the same temperature and motion, was the fact that appetites were better with fresh air.

Another good hint to managers of offices and factories comes from the experiments conducted by this commission on washed air. Air drawn from the rooms of a building and washed by a water spray, and then sent back to the rooms for use again, seemed to give very comfortable conditions.

This means that it is possible to save on heating bills for large buildings in winter. Instead of drawing in quantities of cold air from outdoors, heating it at much expense, and then pumping it to various parts of a building, the warm air in the building can be drawn to a washer, washed by a spray, and sent back to be used again. The cost of washing will, under proper conditions, be less than the cost of heating outdoor air on cold days.

In England, where Leonard Hill is still conducting his studies on ventilation and where many scientists are working along the same lines, the tendency is to lay greatest stress on the motion of the air, though the American experimenters give most attention to the temperature. Ventilation by frequent gusts, as Hill advocates, would be extremely expensive. Consequently the present general lesson of the new ideas on ventilation is to combine coolness and motion in the most economical proportion.

Official War Pictures

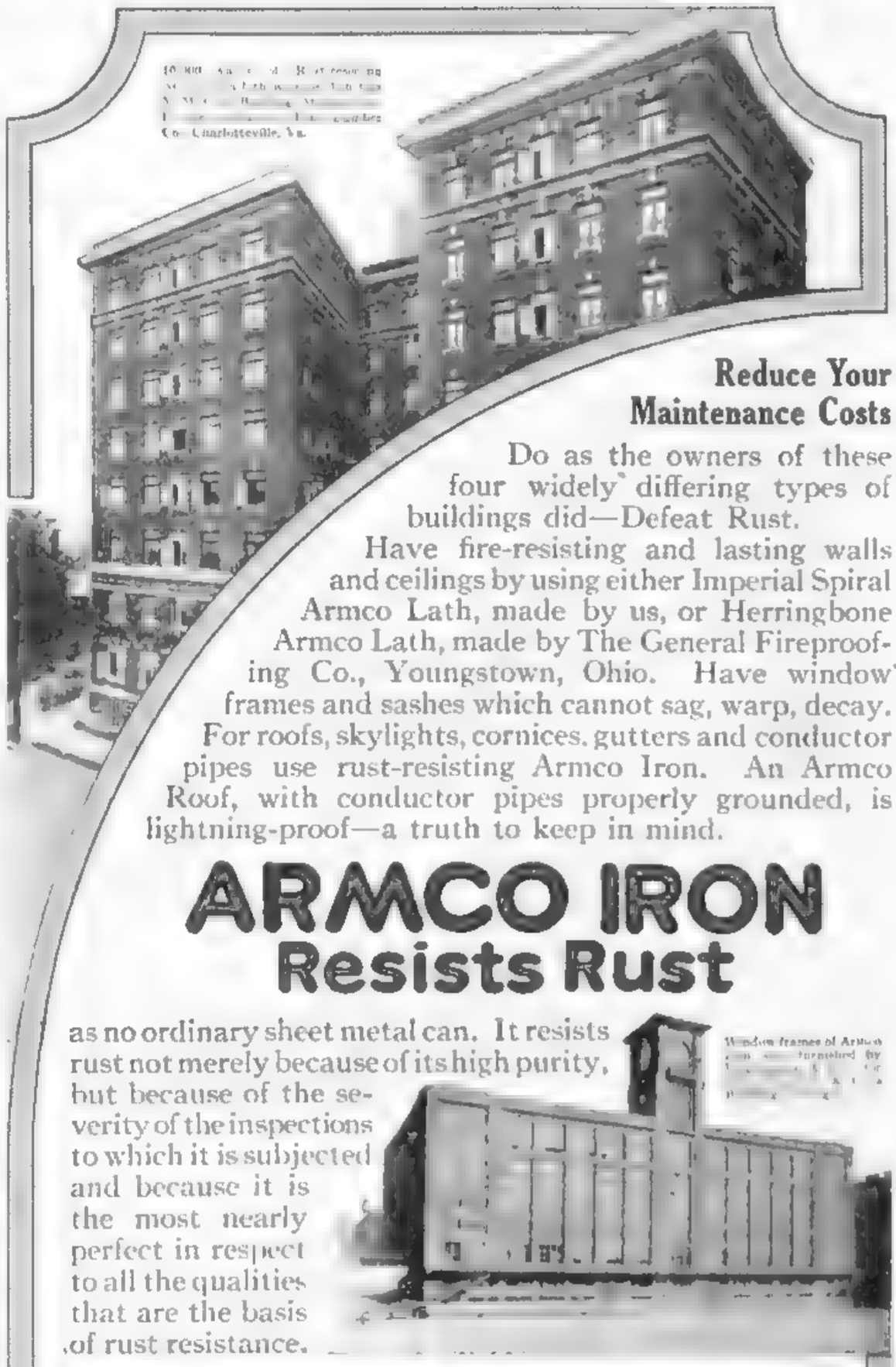
MOVING pictures of actual war operations are being accumulated by the General Staff of the German Army in great quantity, for the sole purpose of educating officers—now and in the future—in its war colleges. Something like three thousand films have been stored away in Berlin for this purpose, though a very few of the films have been allowed to go out to the public and a few more have been exhibited to officers on staff duty in Berlin to emphasize certain immediate lessons of modern fighting.

When the war is over the war colleges will fight over again all the different campaigns and attacks, to teach the officers how to detect wrong methods and right methods of procedure. The films will largely take the place of the accounts of eyewitnesses, on which war colleges have always relied.

At the very opening of the war the General Staff equipped some moving-picture operators for the field, stationing them with the staffs of the armies in the field. Each operator has a camera strapped to his chest and another to his back. These operators do not have roving commissions, but remain at headquarters, ready to receive orders to proceed to any particular point where interesting operations are expected.

Many of them have taken up positions in the trenches prior to an attack on the trenches of the enemy, or prior to an expected attack by the enemy. Their films have been the most exciting; but, on the whole, few good ones have been obtained, owing to the difficulties of taking a picture without destruction of the camera and the wounding of the operator by a hostile bullet.

Destruction of buildings by cannon fire, shelling of hostile aeroplanes, building trenches and rebuilding bridges appear in the greatest number among the accumulated films.



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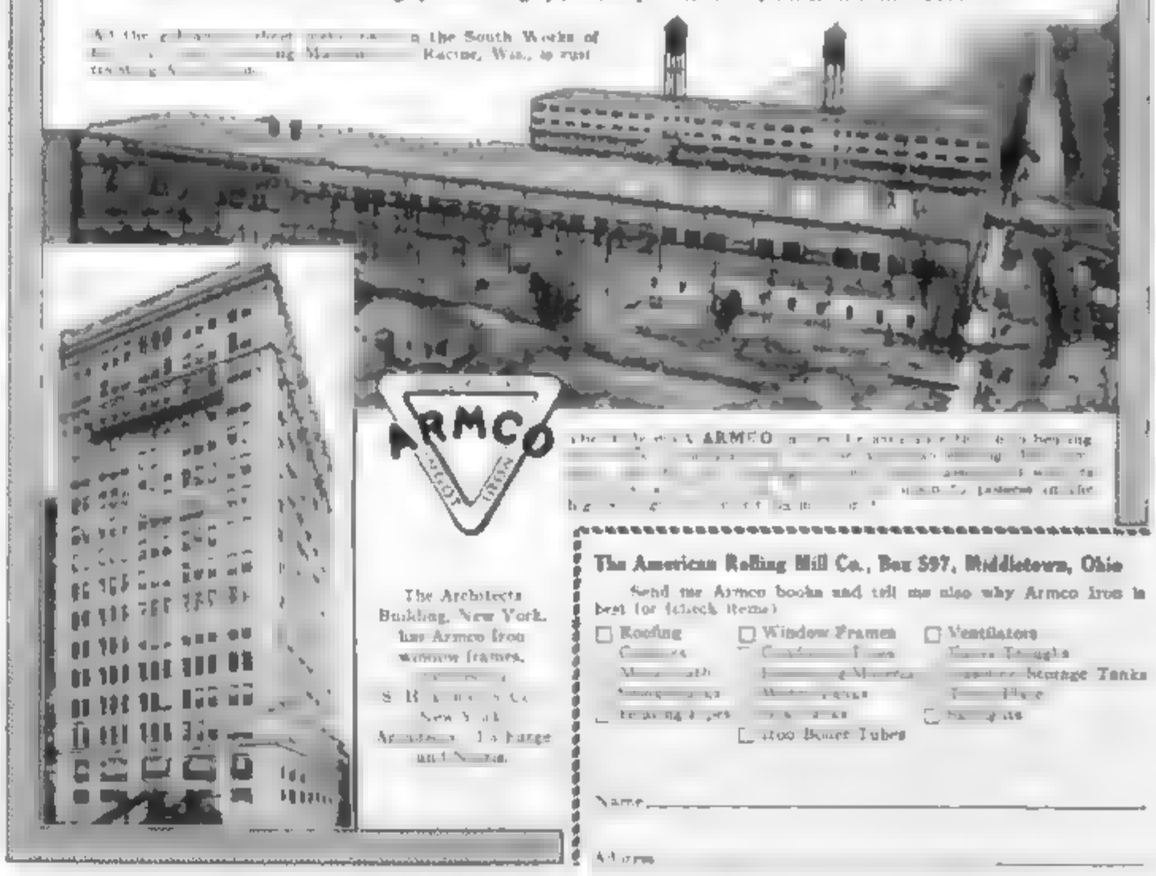

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"An American producer of first rank will shortly announce a Knight Motored Car to sell at a price in the neighborhood of $1,000.

"This producer, after three years of careful preparation, has mastered the problem of building Knight Motors in large quantities;

"And building them equal to the Knight engines of the best foreign makers.

"This achievement will, I believe, convince the public that this type of motor is destined to wholly displace all others among well informed purchasers of motor cars in this country.

"A few years ago, the Knight Motor was adopted by the leading conservative European producers.

"Daimler of England, Mercedes of Germany, Panhard of France, Minerva of Belgium—in fact every European producer of first rank who could procure the rights—has adopted it.

"This was considered a great tribute to American originality and was quickly emphasized by the purchase of Knight Motored Cars by practically all the crowned heads and nobility of the Old World.

"Its adoption by the foremost London Omnibus Company, for the most strenuous service for which the internal combustion motor can be employed, was a tribute to its merit from the standpoint of economy, durability and reliability.

"And now, in further substantiation of all that has been claimed for the Knight Motor, comes the announcement above referred to by an American producer whose output exceeds that of all European automobile plants combined.

"The claims thus substantiated are, briefly,—power, flexibility, silence, economy of operation and upkeep, and a hitherto unattained reliability.

"But above all is the invariable improvement with use for which the Knight Motor is famous,—and which continues apparently indefinitely."

TROUT FISHING

MOST fishermen—or at least many—even to-day use a dropper or two droppers on the cast. There is this to be said in favor of it, that the hand fly is more apt to play on the surface of the water; so you are fishing wet and dry at the same time. In some streams and at some seasons it is the surface fly that kills trout.

A friend of mine, well seized of this latter point in trout lore, invented a system of droppers peculiar to himself, and it seems to work very well. He hangs his hand fly, or closest dropper, on a piece of gut at least eighteen inches long, sometimes attaching this at the leader knot. As he is a rather tall man and uses a ten-foot rod, this arrangement keeps this hand fly dibbling and dabbling on top of the water as he retrieves. He finds that this fly kills a great many of his trout.

Of course this long-dropper snell is always getting mixed up with the leader. I have tried this system, but find that these mussed-up droppers incline me more and more to stick to the single fly, on a medium-weight leader, in practical fishing.

This same gentleman taught me a wrinkle in tackle that never occurred to me before. Of course you know how to tie two or three different leader knots for fastening your line to the leader loop. Some men even whip a gut loop to the end of the line, leaving it there permanently, so that there shall be no knot to muss up the water. My friend's scheme beats that.

Of course you know the water knot, by which you fasten two strands of gut together. It never slips, even though you cut the ends close. This idea is simply the use of the water knot in joining the leader and the line. They hold as well as two pieces of gut, and you can cut the ends as close as you please. The total sacrifice of a line in a season is not so much, but by the use of this knot your line and leader are practically continuous. Worth remembering!

And yet this same ingenious and efficient trout fisherman does not know how to carry his landing net! He hangs it—as perhaps you do yours—over the shoulder, on a rubber cord. That means the net swings just low enough to catch on every piece of brush he passes and swings between his legs as he wades. It is the way most trout fishermen carry their nets, and it is the worst way imaginable. A better way would be to shove the net into the pocket of a shooting coat, which makes a good fishing jacket also. Some nets are carried in a cylinder attached to a strap fastened over the shoulder.

As a matter of fact, you do not really need a landing net very much in ordinary trout fishing, where the trout run under a pound. If you must have a net get a neat, oval one with a short handle. Fix a short leather thong at the end of the bow and cut a buttonhole in it. Have a bachelor's button clamped on at the back of the neck of your shooting coat. Hang the net on that. It will always be ready and always out of the way.

The best landing net I ever saw was a simple bow that had a telescopic handle of metal. It was a trifle heavy for wading, however; but in wading you do not really need a long-handled net. I do not think the handle on my landing net is a foot long; yet I find it will reach trout on the rapids without overstraining the rod; and that is all you need.

Much of your comfort in trout fishing will depend on your waders. You can get imported waders now of about two pounds and a half in weight. They will last one season—perhaps longer, though they are not so durable as the heavier material. Such waders you can put into your coat pocket.

Of course you put on woolen stockings and some sort of wading shoes over them. An extra pair of stockings is a good thing to take with you if you have a long walk at the close of the day's fishing. I usually use a pair of moccasins, which I carry in my coat pocket, and carry home the waders and wading shoes on my back. It is very hard to walk in the waders, and it is not good for the waders, as they get chafed and so soon learn how to leak.

Most of the American waders are man-killers—heavy and clumsy—being merely heavy rubber boots with extension tops. The English goods are better than ours in this respect. You can get good English waders with light tops, leather feet and felt soles, and these make an equipment very difficult to beat for the stream fisherman.

The trout-fisherman's reel is not very important and a simple click is good enough. My ingenious friend mentioned above always goes trout fishing with a bass casting reel and multiplier. Of course he ought to be imprisoned for that. On the other hand he always says that I ought to be imprisoned because I fancy a large-barreled single-action click reel with a big agate ring in front, made in England and not in the United States.

In extenuation I plead that next year I shall probably have two or three new reels just as you will yourself. This English reel has a set-screw to regulate the click. Thus, one can strike a trout "on the reel" with the line free, as is imperative in salmon fishing. This is a good habit to acquire, for in striking at a heavy rise you very often smash a leader if your finger is over the line, so it will not run free.

As wide a divergency will be found as to rods. My friend usually carries along a rod or so extra in case of a breakage; and though he has more money than a dog could jump over he professes that thirty dollars is too much for any fly rod. If my own rods were not better than his, as I tell him very comfortably, I should not enjoy fishing.

In general, as you need not be reminded, there is no accounting for trout and their vagaries; and there is no accounting for the vagaries of the men who pursue them. Combined, the two make joy perennial.

Join these ranks and you never will depart therefrom. Having joined, one word may be of use to you: Be practical and simple in your trout fishing, as in all other activities.

And do not believe everything you read in the papers. Use your own judgment in buying real estate or stocks, and in buying rods. Demand to be shown. Experiment—and yet again experiment; for that way lies knowledge, alike for yourself and for your friends.

Averting Appendicitis

WHAT produces appendicitis is still much of a mystery, in spite of all the supposed causes that have been discovered and announced in recent years. The idea which persisted longest was that fruit seeds, or some other foreign materials eaten with food, made all the trouble. Though it is still believed that such foreign matter does induce a few cases, the proportion from this cause is not now believed to be large, and the hunt for others is still energetic.

The latest discovery is that there is often an apparent connection between a sore throat and appendicitis. There is some reason to believe that occasionally the germs which make the trouble in a case of sore throat later become ambitious and seek to find other opportunities to stir up trouble, and land in the appendix.

Dr. E. C. Rosenow, of Chicago, a leader in the study of a number of diseases, has definitely discovered in many cases of appendicitis a certain family of germs associated with various diseases—especially with throat infections. He has also found that common germ, *B. coli*, which lurks in the intestines, in every case of appendicitis.

Experiments by Doctor Rosenow brought out the surprising fact that these germs, which may be called sore-throat germs, seem to have in some instances a noticeable affinity for the appendix; so that many would hurry to the appendix instead of remaining in the infected region of the throat. The inference is that appendicitis often may be the second stage of a throat infection. It has long been known that an unusual number of cases of appendicitis may be reported at the same time when sore throats are common in a community.

If the inferences from Doctor Rosenow's discoveries are backed up by further experiments and experience, immense benefit will follow. Most people are quite willing to take simple precautions to preserve health, as was proved by the national distrust of grape seeds that followed the theory of seeds as a cause of appendicitis. Therefore, if it is established that an infectious sore throat may start appendicitis, more prompt attention will be given to the first trouble; and so the number of cases of appendicitis will surely be reduced.

Sometimes a Baby Name is a Handicap when the Owner grows up

WE named our Piston Rings \[illegible] at birth—trade-marked and registered that name and patented the ring and its principle—for the very obvious reason that they are proof against leakage of compression, gas and oil in the cylinder past the piston.

One user told another how perfectly \[illegible] Piston Rings performed—the rings won their way to a place in the "motor talk" of car owners everywhere—we spent thousands of dollars teaching motorists the saving in time, trouble and money and the power gained by replacing old style leaky piston rings with \[illegible] Piston Rings—the rings backed up every good word said.

Then began our troubles with the baby's name. Motorists came to look upon \[illegible] as a description only and forgot (or from having only *heard* of the rings from enthusiastic owners did not know) that also it was the trade-mark name of a patented ring.

Of course, with such a situation, those "jackals whose sole business it is to feed on the kill of the lion", to trade on the popularity of success, began to market attempted imitations of \[illegible] Piston Rings. They couldn't name them \[illegible] Piston Rings so they began to describe their inefficient products as being "leak proof".

Some unthinking or uninformed repair men, garage men and supply houses began to sell to uninformed or overtrusting buyers who asked for "\[illegible] Piston Rings" these imitations which they described as being "leak proof".

We are tired of seeing motorists imposed upon—we are tired of hearing of cases where \[illegible] Piston Rings are unjustly blamed for the utter inefficiency of the substituted rings.

We are tired of seeing unscrupulous dealers make an unfair profit at motorists' expense, selling for the same price as \[illegible] Piston Rings, counterfeit rings for which they pay much less than the price of the genuine.

Therefore we have prosecuted and shall continue to prosecute substitutors. Therefore, we warn *you* to protect yourself from imposition by demanding the genuine.

\[illegible] is a registered name of a patented piston ring invented, owned and manufactured by us exclusively. The name \[illegible] is stamped on every ring. It is always to be identified by the angle-to-angle interlocking construction of its two unit members.

This construction has proved to be the only practical method of applying a mechanical principle absolutely essential to attaining true leak proof service in a piston ring. This design is not and can not be incorporated in any ring but the \[illegible] Ring.

In use in over 300,000 motors.

Buy by sight—as well as by sound. Look for \[illegible] on the ring besides hearing the dealer say it.

Our booklet "To Have and to Hold Power" tells why \[illegible] Piston Rings, exclusively, embody the principle that alone can give leak proof service. It tells how they are made and why they are so made. It tells you how to identify \[illegible] Piston Rings by appearance and construction and how to avoid substitution. Send for it—it is free.

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Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

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FORD CAR MAINTENANCE

Results of an investigation among Ford owners. Common problems discussed.

"To what can I trace faulty valve action?"

Answer. Due almost invariably to carbon deposit. Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are remarkably free from this trouble unless the valves are out of adjustment.

"What causes power irregularities?"

Answer. Faulty carburetor adjustment is of course a common cause. But a frequent cause, too, is incorrect lubricating oil. The *body* of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" correctly seals the Ford piston clearance, conserving the full force of the gas explosion for the turning of the rear wheels.

"Why does my motor pre-ignite?"

Answer. In the great majority of cases, this trouble is due to hard carbon deposit on the cylinder heads. The carbon grows red hot from the continued heat of explosion. It then fires the gas charge prematurely.

Pre-ignition trouble is rare among motorists who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Of course, no petroleum-base oil will burn without leaving carbon.

But the slight carbon of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a light, dry soot. It expels naturally through the engine exhaust.

"Why do my spark plugs foul?"

Answer. This trouble is caused by (1) faulty carburation; (2) too high an oil level; (3) incorrect lubricating oil. If you are troubled with fouled spark plugs first see that your oil level is correct and your carburetor properly adjusted. Then look to your lubricating oil.

If the *body* is too light it works in excess quantities past your piston rings into the combustion chambers. In burning it leaves carbon on the spark plugs.

If too heavy it will fail to reach all friction points.

As the *body* of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is scientifically correct for the Ford piston clearance, fouled spark plugs are infrequent among Ford owners who use this oil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

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Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world

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UNCLE SAM'S SHOES

WHAT is the best walking shoe in the wide world? You may read in the show windows of sporting-goods houses fifty attempted answers to that question, each of which will carry a dozen different models of sportmen's boots of all sorts and descriptions as to height, weight, shape and material. Most of these boots will run much heavier than the daily footwear of the average city man. They run to wide soles, heavy nails, high tops, bellows tongues, coarse laces and heavy leather.

Uncle Sam has realized the importance of rational shoes for walking men. So much has he done so that he has established an army-shoe board, composed of experts whose purpose it has been to produce the best infantry shoe in the whole wide world. A look at this shoe itself or at the published handbook of the board—done by Major E. L. Munson—will quickly convince you that Uncle Sam did not go to the sporting-goods store when he devised his infantry shoe. On the contrary he has produced a shoe very similar to that outlined from time to time in recommendations by this writer and a very few others, who have insisted that the best walking shoe for sportsmen is the regular street shoe, and not a new pair of heavy boots.

All military men know that a walking man is no better than his feet. The records of some wars show that at times as many as thirty thousand men have been put out of business by blistered feet. In the average army twenty-five per cent of the walking troops have trouble from bad feet, much of which is traceable to bad boots.

The average private soldier is not mentally fit to buy himself a pair of shoes. This seems a singular statement, but it is based on investigations of the army board above mentioned. A battalion of infantry was selected for vivisection purposes, each man being allowed to pick the sort of shoes he wanted. They were marched eight miles one day and eight miles back the next. Thirty-eight per cent of them had bad feet.

Then Uncle Sam got into the game and devised a shoe of his own. He put the men of eight companies of infantry through nine days' marching—one hundred and twenty miles, all told—and the men all came back able to march. Less than fifty per cent showed the slightest degree of foot trouble, and none were incapacitated though the march was made under full equipment—about seventy pounds' weight in all.

From these facts it is not difficult to argue that the average sportsman is no more fit to buy shoes for himself than is the average soldier—whence these words of wisdom, all of which are based on the report of Major Munson, and not on any personal preference or experience. It is believed by army men that Uncle Sam now has the best infantry shoe in the world. If so, why might not the sportsmen or outdoor men take a hint from Uncle Sam? For the purpose of extending as widely as possible the missionary work of making two comfortable feet grow where none grew before, it may be advisable to mention some of the specifications Uncle Sam finds to be desirable in his walking shoe.

Exploded Shoe Theories

Perhaps the reader will remember the old army shoe, with a straight sole and no boxing in the toe. That shoe was put into the discard long ago. The model to-day has a high box-toe and a curved sole.

As to the material, it is of medium-weight leather, vegetable tanned, and not oil tanned—that is to say, it is diametrically opposed to the heavy grain-leather, oil-soaked shoes that were native to Canada but which are manufactured by many dealers in this country for sportsmen's wear. Oil-soaked leather sweats the feet, and grain leather is too heavy for Uncle Sam. Extreme weight in the shoe is something not tolerated. It is an easy thing to figure out that the weight of the shoe is lifted many thousand times every day; so a few ounces eventually may mean a few tons.

A walking man needs shoe enough and not too much shoe. Obviously Uncle Sam has arrived at the great truth that the best boot for a soldier or a sportsman need not be, and ought not to be, waterproof. Major Munson specifically states that the leather should be porous enough to allow perspiration to escape, though that means the lack of waterproof quality. If from continued wetting the shoe seems hard when dried, it is softened with neat's-foot oil, or just with water applied inside and out.

Uncle Sam knows another great truth—it does not hurt a man to have his feet wet when walking. It is better to dampen a light shoe and let it set to your foot than it is to try to pack round it a heavy, rawhide, grain-leather, oil-soaked affair which never by any means in the world can adjust itself to the shape of your foot. Those boots are useful in a wet, snowy, boggy, woodland country; but an army cannot use them for an all-round shoe.

The heel of the army boot is broad, and long enough to go well forward. Inside the counter it must not be so loose as to allow the foot to work up and down. The sole should lie straight, for Uncle Sam has discovered another interesting fact, which is quite opposite to the notion of the swell bootmaker. The latter insists that in these days the arch of everybody's foot is breaking down, so he needs a special-last arch which will support the foot. Uncle Sam, on the contrary, does not support the foot under the instep but lets the foot do its own supporting—which is the only comfortable way of going shod.

Light Shoes, Tough and Snug

There is no worse agony than trying to walk with something sticking up under the middle of your instep. The way to make a foot natural and strong is to give it plenty of room and then to use the room. If you find your feet are carrying too much weight, diet a little or take more exercise—but do not try to cure them by sticking arches up under the instep. This is what Uncle Sam concludes.

The sole of the United States Army shoe is not any thick, double-sewed, wide-edged affair. It is a single piece of leather—flexible but tough. It is cut long enough and wide enough—especially across the ball of the foot—to give a foot a chance. There is a toe cap to keep the leather from the toes and in it there is plenty of room for the toes to lie flat. The shoe allows the great toe to lie out perfectly straight and easy—as every great toe should on a good walking foot. The shoes should not be loose and shifting, but tight and snug when laced.

Yet another thing—the tongue which Uncle Sam puts in his shoe. Your sportsman's bootmaker very probably will put in a bellows tongue of rather heavy leather, running clear to the top of the boot, "to waterproof it." Uncle Sam makes the tongue of his model shoe of rather light leather, and it is fastened at only the lower end. This shoe can be taken off and put on readily, adjusted readily—and, what is just as important, dried out readily. It is of no consequence that a man gets his feet wet when he is walking. It is of consequence, however, that he should be able to dry out his shoes when he has stopped walking.

In the average sportsman's boot you will find coarse thongs for laces, and sometimes hooks to expedite the matter of lacing up the boot. Uncle Sam will have none of these. He thinks that hooks are too easily bent. He uses rather largish eyelets and broad, flat shoelaces not made of coarse thongs. In short, he has a pretty good type of comfortable street shoe for his infantry model. It need hardly be said that he allows no seams or heavy folds of leather over the tendons of the ankle. He protects the back of the ankle and the front of the foot by the model of his shoe. Encouraging the man by making it obligatory on him—to get his shoes large enough, Uncle Sam gives him footwear that can be adjusted by the wearer himself within a certain working latitude.

Another peculiarity of many sporting boots is their heavy armor of hobnails. There have not been lacking army shoes also weighted down with hobnails. The German marching boot of old type was such a boot. Perhaps you have seen pictures of the extra shoes French infantrymen carry on their knapsacks to-day—they also have soles covered with heavy hobnails. None of them for Uncle Sam! He knows that too many hobnails make the shoe cold and, moreover, uncomfortable underfoot. In our army shoe there is a reasonable amount of small hobnails of soft iron—never of steel. The true function of the hobnail is not to protect the sole of a shoe but to give it a

THERMOS

MORE than ten million Thermos vessels are in use throughout the civilized world by motorists, yachtsmen, travelers, explorers, hunters, fishermen, picnickers, office workers and in lunch kits by children at school and workingmen at the factory.

Every member of the family from infancy to old age has daily use for Thermos. It is indeed a good servant, both in and away from home

Thermos serves you right,
food or drink—hot or cold,
when, where and as you like.

In the nursery it saves work, worry and [illegible] keeping baby's milk ice cold, pure, sweet and bacteria proof.

It gives great comfort to the sick, aged and infirm—saving many steps for those who have them in care. Thermos carafes and [illegible] supply of ice-cold water, lemonade or other beverages for day or night use, or any liquid may be prepared in advance and kept piping hot until ready to serve. Thermos Food Jars are convenient for keeping ice creams, salads, casseroles, chowders, etc., at the proper temperature until served.

Originally expensive, Thermos vessels are now sold by leading dealers at popular prices.

Bottles from $1.00 up
Carafes and Jugs $3.00 up
Food Jars from $1 50 up
Lunch Kits $2.00 up

Do not accept as truthful representations that all temperature-retaining bottles are Thermos vessels. For your protection and ours look for the name THERMOS stamped plainly on the bottom.

Write for an interesting book on Thermos, which tells you why the same bottle keeps liquids steaming hot for 24 hours or ice cold three days.

American Thermos Bottle Co.
Norwich, Conn.
New York San Francisco Toronto

At Last a way is provided to diminish the heart breaking cries—to prevent tired and weakened mothers—[illegible] and develop himself, safely, naturally—to release mothers to other duties and thru the use of this invaluable and indispensable fairy [illegible]

Simplifies baby problems—protects from danger—keeps clothing clean—teaches walking—hastens [illegible] and quickest wash when here (canvas bed for crib, $1 extra). folds like a ruler for small places, so baby can go along to teach [illegible]—little sister can handle—endorsed by scientists, physicians and mothers. This is a new [illegible] article. Use may not have a dealer [illegible] at town (no C. O. D.) check, or money order for $6, and we will ship express paid direct from factory—money refunded if you think you can get along without it after ten days' trial. References: Portland banks. "Better Babies" booklet free upon request. Souvenirs to buyers. Representatives wanted.

Baby Kurral Co. Dept. A
Portland, Oregon

good footing on the surface over which the wearer is walking. You do not need a perfect floor of nails to insure that desideratum. Nails hurt the foot where the sole is thin or wet.

Uncle Sam knows that, though you give a man the best shoe in the world, he cannot keep his feet in good condition without a little care of the feet themselves. The army sock fits the foot and is neither too large nor too small. It must not wrinkle and it must never be darned or mended—these things are taboo. A pair of socks is thought to be good for about seventy-five miles.

Officers will insist after a march—that the feet be washed in cold water. Perhaps you may have thought it is a good thing to put salt in the water. Uncle Sam does not think so—he will not even let his soldiers grease their feet with pork rind unless the salt has been soaked out of it. He has invented a powder for his private soldiers to use for their tired feet—eighty-seven parts talcum, ten parts starch, and three parts salicylic acid. Pure oil may be used on the feet, but soap is to be avoided, as the alkali is bad for the skin of the foot and makes it blister more easily. Care of the feet daily and care of the socks also—which must be washed and dried—are parts of the rational policy Uncle Sam lays down for his walking men.

When a private soldier wants to get a pair of shoes he is not allowed to purchase that pair which may make his feet look prettiest. Not one but both of his feet are carefully measured, and the length of the shoe sole must be at least two-thirds of an inch longer than the greatest length of the naked foot with the weight borne on it. Uncle Sam knows what perhaps a few sportsmen may vaguely have discovered—the human foot stretches both in length and in breadth after a day's march, especially under any heavy weight. Some feet may stretch half an inch in length in a day.

The Army Board does not go in much for oiling the shoe of the foot soldier. A little neat's-foot oil—used to soften the leather and not to waterproof it—is about the limit. The soldier is encouraged to stand in water about five minutes when he first puts on his new shoes, and then to start off on a brisk walk of some miles over level ground. This sets the shoe to the foot. Once set, it should be kept in that shape.

The Care of Shoe Leather

If the sergeant finds a rooky putting his wet boots under his head for a pillow, or letting the boxing get mashed down by something during the night, he will chide the novice and show him that his shoes should be left all the time in footshape—his own footshape as nearly as possible. If they pinch a little when put on in the morning, wet them, and then start walking in them.

At night never dry the shoes close to the fire. Many a sportsman will recall a pair of wet boots ruined in this way, especially if he soaked them with oil. The private soldier is taught to take his medicine of damp feet during the day, and then to get his feet warm at night by means of the cold bath and the rub, and a dry pair of stockings.

Uncle Sam has discovered something else that a few of us older birds in the outdoor game have run across—to wit, the all-round usefulness of the little roll of zinc-oxide adhesive tape. There is no other one thing more useful in the kit of an outdoor man. Uncle Sam specifically teaches his infantry men how to use this on a blistered foot.

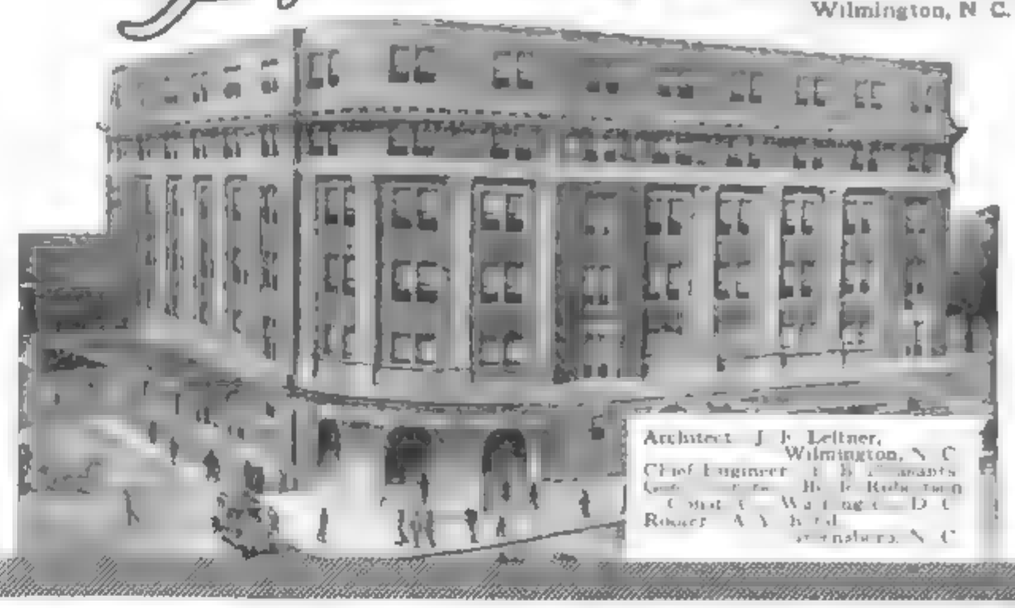
The adhesive tape is warmed a little and then slapped down over the blister. The top of the blister is never removed, but is flattened, after the liquid has been pricked out, by the application of the adhesive tape. This takes off the friction of the boot. I presume many sportsmen have relieved a chafed heel by sticking on a postage stamp in lieu of anything better.

If, therefore, you desire to have comfortable feet when you are walking afield, consider the ways of Uncle Sam and be wise. Get your shoes big enough for plenty of socks, and get them light enough, so that you can carry them.

It makes no difference how wet your feet are in the daytime if they are dry at night. But if you blister your feet and bruise them and tire them all out by lugging round a lot of cowhide you do not need; and if you can scarcely sleep by reason of the fatigue in the muscles of your legs and ankles—then blame yourself and not the writer of these words of wisdom, taken from Uncle Sam's pronouncements.

Barrett Specification Roofs

Union Station and Office Bldg of Atlantic Coast Line R R Co. Wilmington, N C.



MANY buildings have just "roofs". The contractor says "I'll build you a pitch and gravel roof"—and he does so. It may be a *good* roof or it may be a *poor* one; yet a pitch and gravel roof is the best and most economical roof for any building—*provided it is built right*.

There is one sure way to eliminate all guess-work and chance—incorporate The Barrett Specification in full in your building plans and employ a responsible roofing contractor to do the work.

The result will be a roof which will give satisfactory service for 20 years and upwards, and that will show a unit cost (the cost per square foot per year of service) of about ¼ of a cent.

No other roof covering known can equal this figure. These roofs take the base rate of insurance and are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Remember that a Barrett Specification Roof is not a ready-made roofing. It is constructed on the building and is recognized as *standard* by technical men generally.

A copy of The Barrett Specification, with roofing diagrams, mailed free on request.

Special Note: We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof, laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St Louis
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburg Detroit Birmingham
Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto
Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N S.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, Durham, N C.
A [illegible] Roofing Contractor

The result of 23 years' successful

America's Greatest

165% Greater Sales

Nearly Tripled Over Any Previous Season

NOTHING in the world but *value* and *merit* and *known* dependability could have made this proud record for the Haynes since the beginning of the 1915 season Six hundred and forty-six new dealers added to the already large number of Haynes dealers who consider their contracts a priceless asset.

Sales increased to 165% larger than any previous season.

And here is another clincher: During the six months ending April 1st, we sold 33% of the cars produced in the state of Indiana and Indiana is second only to Michigan in automobile production.

Why This Wonderful Popularity?

You Find the Answer in the Car!

Here are only a few of the reasons why the Haynes "Light Six" is so popular

The Haynes "Light Six" has been driven from one to sixty miles on high without shifting gears

—has traveled 166 miles on low gear in 11 hours 7 minutes, without a stop of the motor, averaging 15 miles per hour.

—and during this trip the water temperature was never raised above 130 degrees.

The Haynes "Light Six" has developed 41.6 horsepower at the rear wheels

—has made 30 miles per hour in 10 seconds from a standing start.

—has gone over the top of Heberton Hill, Pittsburgh, which ends with a 19% grade, at 30 miles per hour with a full load of five passengers and from a standing start.

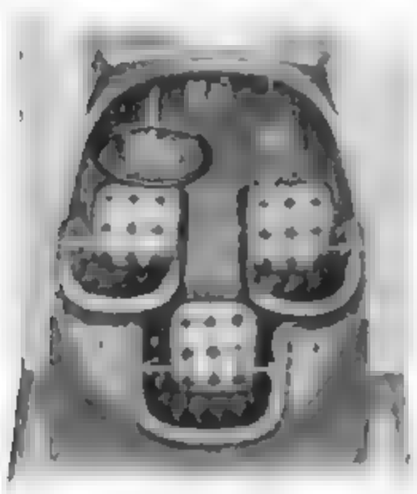
How's This for "Six Cylinder Economy"?

The Haynes "Light Six" has averaged 18 to 22 miles per gallon of gasoline.

—has averaged 7500 miles to a set of tires.

—has traveled 400 miles to a quart of oil.

—has made 54,513 miles with a wear on the crank shaft bearings of only five ten-thousandths of an inch.



Showing seating arrangement and inside dimensions of Model 34, three-passenger roadster. Price $1485, f. o. b. Kokomo

Maximum Performance in Every Car

Any Haynes "Light Six" car will give the same performance, because it is built—not assembled—in the Haynes factory, where one standard of quality prevails.

The mechanical construction is unusual in its thoroughness. Non-Gran bronze bushings are used in the pistons

The valve stem guides are bushed. Heat treated drop forgings are used to the exclusion of castings.

Nickel steel is used to make the steering gears, the transmission gears, piston pins, front wheel spindles, axle drive shafts, studs and bolts. Springs are made of chrome vanadium steel.

Why You Will Buy the

Here are the reasons why 646 new dealers have eagerly sought the Haynes contract.

Here are the reasons why Haynes sales are outstripping those of the previous year by 165%.

Compare these specifications with those of cars selling from $500 to $1500 more.

And even then you cannot appreciate the full measure of value and satisfaction you get from the Haynes until you see the car and ride in it

Read These Specifications:

Unit power plant, 3 point suspension, 6 cylinder, 3½ x 5 inch en bloc motor, light, high power, high speed type. Actually develops 55 horsepower.

Wheelbase Model 34, 124 inches, Model 35, [illegible] inches, with turning radius slightly over 21 ft.

Left-hand drive, center control with working-stick type gear shift lever. Enter front compartment from either side

Weight Model 34, [illegible] lbs., giving more than one horsepower to each 55 lbs. Model 35, 3050 lbs.

Leece-Neville separate unit starting and lighting system. No gears to shift. Cranks through chain. No noise or fuss.

Generator-Storage battery system of ignition. Gives greater flexibility at ordinary driving speeds. System is dual.

Economical Rayfield carburetor, no intake manifold used.

Stewart vacuum gasoline system with supply tank at rear of chassis. Indicating gauge in tank.

Splash and force feed lubrication. Pump delivers one-half gallon of oil per minute.

Forced water circulation. Water space between all cylinders and around all valve seats. Large centrifugal pump Haynes "Light Six" cars never overheat.

Clutch—Built in Haynes factory. Three plate dry disc type with facings of Raybestos. Requires very slight pressure on pedal to operate. Cannot grab. Holds under hardest pulls.

Steering gear—Complete worm gear type. Nickel steel, heat treated. Built in Haynes factory. Steering wheel is notched.

Model 34—Five-Passenger Touring Car (illustrated), Price $1385, and Three-Passenger Roadster, Price $1485, f. o. b. Kokomo

Notice the beauty of this car—the long stream line body—the graceful taper of the hood—the ease with which five passengers are seated.

This reproduction is from an actual photograph.

Canadian Prices f. o. b. Kokomo, Indiana

Model 34 5-passenger Touring Car $1385

Model 34 3-passenger Roadster $1485

Model 35 7-passenger Touring Car, $[illegible]

33%

The Haynes Automobile Company sold 33% of the Indiana built cars during the six months ending April 1, 1915—148% more than the next largest manufacturer in the state of Indiana.

The Haynes Automobile Co.
40 South Main Street
Kokomo . . . Indiana

experience in building motor cars

"Light Six" $1385

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

HAYNES — AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

646 New Dealers

Added During the Past Nine Months

1916 Haynes "Light Six"

Transmission — Selective sliding gear type, three speeds forward, one reverse. Heat treated, nickel steel gears.

Haynes full floating rear axle. Built in Haynes factory. Axle shafts, pinion gear and shaft nickel steel.

Springs 38 in. in front, 54 in. long in rear. Self-lubricating, flat type insures easy riding. Chrome vanadium steel. Bronze bushings used in eyes.

Spring bolts hardened and ground.

Crowned fenders. Low center of gravity with low running boards. Road clearance 10½ in. Long, sweeping streamlines.

Tires — Goodyear and United States. Model 34, 34 x 4 inches. Model 35, 35 x 4½ inches. Goodyear quick detachable, demountable rims. Non-skid tires on rear wheels. Extra rim.

Front and rear license brackets.

Motor driven tire pump — cannot pump oil. Hose and tire pressure gauge.

Stewart-Warner speedometer, driven from propeller shaft.

Aisleway between front seats on both models. Front seats adjustable forward and back.

Improved one-man five-bow top that can actually be operated by one man.

Collins curtains, top cover.

Windshield — Clear and rain vision ventilating.

Strapless, quick acting, single lock tire carrier at rear of chassis.

Running boards absolutely clear.

Entire interior of body lined with real hand-buffed leather.

Headlights with "Non-Glare" Mazda bulbs and dimming lever that saves two-thirds of the current. No extra bulbs. Outside focusing button.

Spartan electric horn under hood. Button in center of steering wheel.

Adjustable foot pedals. Foot and robe rails. Trouble lamp with cord. Boyce Moto-Meter. Waltham clock.

Automatic circuit breaker. Protects electric system. Eliminates fuses.

Auxiliary seats. Two extra seats in Model 35. Drop down into floor when not in use. Entirely disappearing — may be removed if desired. Only two rings visible when seats are down.

Complete kit of high grade tools containing set of wrenches, hammer, punches, chisel, pliers, etc. Tire repair kit.

Color — Body Brewster Green, stripe, black hood, fenders and chassis.

Enclosed detachable tops for winter driving, all models.

Real Comfort and Class

THE 1916 Haynes "Light Six" cars are more distinctive than ever. Over $200 has been put into additional comforts and refinements. That air of true class is present. Haynes bodies are big and roomy with deep rolls of soft upholstery. Real leather that is soft and pliable is used. The entire body is leather-lined, including the backs of the front seats and the instrument board. The cushions are deep and wide. The dimensions are generous. That pleasing sense of complete comfort is there. You feel that you are riding *in* the car and not *on* it.

The long, modish stream line—the dull finished top—the concealed hood hinge—the curved windshield and the cowl that blends gracefully and gradually into the hood, give class that cannot be associated with cheapness.

Motor—Chassis—Finished Car—all Exhaustively Tested

Three exhaustive tests are made on every Haynes Car. Every single motor is block tested. Every chassis receives a road test. Every finished car is given a final "Performance" test. You always get a finished and smooth-working machine in the Haynes.

See the Haynes—for Your Own Satisfaction Before You Buy Your Car

If you have in mind spending in the neighborhood of $1500 for a car, find out how much more for your money you can get in the Haynes.

If you have been thinking of putting $2000 or more into a car, you will be satisfied with the Haynes, first in performance, second in comfort and lastly in appearance.

Placed alongside of the very highest priced cars, it does not suffer by comparison.

And remember, it is made by a company that has had twenty-three years' experience, and is still furnishing repair parts for cars built as long ago as 1899.

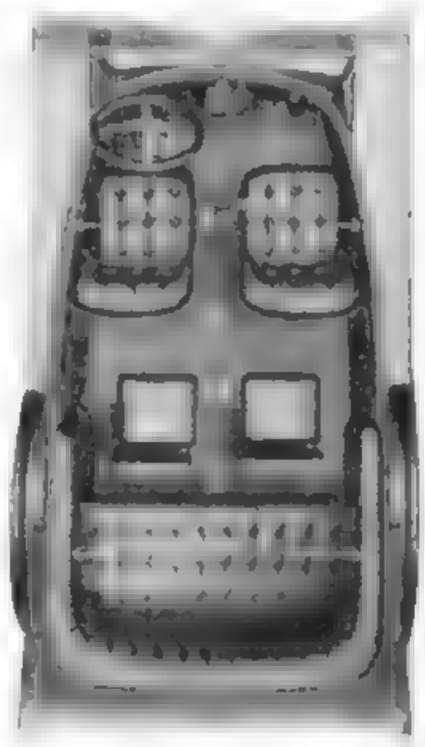
See the Haynes, ride in it, test it out—and we will leave it to your own judgment if it is not the biggest buy in the "light six" field.

If you do not know the nearest dealer handling the Haynes, let us know—we shall be very glad to inform you.

Catalog upon request

The Haynes Automobile Co.

40 South Main Street **Kokomo, Indiana**



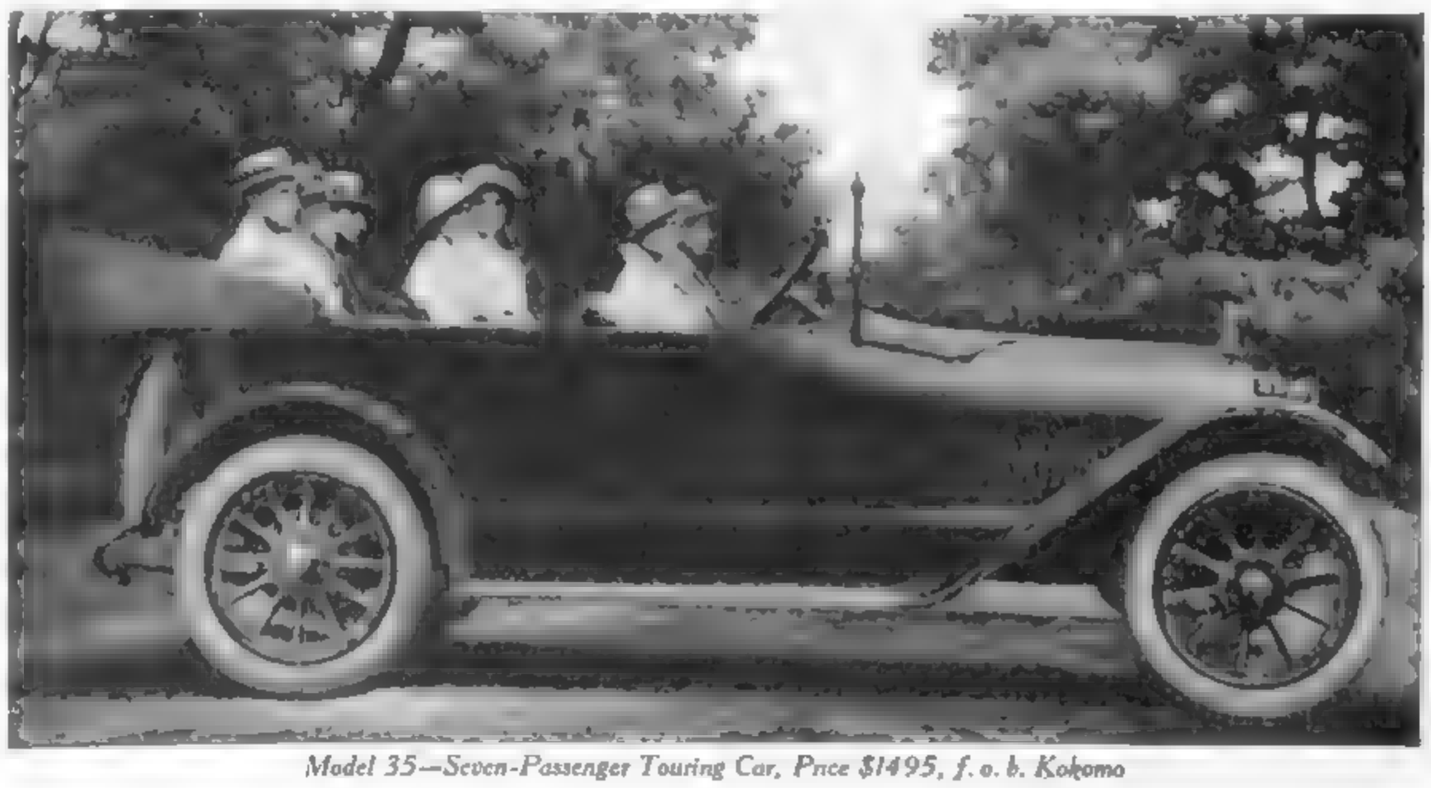
Showing seating arrangement and inside dimensions of Model 35, seven passenger touring car.

Price $1495, f. o. b. Kokomo

You would be proud to own this car, with its 127 inch wheelbase, beauty of design and sincerity in workmanship.

Before paying $2000 or more for a car, inspect and ride in this luxurious "Light Six."

Your experience and choice will be like thousands of others—the Haynes "Light Six."



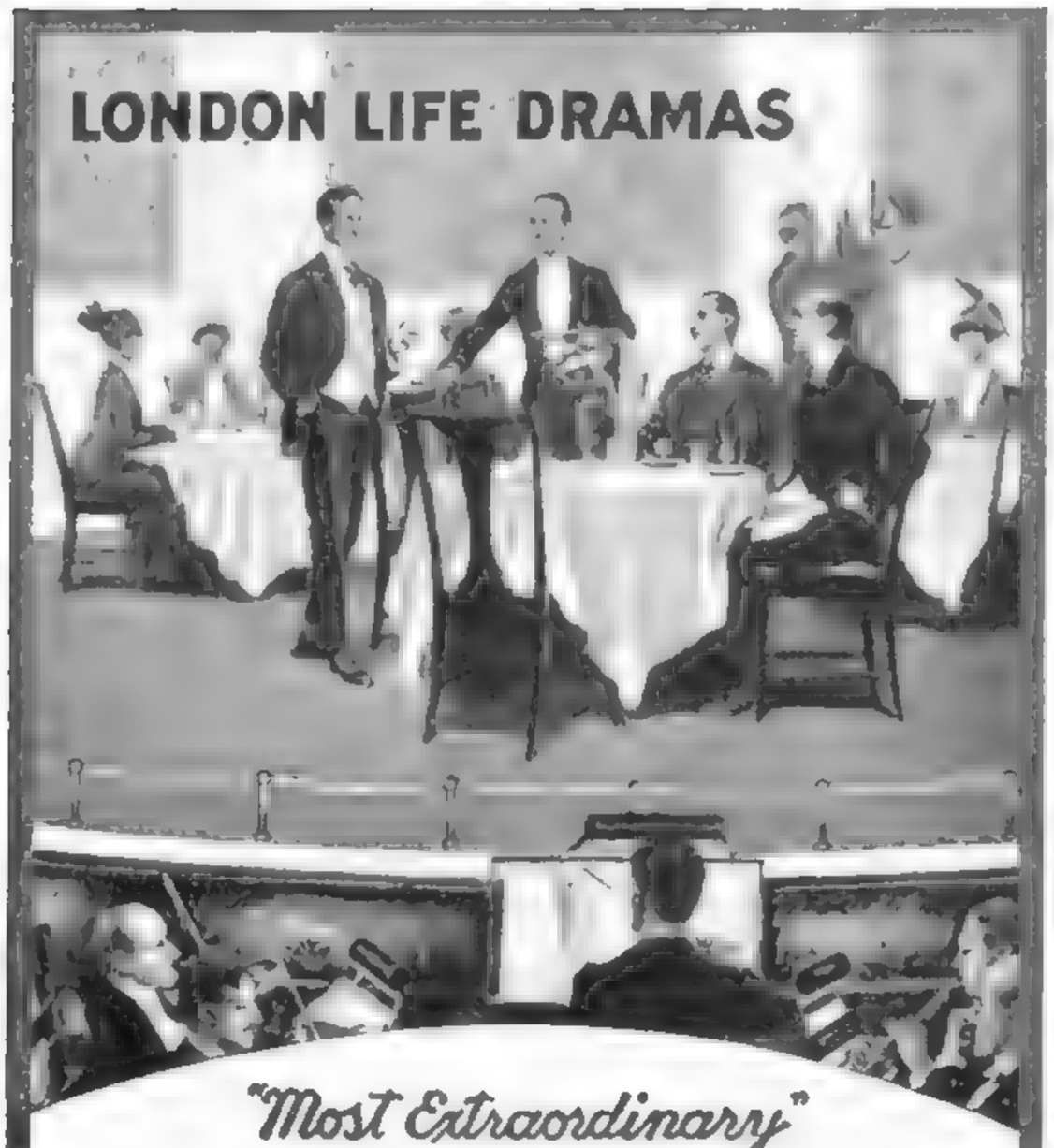
Model 35—Seven-Passenger Touring Car, Price $1495, f. o. b. Kokomo

DEALERS

646 new high class dealers have taken up the sale of the Haynes since the beginning of the 1915 season.

If the Haynes has no local representation, here is an opportunity for you. Write, wire or telephone.

The Haynes Automobile Co.
40 South Main Street
Kokomo . . . Indiana



"Most Extraordinary"

JACK:—Well, well! If here isn't Gloomy Gus, the man who never laughs! You look positively joyful, Gus! How did it happen?

GLOOMY GUS:—I've reformed! Started over again. No more grouches.

JACK:—Ah,—what's her first name?

GUS:—You're miles away! The name is "London Life"—the dreamiest, creamiest cigarette smoke that ever happened. Just try one.

JACK:—Thanks! If *you* think it's good, Gus, it must be a world-beater—Say, that *is* good! How much, a quarter?

GUS:—Ten cents for ten—like finding money.

JACK:—Only ten cents? Most Extraordinary! Waiter, bring me a box of "London Life," quick.

LONDON LIFE

CORK TIP CIGARETTES

10 Cents Here - 10 Pence There

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

H. R.

(Continued from Page 21)

"Second the motion!" said Andrew Barrett from a rear pew.

The bishop had to put the motion. Not having been called on to pledge money, the assembly decided it was prudent to get out before the situation changed. They unanimously voted to adjourn.

H. R. received the reporters in the vestry room. He even shook hands with them. Then he said, as usual giving them the lead for their stories:

"These are the points to emphasize: The tickets are unlike any other tickets ever invented. They cost twenty-five cents. They will carry a coupon. To a person with brains, that same coupon will be worth ten thousand dollars in cash. Chance has nothing to do with it. Brains! In any event the twenty-five cents will buy one ideal meal. The menu will be prepared by the Menu Commission, composed of competent persons, which is another novelty in commissions—the three highest-paid chefs in New York, the proprietors of the three best restaurants, the three leading diet specialists, and three experts on hunger. There will be no food fads and no disguised advertisements on the menu.

"What Doctor Eliot's Five-foot Bookshelf did for literature, the Society of American Sandwich Artists' Ideal Hunger Appeaser will do for the masses. That menu inaugurates a revolution without bloodshed, vulgar language, or the destruction of fundamental institutions. You will see in the future every restaurant supplying to its patrons the Society of American Sandwich Artists' Ideal Hunger Appeaser, but not for twenty-five cents, because the low price of our meal is made possible by the application of automobile factory methods—one model only—and the fact that we shall buy the raw material in bulk and have no profit to make.

"Play fair with the restaurant keeper, boys, and make this strong. But you will see how, for the first time in history, a charitable person's quarter will buy more than a quarter's worth of charity; and, for the first time also, every penny will go to the right destination. The Society of American Sandwich Artists, after epoch-making experiments, psychological and physiological, has succeeded in making fraudulent hunger impossible. We have a Cash Detector that will enable us to discard any applicant who can pay for his food. In addition to which, by the use of our Alcoholic Thirst Tester, booze-fighters automatically eliminate themselves as guests at our Mammoth Hunger Feast, to be held at Madison Square Garden.

"Each ticket admits the buyer to the feast—as an eyewitness—in order that he may see where his money has gone. The coupon will be detached by the ticket taker at the entrance and returned to the ticket holder. By using his brains the coupon will give him ten thousand dollars in cash. Uncharitable people without brains need not buy a ticket. Make that stronger, please!

"No shop, church or bank will offer the tickets for sale—only our own sellers in person, and only one to each customer. We are not going to pay anybody twenty thousand dollars. That's flat! The names of the members of our various commissions will be announced later. Come and see me at four P. M. to-morrow.

"Remember, this is not a church affair or an advertising trick. There is no money in this for anybody except the coupon holders. The hungry man does not get a ticket. He gets a meal—the Ideal Hunger Appeaser, which I fear will be called the Perfect Belly Filler if we are not careful. It will revolutionize the average dinner, as we now know it. Remember about the coupon. I'll see you gentlemen at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

He nodded dismissingly. Then he seemed to remember that these were gentlemen:

"My secretary, who has taken down my remarks in shorthand, will give you typewritten copies of same. Use what you will. Only correct my English, won't you? I'm afraid I'm not literary."

That made them his friends; but one reporter man said:

"I'm from Missouri; and I'm not going to print anything unless ——"

"I don't expect you to print news. Your readers will continue to read the news in the columns of your esteemed contemporaries. These gentlemen know me. They know I always do what I say. They know I receive no salary and seek no graft. They know, as well as I do, that my sole object is to win the hand of Grace Goodchild."

The Journal man, who was sweet on the Advice-to-the-Lovelorn editress, feverishly wrote the headline: All for Love!

"I needn't say to you," went on H. R., with a look that made the reporters respect his reticence, "that if I were an advertising man the publicity methods I have introduced would have made me richer than I am. What should I do with more money? Answer me that!"

The suspicious reporter answered by turning pale. The others looked uneasy. When a well-dressed young man asks that question in New York there can be but two answers—Bloomingdale or Standard Oil.

H. R. was going to marry a rich banker's only daughter. He was, therefore, no lunatic.

H. R. was thenceforth regarded by the newspapers—and, therefore, by the public—as a fabulously rich man. This made him definitely front page. No other man ever became chronically that without committing murder or playing for the labor vote.

xx

ALL the morning papers spread themselves on the story and thereby gained the respect of those present at the meeting whose names were mentioned. Only one of the journals featured Grace Goodchild. Two dwelt strongly on the ten-thousand-dollar coupon and assuringly mentioned the fact that the wealth of those present at the Granite Presbyterian Church aggregated $3,251,280,000. One pure-food featurer played up the Ideal Meal; and two the fact that at last charity would be discriminating.

At nine-fourteen A. M. messages began to rain down on H. R. They came by liveried youth, by telephone, and by secretaries.

"Why," asked one smart hotel, "was not our chef considered enough? Why drag in others?"

"How does it happen that our fifty-thousand-dollars-a-year Piccolini, who possesses eighteen decorations from crowned heads, is not one of the Public Menu Commission? Don't you want the best?" This came from another hotel, in writing that looked like ornamental spaghetti.

"Please call at your earliest convenience and see what we give for $17.38 in the way of a substantial breakfast," laconically invited Herr Bummerlich, of the Pastoral.

Caspar Weinpusslacher called in person. He asked reproachfully:

"How it comes, Mr. Rutkers, that your best friend ——"

"Weinie," interrupted H. R., "this will cost you two thousand five hundred tickets for your thirty-cent meal. You are put down as one of the best three restaurateurs, together with Perry's and the Robespierre."

"But, say, Mr. Rutkers, two thousand five hundred ——" began Weinie, trying to look angry at the extortion. He was rich now; he was even one of the local sights.

"Three thousand! That's what your haggling has done," cut in H. R. with the cold determination that made him so formidable.

"All right!" And Caspar ran out of the room. A terrible man, this! But Frau Weinpusslacher would be in society now.

"I trust you will not be misled by newspaper scientists into fool dietetics," wrote V. Appen Dix, M. D., the hygiene expert of an afternoon paper.

H. R. promptly stopped reading the letters and said to one of his stenographers:

"Reply to all inquiries that the personnel of the commissions has not yet been definitely decided on."

The three highest-salaried chefs in New York—their emoluments duly quadrupled by the reporters after eating sample ideal luncheons—the three best restaurateurs, and the three leading experts on stomachic functions had their names printed as probable Public Menu Commissioners by the afternoon prints.

Doubtless in order not to be accused of plagiarism, each afternoon paper published a different set of names. Tentative menus also were given, to be repudiated by H. R. and by indignant competitors in the next morning's papers.

That is how, in its glorious march to charity, all New York began to take an interest in menus. It was the first symptom of an awakened civic conscience and intelligent humanitarianism.

Message From a Pipe Smoker who Calls Himself a "Tobacco Bug"

A. F. Bemis, Pres. S. A. Bemis, V. Pres.
J. S. Bemis, Sec. and Treas.
Jackson Fibre Company
Branch of
BEMIS BRO. BAG COMPANY
Boston and St. Louis
[illegible] Address, Western Union, Jackson, Tenn.
[illegible] Jackson 538 J. B. Young
[illegible] Bemis, Tenn. Res. Mgr.

Bemis, Tenn., March 16/14

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:—This morning a traveling man from Atlanta was in the office, an old friend, who handed me a cigar and we fell to talking about "smoke."

He asked me if I smoked a pipe and I replied that it was my steady. I et, that I smoked but few cigars. He said that was the case with him, and I asked what tobacco I smoked and I replied, "Edgeworth."

He nodded and smiled and said "I was introduced to that about three years ago, and have smoked nothing else since; it is the best yet."

I simply mention this for the reason that it seems to be the same story everywhere; once you smoke Edgeworth, nothing else will do.

What is your 'Qboid'? Is it higher or lower grade than Edgeworth? I mean in price—or how does it differ? You can't improve on the Edgeworth flavor. I am simply curious, am sort of a 'tobacco bug' anyway, and am always experimenting, but 'never again.' Yours truly,

(Signed) B. F. Young

Have you been introduced to Edgeworth yet?

The pleasure will be yours.

Your name and address on a post card, with the name of some store where you sometimes buy tobacco, will bring a liberal sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed to you postpaid.

Send in the post card and ask for your sample. To say "you will like it" might be going a bit too far, but the fact is that practically every person who tries Edgeworth smokes it with a glad-to-have-met-you expression.

Send your request for the free package to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

The original Edgeworth is a Plug Slice, wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere, and in the handsome $1.00 humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by practically all dealers or mailed prepaid if yours has none.

The writer of the above letter asks about Qboid. This is a granulated plug, cut into cube shape. It requires no rubbing before being put into the pipe and is guaranteed not to bite the tongue.

To the Retail Tobacco Merchant — If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen 10c size carton by prepaid parcel post at the same price you would pay the jobber.

THIS 1915 Model **Ranger** 30 DAYS Free Trial

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER—30 DAYS one month a [illegible] bicycles—the "Ranger." We [illegible] *freight prepaid*, without a [illegible] offer is *absolutely genuine*.

WRITE TODAY for [illegible] and women, boys and girls at *prices never before equaled* for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices. A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at $3 to $8 each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1915 model Ranger furnished by us.

It Costs You Nothing to learn what we offer. Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our catalog and our unheard of offers and prices.

Write today. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W 55, CHICAGO, ILL.

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are!" long ago observed Brillat-Savarin. H. R. wrote it for the reporters. It furnished the text for learned editorial sermons.

When Andrew Barrett ventured to express his admiration H. R. murmured.

"Plausible, persistent and picturesque!"

"I don't quite get you," said Barrett.

"Watch me and learn," retorted H. R.

Other men have disregarded persistence, but H. R. did not. He kept up the firing—no broadside, but one big gun at a time. As a result the H. R. plan for feeding the hungry of New York assumed a serious aspect. The right bill of fare would change potential Socialists into sensible citizens. This was so obviously true that everybody said no living man could do it; but everybody anxiously looked for the publication of the Public Menu Commission's report. It thus became news plus suspense.

The moment H. R. had selected the personnel of the commission he went to the Goodchild house. "Frederick, tell Miss Goodchild to come down at once. I have only a minute to stay. Make haste!"

The imperturbable English menial actually ran.

Grace rushed down in alarm. Frederick's incoherent words had made her fear it was a message from her dressmaker explaining why it was absolutely impossible to have it ready in time, as promised.

She petrified herself when she beheld the man who had made her famous. She did this in order not to betray her glad relief.

"Oh!"

"Grace!" exclaimed H. R. fervently.

He quickly approached her, took her hand and led her into her own drawing room. He then waved his disengaged left at all the chairs, with an air that said: "I give all this magnificence to you!"

He waved again and commanded:

"Sit down!"

She obeyed; but he did not let go her right hand. He sat beside her. Just as she was about to pull it away indignantly, he patted it twice very kindly and laid it on her lap. He was a very observant chap and never neglected details.

Her anger was on the very brink of turning itself into oratory when he stood up squarely before her, clenched his fists in order to hold himself in a vanadium-steel leash, and whispered huskily:

"Merciful heaven, but you're beautiful!"

The vocal storm, checked for an instant by his extraordinary exhibition of self-control, gave him time to go on:

"Don't look at me! Do you know how beautiful you are? Do you know exactly? It isn't fair!"

He turned from her, walked over to one of the windows and stared out.

It showed more than self-control—it showed respect. Grace felt it would be absurd to ring for a policeman—as absurd as to encourage H. R. to stay. And she really had not studied him cold-bloodedly. She looked at his back and wondered.

Presently H. R. turned from the window and, with a semblance of composure, said to her:

"If you will scold me or laugh at me or turn your back on me, I'll find it easier to speak calmly."

Since such was the case, she decided not to do any of the things he desired her to do. She also said nothing. It is a very wise woman who, being beautiful, can keep her mouth shut.

"Have you seen the papers? Did you read about what I have undertaken to do for your sake?"

She turned away her head. Then she elevated it. She heard him say, with the calmness of a man who is sure of himself and, therefore, to be respected:

"When a man talks to the one woman about himself it isn't vanity that prompts him—it's love. I am cool again. Turn your head back—this way."

Her foot was tap-tapping the polar bear-skin, eighty-four times to the minute. She was clever enough to realize that this was not a man to be shooed away chickenwise. What seemed so easy to do was in truth an appalling problem.

"Listen, Grace: For your sake I gave to New York free sandwiches." She sniffed before she could help it. "You are right," he admitted. "It wasn't much of a feat, even though it made you famous"—she was unmoved—"and me rich!"

She started slightly. She had never thought of the business end of his crusade.

"You are right," he pursued; "but, really, I am not bragging about it. Free

Here is complete relief from perspiration annoyance

Two applications a week of Odo-ro-no keep any part to which it is applied naturally dry and odorless

Excessive perspiration of the armpits, feet, hands, etc., which has caused you so much annoyance, need never trouble you again.

Dresses, shirts, hose and gloves can be kept unstained, fresh, and dainty, even in the hottest weather.

You should have these facts

"But—isn't it healthful to perspire?" you say.

Of course it is, when you perspire naturally and normally over the entire body.

Extreme perspiration of one part of the body, however, is usually due to nervous overstimulation of the sweat glands. You have seen persons troubled in this way even [illegible] weather. It is a local condition which you can correct by local treatment, without in any way affecting the natural perspiration of the body. Odo-ro-no, the toilet water for extreme perspiration, supplies the corrective local treatment needed. It is unscented and harmless.

I think of dancing without perspiration annoyance!

What one application will do

One application not only does away with all perspiration odor for many days, but leaves the part to which it is applied normally dry and dainty. Daily baths do not lessen the effect. Two or three applications a week thereafter are all that are needed to free you completely from perspiration annoyance and embarrassment. Many women find no other protection for the armpits necessary.

If you dance, you will find the use of Odo-ro-no [illegible].

Men who suffer from extreme perspiration of upper lip, forehead or neck, say Odo-ro-no ends their troubles immediately.

You will find Odo-ro-no at any [illegible] store or toilet counter. Get a bottle today. There are three sizes: the 25c trial size, the 50c regular size, and the $1.00 special size, containing six times as much as the 25c size. In Canada the prices are 35c, 70c, and $1.40.

Odo-ro-no makes a wonderful difference in summer travel

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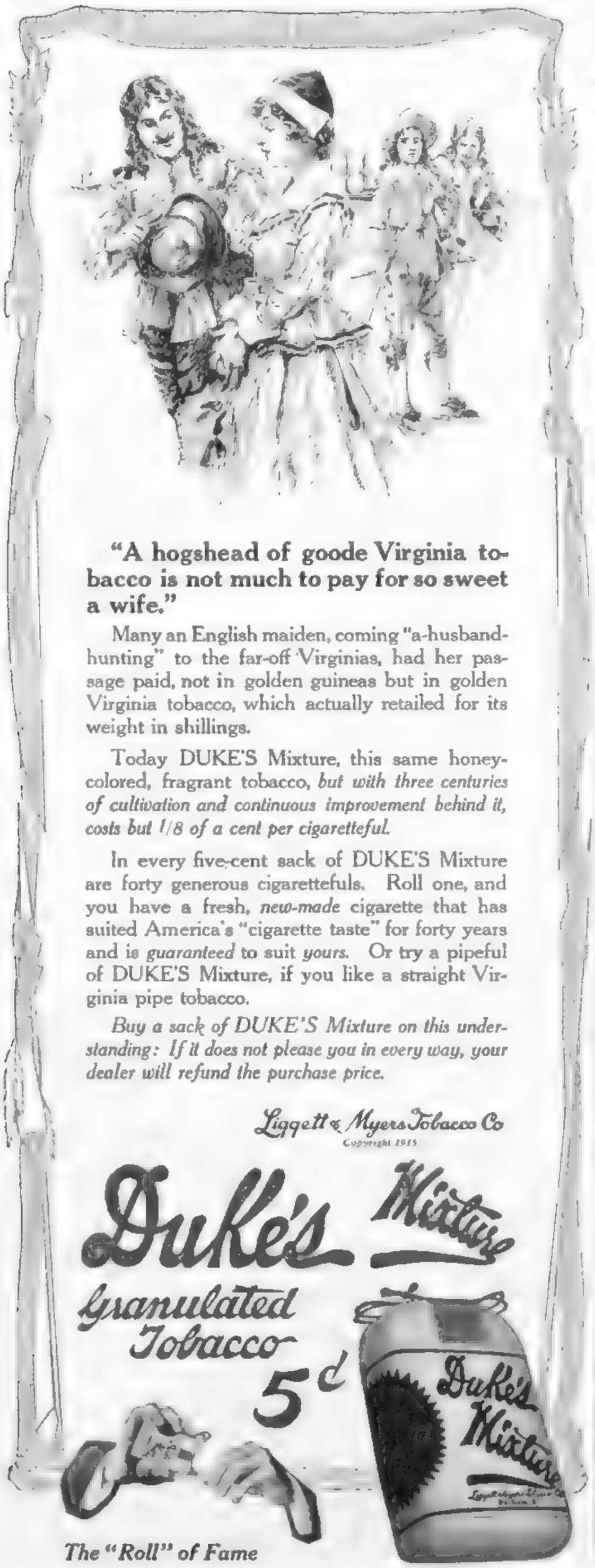
Sample *bottle of Odo-ro-no and this booklet sent for 6c and your dealer's name.*

Write *today. Address, The Odo-ro-no Co., 651 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.*



"A hogshead of goode Virginia tobacco is not much to pay for so sweet a wife."

Many an English maiden, coming "a-husband-hunting" to the far-off Virginias, had her passage paid, not in golden guineas but in golden Virginia tobacco, which actually retailed for its weight in shillings.

Today DUKE'S Mixture, this same honey-colored, fragrant tobacco, *but with three centuries of cultivation and continuous improvement behind it, costs but 1/8 of a cent per cigaretteful.*

In every five-cent sack of DUKE'S Mixture are forty generous cigarettefuls. Roll one, and you have a fresh, *new-made* cigarette that has suited America's "cigarette taste" for forty years and is *guaranteed* to suit *yours.* Or try a pipeful of DUKE'S Mixture, if you like a straight Virginia pipe tobacco.

Buy a sack of DUKE'S Mixture on this understanding: If it does not please you in every way, your dealer will refund the purchase price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

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Duke's Mixture

Granulated Tobacco

5¢

The "Roll" of Fame

sandwiches is something; but I'm going to give free dinners now. Millions are affected—I mean millions of dollars, not people—but I must have your help. Even your da——"

"Sir!" began the loyal daughter angrily.

"Dad, I was going to say—not damn, as you naturally assumed," he explained with dignity. "Even dad is on the Mammoth Hunger-Feast Commission. I put him on. When he sees I have got the other bank presidents he'll stay on. But I'll tell you why I came to see you ——"

"Uninvited!" She frowned.

"Of course! I haven't asked for the latchkey. By the way, is this house big enough for the wedding reception?" he pondered anxiously.

"It is—for mine!" she said pointedly. She meant to snub him. She did not realize that her defense was so weak that he was growing stronger.

"That's good!" he exclaimed with relief. "Well, I want you to sell tickets. You read about the tickets for the Mammoth Hunger Feast?"

"No!" she lied. "And I don't wish to know anything about it."

"Quite so," he said approvingly. "That being the case, you do know all about it. The tickets are to be sold by the one hundred perfectly beautiful girls in New York. You head the list."

She turned her face to him, a sneer on her lips; but, before she could speak, he said apologetically:

"I know it isn't a subtle compliment. It happens to be a fact. There is going to be tremendous pressure brought to bear on me for places on the corps. I tell you this because your best friends will drive you crazy asking you to use your influence with me. People always decry favoritism—and always expect favors. I'd do anything for you; but I can't have any but perfectly beautiful ones. I simply can't!"

She looked at him with irrepressible interest. Then, remembering her position, she said coldly:

"Will you leave now and never come back?"

He went on so imperturbably that she felt like shaking him:

"It is going to make enemies for you. That will be your first payment for being famous. Remember, you have been chosen Number One of the perfectly beautiful hundred because God made you what you are, and not because you are my wife——"

"I am not!"

"——to-be. You didn't allow me to finish. Tell your friends you can't. If they continue to pester you tell 'em flatly you won't! And, for heaven's sake, don't use the photograph of your pearls any more, or the Crane portrait. Use the picture that magazine had last week; or get some fresh ones and give La Touche an order to supply 'em to the reporters. They won't cost you a cent that way; they print his name. Good-by, Grace."

He held out his hand. She quickly put hers behind her back. His face lighted up thereat.

"Ah, you love me!" he exclaimed. "It was only a question of time, empress! And you will never know how much I love you until you realize what it costs me to go away from here unkissing, unkissed, and yet without regrets! But some day"—he paused; and then, with a hunger that made his voice thick—"some day I'll eat you!"

He walked out. She made an instinctive movement toward him, but checked herself. As he left the room she confronted the mirror and looked at herself. It brought the usual mood of kindliness. She rang for Frederick.

"The motor—at once!" she ordered; and went upstairs to telephone. If the reporters had to use photographs she could not stop them.

Ten minutes later she had kindly given La Touche, the photographer, eighteen poses. La Touche thanked her, with the perfervid sincerity of a man whose irreducible minimum is forty-eight dollars a dozen. Then he asked anxiously:

"In case the reporters ——"

"I suppose they'd get them anyhow." She spoke cynically.

"Not unless they stole 'em," he denied dignifiedly. "We should never give any out without your permission. But of course they'd use snapshots, which are not always—er—artistic."

Remembering that she had been snapped when she had a veil on, and also with her mouth open, as all mouths must be in active speech, she said to him in a bored tone:

"It doesn't interest me."

"Thank you, mademoiselle! Thank you!" effusively exclaimed the artist. "It is no wonder ——" She turned on him a cold, haughty stare. He was all confusion. "Pardon! I—I—Monsieur Rutgers ——" he stammered. "I—I —— He ——"

She left the shop, a vindictive look in her wonderful eyes. She hated H. R. Was she merely the advertised vulgarity of that unspeakable man whom her family, so foolishly, had not jailed? What had he made of her? She might not mind being called beautiful by the newspapers, but

"I could kill him!" she muttered between her teeth.

The photographer's liveried flunky on the sidewalk opened the door of her motor. Nine pedestrians, two of them males, stopped.

"That's Grace Goodchild!" hissed one of the women tensely.

"See her?" loudly asked another.

In the time consumed between the opening of the door of the car and her taking her seat eleven New Yorkers gathered about the automobile.

"Home!" she snapped angrily.

The photographer's flunky stepped away to tell the chauffeur. Instantly a young man's head was thrust through the window of the car. Behind him crowded a dozen disgusting beasts—female!

"You're a pippin!" came from the young man's face, a foot from her own. She shrank back. "Say, he's right! I wisht I was in his ——"

Then the motor started and nearly—but alas! not quite—decapitated the loathsome compatriot. If this was fame she didn't wish any of it, she decided.

"I hate him!" she said to the cut-glass flower holder. "He has given me this absurd notoriety and —— What delays us?"

She looked out the window. They had halted at Thirty-fourth Street. Presently the traffic policeman's whistle blew. The motor started again.

She looked at the policeman. He instantly touched his cap to her. And she saw, also, that he nodded eagerly to his mounted colleague across the street.

The man on horseback also saluted her militarily. She bowed to him; she had to, being well-bred. She also smiled. She was of the logical sex.

"Nevertheless, I hate ——" But she left her thought unfinished in her quick desire to lie to herself.

"The policeman must know papa," she said aloud, to show H. R. what she thought of him.

And that made her wonder what H. R. had up his sleeve now. What did he mean by saying that her troubles were only beginning and that soon she should feel the heavy price of fame?

She almost ran up to her room, pretending not to hear the voices of her tea-drinking friends in the Dutch Room. In her boudoir she quickly read all the newspaper clippings. She learned all about the Mammoth Hunger Feast, because—this being the second time—she now read intelligently instead of looking for a certain name.

If H. R. could do all he said he could he would be a wonder! And he was a very clever chap anyhow. Her father must be wrong. This was no discharged bank clerk speaking before the best element.

Her father himself could never get the newspapers to say about him all the nice things they said about H. R. And Bishop Phillipson, and the fathers of girls she knew and people she had heard of, and painters and novelists, were helping H. R.

"He is clever!" she admitted, and smiled. Then she decided: "But if he makes me ridiculous ——" And she frowned. "I could kill him!" she said calmly, as befits a Christian assassin.

That desire compelled her to think of H. R. and of what he had said, from their first meeting at the bank. He had said much and had done more. In the end she spoke aloud:

"I wonder whether he really loves me."

A knock at the door was the only answer. A servant came to tell her that Mrs. Goodchild wished her to know they were waiting for her downstairs in the Dutch Room.

"Very well," she said to the servant. To herself she said firmly: "Even if he loves me, and is everything he should be, I can never marry a man who has made me feel like a theatrical poster!"

Her determination was adamantine. To break it H. R. must be more than clever.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WAR ORDERS

Continued from Page 18

Probably our peaceful foreign trade is now in the way of increasing, though the latest official returns do not show it. Business in South America was as extensively prostrated by the war as in any of the warring nations, because South America has always depended on the belligerents for capital. Three big loans to South American governments were in process of negotiation in Europe when war was declared. Of course the negotiations immediately stopped.

Moreover, South American exports to Europe were cut to a mere fraction of normal proportions. For a time, broadly speaking, South America was in no position to buy anything from anybody, and we were too busy with the financial troubles that war devolved on us to give any help.

Last winter, however, a syndicate of American banks floated an Argentine loan of fifteen million dollars. At this writing a further loan of fifty million dollars appears to have been virtually agreed on. Now, it is quite certain that whoever supplies South America with the capital she needs, and can also supply her with the goods she needs, on tolerable terms, will get her trade. England and Germany have long recognized that. It is very significant that, though the London money market was closed to Argentina when she wanted fifteen million dollars last winter, English bankers, with the consent of the government, will take half of the new fifty-million-dollar loan. In short, notwithstanding her own immense need of capital, England is unwilling to shut Argentina out of her money market—knowing that about in proportion as South America looks elsewhere for capital it will look elsewhere for goods.

Moreover, though we are not selling more to countries outside of Europe, we are buying a little more from them, or were in March. Our imports from non-European countries increased by ten million dollars. It is true that this is largely a war product. As a result of war we are exporting a good deal of refined sugar; so our imports from Cuba—mostly sugar—were larger by ten million dollars in March of this year, and this equals the total amount of our increase in non-European imports. But, while our imports from Brazil, India, Japan and Mexico decreased, our imports from Argentina increased more than a hundred per cent. All trade is finally a matter of give and take. If we can buy more from South America or lend her more money, in the long run we can sell her more goods.

The Low Rate of Exchange

Of course this little item of a six-million-dollar increase in imports from Argentina—especially as imports from Brazil fell off three millions—is a very small straw. Yet our increasing ability to finance South America and the steps already taken for closer financial relations are a fair augury of an increased sale of American goods down there sometime in the future.

On the financial side this war trade has been a great and positive advantage to us. A year ago we were selling abroad only about as much goods as we were buying which meant that we were going in debt to Europe on current account, because we always have freight and interest bills to pay over there; in fact, when war broke out we were considerably in debt to Europe on current account. There was such a demand for funds to meet the debt that foreign exchange went to unheard-of figures. There was a short time when a man, in order to pay four dollars and eighty-six cents in London, had to hand over seven dollars in New York. Even a week later it took five dollars and a half in New York to get a credit for four dollars and eighty-six cents in London.

All that has been radically changed. In February and March our exports exceeded our imports by more than three hundred million dollars—which meant that Europe, or the Allies, were rapidly going into debt to us. Credit on London is so superabundant that you can get four dollars and eighty-six cents there by paying down a fraction under four dollars and eighty cents in New York; and that condition has prevailed for many weeks.

Secretary Redfield estimates that the favorable balance of trade for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth will reach a billion dollars; to which probably must be added the hundred million dollars or more that American tourists usually carry abroad. A huge credit on current account is piling up in our favor; and this is a great advantage. France and Russia have already established large credits in New York, and England, at this writing, is believed to be about to follow their example. Virtually those governments are borrowing money here with which to pay for foodstuffs and war supplies. No doubt, so long as the war lasts, the credit in our favor will pile higher.

How it will be paid is, of course, an open question. At the beginning of the war several billion dollars' worth of American bonds and stocks were held in Europe—largely in England, Holland and France. Our stock exchanges were closed principally to prevent foreign holders from unloading on us. So Europe may settle her current debt to us by simply selling us our own bonds and stocks.

All restrictions on trading on the New York Stock Exchange were removed on the first of April. Since then that has been an absolutely free market. Up to the torpedoing of the Lusitania prices of stocks and bonds rose considerably, and any European who wished to realize on his American securities was free to do so. There was some selling from Europe, but nothing resembling a rush to unload. The quantity sold was small in comparison with the quantity of American securities held abroad. There were those who argued that, for a long time to come, American securities would look pretty good to a European.

Bank Acceptances Coming In

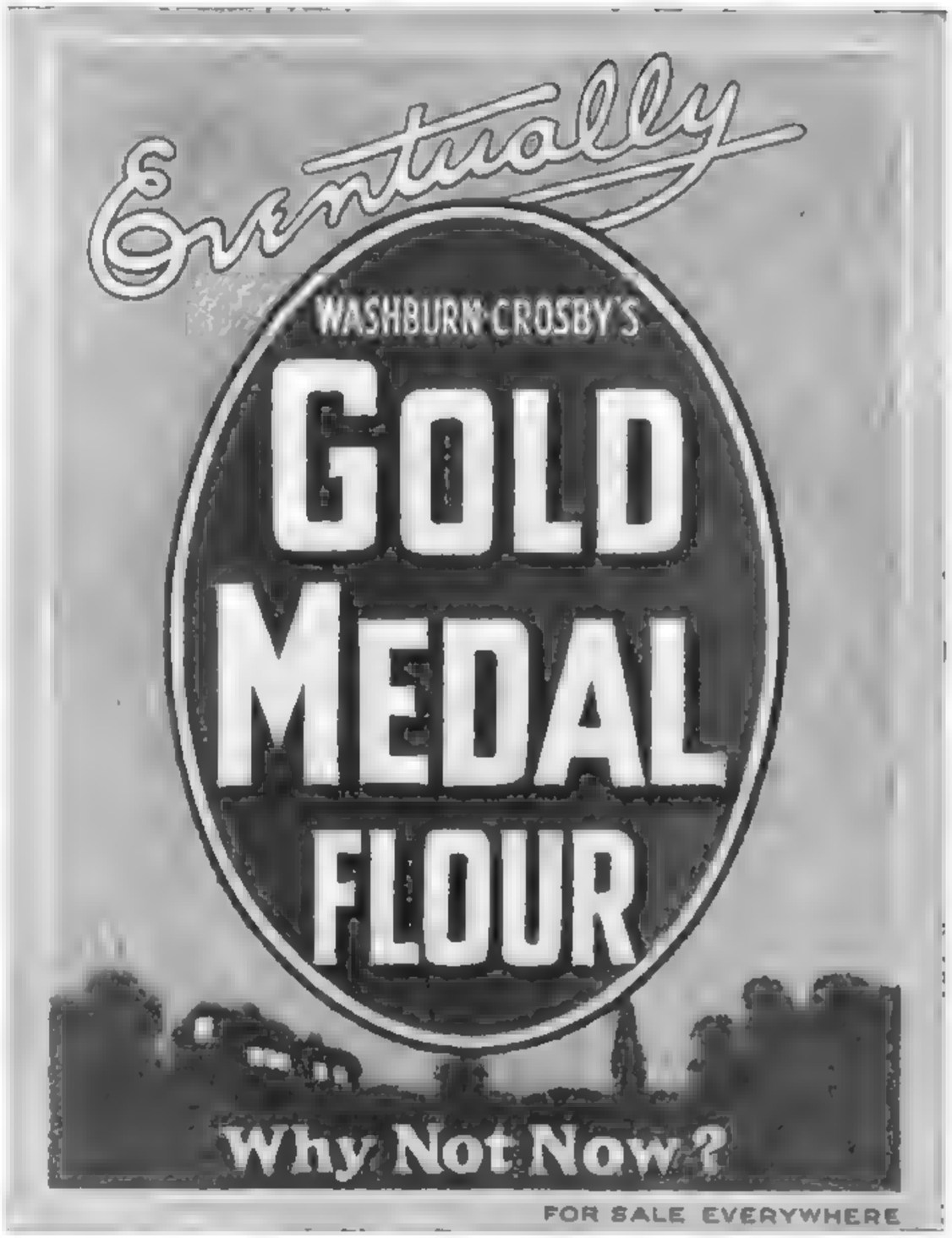
What will finally happen in that respect is anybody's guess; but the big current credit strengthens our gold stock and bank reserves, giving us by that much a freer hand in dealing with other countries. Our financial condition is improving, while that of our chief competitors is—in fact, if not exactly in appearance—steadily deteriorating. Only an excitable imagination could see New York supplanting London as the world's financial capital in six months; or, in an even longer period, a complete reversal of the position of the United States from that of a debtor nation to that of a creditor nation. The latter operation would involve a favorable trade balance—not of one billion dollars, but probably of six or seven; yet we are evidently moving in the direction of both the above consummations.

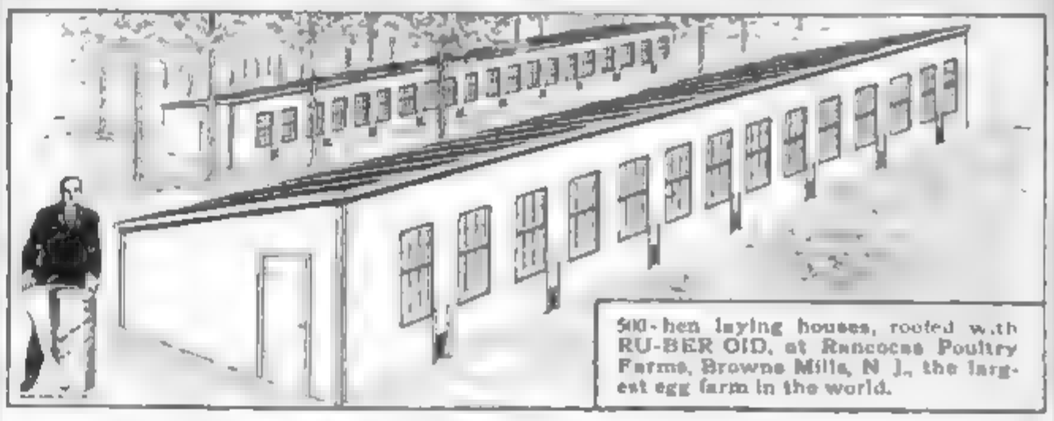
International payments that were formerly made in London are now made in New York. International exchange in dollars and cents instead of pounds and shillings is beginning—a little—to appear. Bank-accepted bills of exchange are becoming known in Wall Street. A recent statement showed over a hundred million dollars outstanding in these instruments.

Formerly, to illustrate, when an American importer bought coffee in Brazil he made arrangements whereby a London bank accepted—or guaranteed payment of—a bill of exchange drawn on him for the cost of the coffee. This bank-accepted bill could always be discounted in the London market at a very low rate of interest—usually about three per cent a year—because the Bank of England would always rediscount it, thus making it, less the discount, equivalent to cash. Until the Federal Reserve Banks were established we had no banking machinery to handle that sort of paper—which, however, was the chief instrument for financing international trade.

It is true that our bank acceptances, so far, have mainly been a product of our war trade instead of our peaceful trade. They are mainly based on exports instead of on imports; but, though this is a reversal of the normal use of bank acceptances, the fact that the chief instrument for financing foreign trade is coming into use here is promising.

Current events make New York weigh heavier in international finance, and London, Paris and Berlin weigh lighter. How far that shifting of balance will go is a subject for academic speculation rather than practical statement. It is entirely possible, for example, that war will finally force England, France or Germany, or all three, off a gold basis. All three have much more gold in their central bank reserves than they had a year ago; but they also have outstanding a far greater amount of central





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In addition to the wonderful oil-proof quality, the skid-killing Vacuum Cup tread, the *full season guarantee*, we are building in for 1915 a special *puncture-proof* 15½ oz. fabric, as strong as is used in most Ford size auto tires. Just making the best *better.*

And this new line—three distinctive designs—three popular levels of price—each of a quality that has absolutely amazed the trade—the

★THREE ★ STAR★
LINE OF
BICYCLE TIRES

1. The "Sturdy Stud"—Oilproof like V. C's, and thoroughbred through and through. 2. The "Triple Tread"—a superb performer in hard service—and 3. The "Success"—a looker, a do-er and a laster. Just see this line—that's all.

And here are the proudest tires alive for the long, hard, speedy grind of the motorcycle—

VACUUM CUP
Oilproof
MOTORCYCLE TIRES

They're regular V. C. automobile tires in motorcycle sizes—they're guaranteed for 5,000 miles and are doubling that in average service. The clinging vacuum cups save many a spill on the slippery curve.

And at a price made possible only by a direct factory-to-dealer selling plan come

STURDY STUD
Oilproof
MOTORCYCLE TIRES

Further words are unnecessary when we tell you that *we guarantee* Sturdy Studs for

4000 Miles

a remarkable distance at the price.

Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pa.
Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada
An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy

A School on a Farm

where boys learn by doing. Actual contact—under competent instruction—with the tilling of the soil, growing and harvesting of crops on a 670-acre farm. Put the whole boy to work where he will get the "how" as well as the "why." Shops, work with tools and animals, deep woods, a beautiful lake, tramps, boating, bathing, sports, right associates, with an exceptional school and camp equipment—just the thing the city boy most needs—vigorous, healthful out-of-door life in the sunshine. Substantial buildings, beautiful grounds. No other school like it. The Summer Camp Season opens June 22nd. Get catalog and particulars from THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL, Edward A. Rumely, President, Rolling Prairie, Ind.

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AN IDEAL FORM OF INVESTMENT

is an account with this large, safe bank at 4% compound interest, for the reason that your principal is always available and cannot depreciate in value. Send today for Booklet "M," explaining our system of receiving deposits by mail.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 50 CAPITAL & SURPLUS $3,000,000.00 MILLION DOLLARS.

bank notes and deposits payable in gold. There are various other liabilities, such as the Bank of England's agreement to make advances at any time to holders of the first big war loan, and the circulating notes of the special war-loan banks in Germany.

The situation in the latter country is not entirely clear. The Imperial Bank has gained some two hundred and sixty million dollars in gold reserve since the beginning of the war—evidently gold that was partly withdrawn from circulation, from the tills and pockets of the people, and has been supplanted by paper money. This gold horde makes an imposing appearance, but the liabilities against it are also imposing. Should one or all of these countries be forced off a gold basis, New York would probably gain in relative financial weight—unless a copious unloading of American securities forced us off a gold basis also.

In view of what has happened since August it would be reckless to say that insolvency of one or all of the belligerents, though improbable, is not possible. To date they have borrowed for war purposes ten billion dollars. Judging from the experience of England and France, the cost of the war has not only pretty steadily outrun estimates but seems to be rising all the time. Great Britain's bill was recently stated by Lloyd George at ten million five hundred thousand dollars a day.

Aside from the inevitable waste of war, there is much incidental waste in these expenditures. Supplies of all sorts are bought at high prices. In the urgency for prompt delivery economy is left behind. Probably contractors are not always too scrupulous or inspectors too rigid. The London Statist remarked the other day:

"The first thing requisite is to bring pressure to bear on the War Office to put a stop, once for all, to extravagance and waste. Everybody who keeps his eyes and ears open is aware of the stories that are going about of what is being done. If necessary the matter should be brought before Parliament, and urged so strongly that the present disgraceful state of things cannot go on."

A Patriotic Chairman

Rumor puts profits to manufacturers on war orders placed in this country all the way from twenty to fifty per cent. That English manufacturers were making big profits on war business was generally believed. It was partly for the purpose of limiting manufacturers' profits that the government took control of munition factories. Reporting the annual meeting of a great English manufacturing concern, the London Economist recently said, with no intention of humor:

"The chairman made an eloquent appeal to the workmen to put patriotism above all other considerations. He also recommended a final dividend and bonus, bringing the distribution to shareholders for the year up to twenty-two and a half per cent."

It was a suspicion of great profits to shareholders that led the Miners' Federation to demand an increase of twenty per cent in wages. Quite apart from shareholders' profits, however, the war, by raising the prices of food, and so on, has tended to raise wages. Thus, the London Economist's index numbers show that from June to March prices of cereals and meats advanced nearly fifty per cent, and of other food products twenty-five per cent. On the basis of increased cost of living workmen are demanding and receiving higher wages.

Probably, then, war will tend to become more expensive the longer it lasts. On the most cheerful assumption as to when the war will end, the belligerents will have to raise several billions beyond the ten already borrowed, which will be no light task. On the least cheerful assumption wholesale insolvency would be a contingent factor that everybody would be bound to take into account.

The war orders have given us a financial advantage that has been of very high importance for the time being. Big exports have forestalled gold shipments, thrown foreign exchanges in our favor and cheered the national mind.

The domestic situation is much better; but, as yet, we have gained no peaceful—which means permanent—foreign trade. And war orders on this scale are the result of a condition so essentially insane that no nation can sit down and count on enduring profit from it, as was sharply brought to mind by the Lusitania episode.

If Your Summer Vacation is not yet in sight

Write to us. Thousands of young folks will stay at home this summer just because they feel that they cannot afford the outlay necessary to cover the expenses. Hundreds paid for such trips last summer with money earned through

The Curtis Plan

Most of these will do so again this year.

If you are willing to look after the local subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, we will pay you a liberal commission upon each order forwarded besides a monthly salary. Why not try it? You can't help making money if you have an occasional hour at your disposal.

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Pronounced Klee-ko

GINGER ALE

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Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is an excellent Summer drink for women and children. It is a splendid basis for mixing with all sorts of other drinks—try it with grape juice, raspberry or other fruit flavors.

Two large glassfuls in each bottle. It holds its life and sparkle for a full hour after bottle is opened

Good Grocers and Druggists recognize its popularity with the best class of trade. Buy it by the case.

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New York Office, 100 Hudson Street
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CLICQUOT CLUB BEVERAGES:
Ginger Ale
Root Beer
Lemon Sour
Orange-Phosphate
Birch Beer
Sarsaparilla

Summer Profits Pay for 4 Years in College

HILDING C. ANDERSON of Washington has paid for a four-year course in the University of Minnesota with money earned during summer months. Last summer his work as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* netted him $846.30. He writes:

"This spring I am finishing my fourth year in college on Curtis subscription money. I expect to get my bachelor's degree in June and write to thank you for the generous salary and commissions which you have paid me. Without these it would have been impossible for me to have had these years in college."

The same opportunity which enabled Mr. Anderson to make good is open to you.

Educational Division, Box 920 **The Curtis Publishing Company** *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 15)

Rhode Island, and a handful of advertisements of photographers' supplies, and a little blue envelope with a thumb mark on the corner that looked [illegible] Kibbee had held it very tight on the way to the R. F. D. box. And it contained the mysterious note which figures in the tragedy.

It had no date and no beginning, but just started off with the big bold handwriting of a girl who gets into a saddle without help and has always had everything she wanted.

"I'm going away for three weeks, Everett dear," she said. "I'm glad papa told you that I told him that I love you. I've written too many 'thats,' but you know what I mean. You always understand me so perfectly! I've got some plans. So don't you worry. I always have my way. Your C. K."

Perhaps somebody might have gotten some satisfaction out of a note like that. Max tried. He pressed the paper to his lips and drew in a long breath. He read it over and over, trying to make out what it meant, but the more he read it, the less satisfaction he got from it. He says he read it in his studio under the north light, and sitting on a three-rail fence in Bushmill's field, and under one of the new arc lights on Main Street in the evening. And in the middle of the night he got up and lit a match and read it. But he couldn't make out just what it was that was wrong with that note until the next morning.

Then he saw. It came over him like the first sweep of malaria. The Maximilian blood boiled up in him. It was a blessed relief from lovesickness. There's nothing like anger to relieve a broken heart. And Max saw—clear as a September noon after a thunder shower!

"Where do I fit in?" said Max, forgetting the grand-duke-suicide feeling. "Nobody consults me. The father don't consult me. The daughter don't consult me. They've got my future all mapped out for me two different ways. Collis N. treats me as if I was something that clashed with the rest of the furniture, and Cora talks as if I was something she wanted to put in the corner to replace the old haircloth sofa. How does she know she's '*Your* C. K.'? Maybe it's time for Everett Maximilian to take a hand."

And yet he could not quite see how he could take a hand. He got out one of the negatives of Cora and held it up to the light and sighed and forgot his anger for ten minutes, and then put the picture down and the anger came up again. Then he looked at the beautiful, wistful expression of the second picture, and down went the anger. Then he put the picture back, and there was the anger again. But there was nothing he could do.

They were terrible days for him. He put the faces of our best citizens at the window to print in the hot August sun, and he was miserable. Humiliation had been added to grief. He etched the moles off noses, the wrinkles out of foreheads; he retouched eyebrows that were "strayed," and even took the spots out of subjects' clothing. He was miserable, for disgust had been added to heartache. He posed babies with the aid of a jumping-jack, and made old men look at the spot where he was snapping his thumb and forefinger, and congratulated youth on the first appearance in long pants or done-up hair. But still he was miserable, because he felt his life had been foolish as well as ruined.

At last the climax came.

He was just unpacking a new background with a weeping willow hanging over a fish-pond one morning, when a boy from the telegraph office came in with a doughnut in one hand, a night letter in the other.

The night letter was from Chicago, and Sadie Boggs at the telegraph office had already telephoned the message up to her mother, and the girl on the switchboard had "listened in" and told somebody else, before our Phirst Fotografer had had a chance to open the envelope.

"Without fail I ring my seven negatives to the button-factory office this afternoon," it said. "Row over in time to get there at three. Do not let anything interfere. C. K."

This was too much for Max. He put on his hat, went over to Marshall's drug store and ordered orange phosphate.

George Poole, who does the shaking there and last summer had mixer's cramp, was so interested he put a ladleful of crushed strawberry into the drink.

Don't Grope for Words

Give Grenville Kleiser, famous speech specialist, 15 minutes daily and

He Will Give You a Mastery of Words

No old-fashioned [illegible] of grammar to memorize. By a new, quick, easy plan you absorb the principles applied in [illegible] of teaching experience compressed into twenty intimate home lessons.

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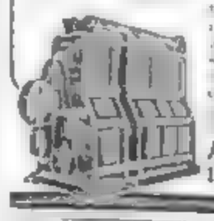
Get Into the Flour Milling Business Quick

One of the best paying [illegible] can get into a small town or rural community now is to [illegible] flour milling business. Wallace & Wyans, Sturgis, Ky., say they cleared $4,028 in seven months with this 25 barrel

"Midget" Marvel
Self-Contained Roller Flour Mill

[illegible] leased $5,[illegible] with [illegible] of a Wonderful [illegible]



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It costs very little
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You'll find one a good investment for summer style and comfort.

Ask your dealer for a "No-wate" in our new "Tropical Twist" fabric and you'll look better and feel better all summer.

Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, automobile and golf apparel.

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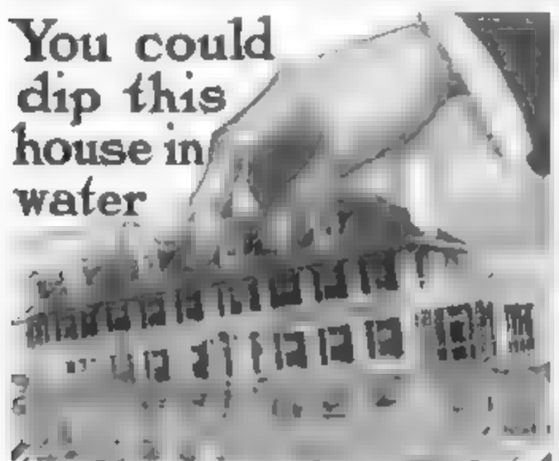

You could dip this house in water

Stucco, concrete or brick walls absorb much water, becoming damp, unsanitary and disfigured. But they can be waterproofed and beautified with

TRUS-CON
STONETEX
APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

A liquid cement coating which becomes an inseparable part of the wall, sealing all pores and filling haircracks. Hard as flint. Dampproof, weather-resisting. Gives uniform, artistic color. Applied to new or old walls. Furnished in a variety of pleasing tones.

It will pay you to learn about Trus-Con Waterproofing Products. Write for full information telling us your needs.

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101 Trus-Con Building, Detroit, Mich.
Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Paints

Artificial Legs and Arms

Perfect fit guaranteed at home. No amputation too difficult. 30 years' experience. Largest factory in the world. [illegible] illustrated book.

Winkley Artificial Limb Co. [illegible]
Lois Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.

"I hear that Cora Kibbee refused you seven times by mail, and now wants her letters back," said he.

Max looked mystified, but he came to after a minute and looked at the night letter again and laughed.

"The mail is quick, the telegraph's quicker, and the telephone is prompt," said he. "But the quickest line of communication in the world is from one end of Main Street in Bodbank to the other."

Poole said: "Well, it's nothing to me. I just heard it from a friend. You know how it is, especially with anything unpleasant or disgraceful like being rejected."

"Bah!" exclaimed Max. "They weren't that kind of negatives."

He didn't know how good his anger would be for him. He didn't stop to think. He was wondering whether he would row over or just disobey Cora and smash everything for good and all.

At last, however, he gathered up the seven glass plates bearing the seven charming impressions she had made upon the gelatin, and, with a thrill of delight, he hired a boat and pulled for the factory chimney on the other shore.

The August afternoon had come to its hush when he put his hand on the knob of Kibbee's office door, and he felt that the hush—the hush of the heat, of the shutdown factory, of the fallen breeze and even of the buzzing flies—was the same hush that came over him when he found himself staring at the beautiful head and shoulders of Cora Kibbee, gracefully seated before her chunky father, and leaning back against the varnished, matched-board wall.

"Well, come now!" said Collis N. "This is not a hypnotist's parlor. You said, Cora, that when he got here you'd have something to say."

The girl smiled sweetly at her father, and, turning to Max, said: "Have you brought the negatives, dear—all seven?"

The photographer undid the paper and showed them. So Cora nodded.

"Well, papa, you believe that getting what one wants is a good trait of character."

"Go on! Go on!" said the old man.

"I just want to get the situation clear, that's all," she said, and made a motion with one of her strong and perfect arms. "As I understand it, you feel that Everett's income is too small, and that there is not enough commercial value in his product. As I understand it, you do not want Everett to make love to me. You said that I might marry him in case I could get him to ask me, but, as you said it, we'd have to pay our own way. I must say that worried me a little. Yet I like my own way whenever it doesn't cause anybody pain. So I have solved the problem."

"Solved it!" yells her father.

The girl reached into a handbag on the table and produced a typewritten sheet.

"I'm twenty-one and I have been making some contracts," she said, wetting her lips. "My attorney in Chicago assures me that the property in my likeness is mine."

She stopped and sighed.

"I now read you the first contract," said she. "It is with the Gardenmint Chicle Company of Akron, Ohio; Chicago Offices, Mobile Building: 'I, Cora Kibbee, subject to the other terms of this agreement, do hereby sell, transfer and convey, with all copyrights and property in and exclusive rights to use for advertising or other purposes in connection with the Gardenmint Chicle Company, its wrappers, advertising display-cards, cartons, boxes, or containers, a certain negative and photographic prints or reproductions therefrom by whatever process, described as a portrait of myself, the consideration therefor being the sum of —' Well, it's quite a sum!"

"Wow!" gasped Max.

"Wait a minute, dear," she went on. "That's not the only one. The total is quite a year's income. Here is the contract for the one where I'm smelling that old pond lily. That was sold to the Northwestern Art Calendar Company."

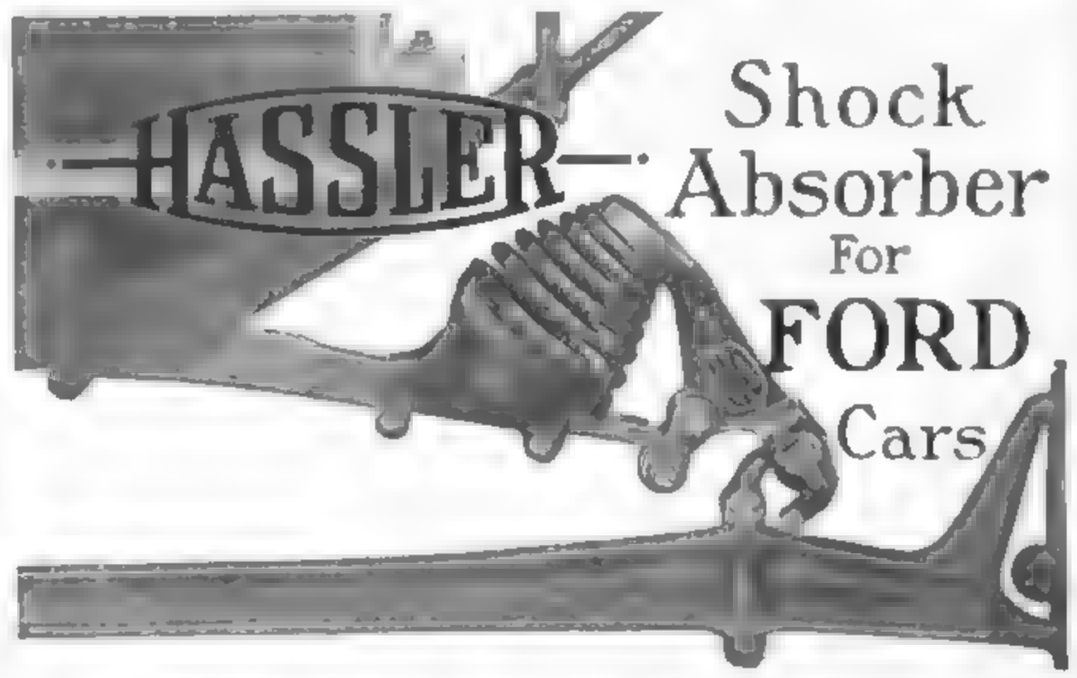
"Who else?" exclaimed the old man with his eyes wide and his lips parted.

"I signed up with the Russo-American Soap Corporation, papa," she said. "Then there is the Rosiposio Cigar Company of New York City."

The two men stared at her.

"Papa, dear," said she, "at the risk of being common, I want to ask you, do I hold the cards?"

Maybe old Collis N. Kibbee would have said something then he'd been sorry for. Who can tell? He might have caved in. He never got a chance.



Patented Lever with STOP, holds down LEAF SPRING and prevents UP THROW. No other Shock Absorber does this.

The large conical springs do not support the direct weight of the car. Hassler patented lever construction in combination with the regular leaf springs gives absolute riding comfort—eliminates whipping about, tossing and side sway—saves tires—protects the motor from jolts and jars.

Two years of successful usage among thousands of satisfied owners have proved Hassler superiority for—

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$20 for set of 4

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DEALERS—Let us explain our exclusive territory and trial proposition. This agency will prove a very profitable, permanent and satisfactory addition to your business. We protect you.

Robert H. Hassler, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.
Not Sold Through Jobbers—Write Factory or Your Nearest Distributor

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[illegible] Newark, N. J.
Hebert & Arnot, San Francisco, Cal.
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Stop The Hole

Small holes and cuts let water and sand work in. Sand blisters form. The water rots the tire fabric and you have a Blow-Out—then an expensive repair—or a new tire.

You can save your tires, save repair bills, increase your mileage and prevent tire trouble by vulcanizing the small cuts and holes with a Shaler Vulcanizer, and keep your tires in perfect condition all the time.

SHALER
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will repair any cut, rip, tear or hole in either casing or tube, in a few minutes, and make the repair the strongest part of the tire. The Shaler is the only vulcanizer that has Automatic Heat Control. It must vulcanize just right, and can't undercure or overcure a tire. A boy can operate it.

Shaler Vulcanizers are made in a great variety of sizes and types—Electric, Gasoline, Alcohol and Steam, for every requirement of public and private garages. Shaler Tube-Kit (for vulcanizing tubes) $2. Ford Kit (for Ford Owners) $2.75—Vul Kit (to carry in tool box for roadside repairs to tubes and casings)—(Shown in illustration) $3.50; Model D (Electric equipment for private garage) $12.50, N. P. R. (for Public Garages and Repair Shops) $[illegible]. Sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

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Save The Tire

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MOTOR CAR

The car might have beauty without comfort, or comfort without either beauty or economy—but when owners find all three combined in a high degree it is easy to understand their extraordinary enthusiasm.

The maintenance cost is a source of real satisfaction to the owner. The consumption of gasoline is light and the tire expense is reasonable because the size of the tires is right for the weight of the car.

The motor is 30-35 horsepower
The price of the car complete is $785
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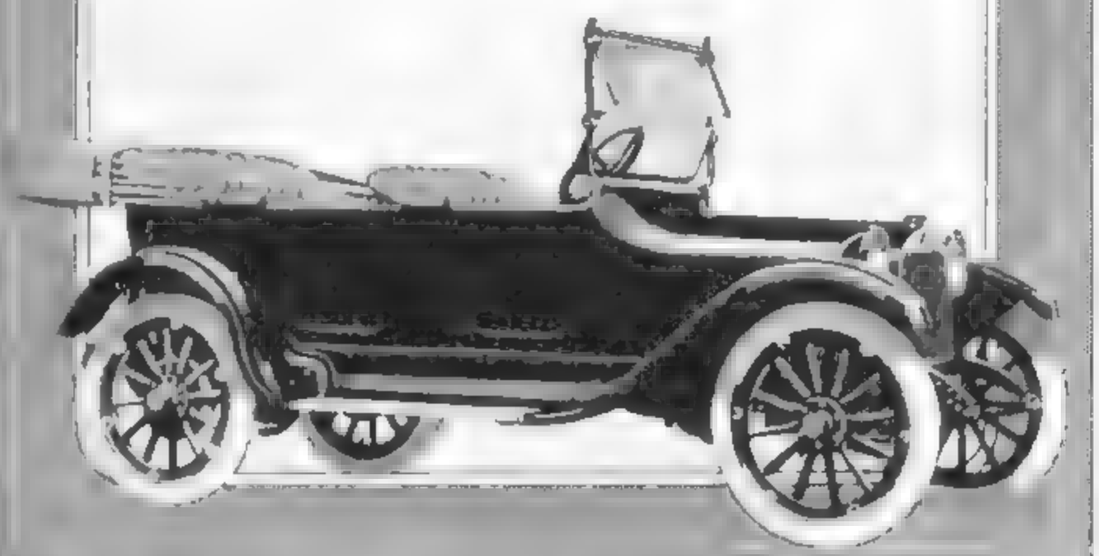
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



The Maximilian had begun to rise in Max. It rose up and up, and turned the photographer red and then turned him white. But just about that time he was ready, and when he spoke it was in the cold and kindly voice, the drawling, half-tender and death-and-taxes voice of a New Englander.

"Well, no, Cora, you don't hold the cards," said he. "I love you with everything there is in me, and ordinarily I'd die for you, and as a usual proposition I couldn't see how I could get along without you. You've known I've loved you. But your father came over and said some slighting things to me, and I don't approve of him, as I see things just this minute. I hope I'm wrong, but I don't approve of him as a father, because the business he came over to transact with me should have all been done direct with you, or not at all. I don't approve of him as a father-in-law, because he makes buttons by boring holes in clam shells, and they're not very good buttons anyhow."

About that time old Collis N. had hard work to keep his eyes from falling out onto the table; but Max was cool.

"And as for you, dear," he said, "you have your faults too. One of them is believing that you can always have your own way. More than that, you might be more thoughtful. If you had, you'd have seen that it would not do to hold these contracts over anybody's head. Above all, if I ever marry you I will have a hand in the matter. You'll consult me about our affairs. I'm not a second fiddle, as it were. I may look so, but I am not. When I go aboard any ship with you I'll be the skipper and you'll be the mate. But you spoke of holding the cards, dear. That was an error."

With that he gave the negative with the pond lily a toss so that it sailed out the window, sealed through the air a second, and then broke on the blue limestone rocks below, the way a jet of sparkling water would dash into smithereens.

"I don't want you to think that if we were married I'd want to be the boss," said he, skimming a second of the negatives through the opening. "Only I should want to be in the firm."

He held the wistful negative up to the light and let it fly, and followed it with the beautiful picture of Cora looking upward. They made a nice liquid waterfall.

"You should have talked with me about this plan of yours, dear," he said. "If you had, I would have told you that it was not wise for you to go about contracting with soap companies. My Aunt Faith in Quidnick, Rhode Island, would wonder what sort of a family I was marrying into."

And he tossed the picture with the happy smile so far that it cut the water of the river and made a "gloog!" as it sank.

"Well," said he as he threw the last, "I must be rowing back. Heaven knows I love you, Cora, and I think if your father and I knew each other better we'd scrape along. But if there is anything more to be said or any other arrangements to be made it will have to be in my studio, my photographer's studio, the studio of Everett Maximilian, the Bodbank photographer."

He bowed very low, and that's the way he said good-by.

Never were there two more astonished people in the state of Iowa. Father and daughter stood side by side in the window of the office at the button factory and watched him row away. They didn't speak. After a long time they went and sat down on opposite sides of the office table.

By and by, when they were sitting there, old Collis N. says he heard some little thing drop on the table. He looked up and saw Cora had bent her head, and there was a little round wet spot on the table about the size of a dime. It was a tear.

So old Collis got up and took a quarter out of his pocket, gave it a spin and slapped it down.

"Heads or tails?" said he.

"What's it for?" asked Cora with a break in her voice.

"To see which one of us has to row over to Bodbank and bring Max back," said he.

"Heads," whispered Cora.

"Heads it is," said the old man. "Well, I've got to go."

"You go!" exclaims the girl. "*You* go? No, *I* go. Didn't I win?"

Rufe P. Holland scratched the ears of his old fool yellow dog.

"Awful hot," said he, mentioning the night. "And to be frank and straightforward about it, tragedy is rare among plain folks. It's found mostly on monarchs."

White Lead Wards Off the Effect of Age

This "Old Assembly House" in Salem was already up in years when Washington and Lafayette [illegible] Oct 29, 1784. Passing time has dealt gently with the old hall, and so will time to come, for it is kept painted with weatherproof

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Boston Garter

No Rubber in Leg Band
Weighs only ½ an Ounce

No needless material goes into this OPEN TRIANGLE garter. This means COMFORT without bulk, STRENGTH without weight, and constant sock SMOOTHNESS

If your dealer is [illegible] we'll [illegible] single grip mercerized [illegible] silk, 50c; double grip, mercerized, 35c, silk, 50c.

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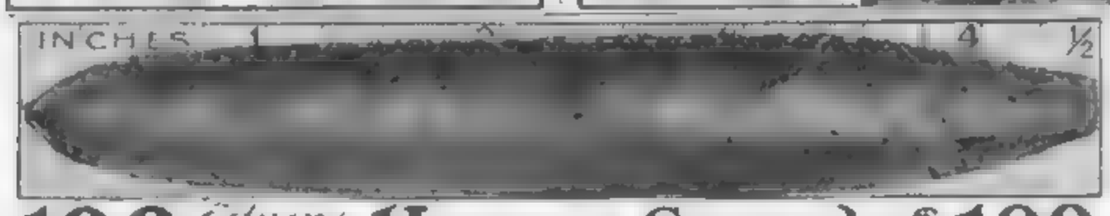

100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $1.90
From Factory Direct To YOU By Ex or Parcel Post Prepaid

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our high priced cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Customers call them "Diamonds in the Rough." All 4½ inches long. Only 100 at this "Get Acquainted" price. Money cheerfully refunded [illegible] Mention strength when ordering. Our references, Dun or Bradstreet's or any Bank.

To each purchaser of 100 Edwin's Genuine Havana Seconds, we will, for 60c extra, send Edwin's SAMPLE CASE containing one sample cigar each of our 12 Best Sellers—all Bargain Values—priced up to $4.00 per 100. Include this in your order—it's the biggest sample value ever offered.

EDWIN CIGAR CO., Genl. Mgrs. — Cigars Acquainted — 2338-2342 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK
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$500,000 Added This Year

To Better Goodyear Tires

Goodyear Records:
2-Year Price Reductions
45 Per Cent
Yearly Cost of Extras
$1,635,000

This is a day of close margins in tires. There is every temptation to skimp.

On February 1st, Goodyear made another big price reduction. It was the third in two years, totaling 45 per cent, made possible by our matchless output, largely.

But mark that in Goodyears this downgrade price applies to an upgrade tire. Here are some actual figures.

$100,000 in Research

First, note this fact, please:

Each year we spend $100,000 on research and experiment. Scores of experts are employed seeking betterments. And every improvement they discover and prove is adopted.

That is how Goodyear won top place. That is how we hold that place.

$500,000 This Year

This year's improvements will add to our tire cost about $500,000. That's on the basis of present production.

That is, if we built this year's tires like last year's we could add to our profits a half-million dollars. Yet last year's Goodyears embodied the best we then knew. And they outsold, on sheer merit, any other tire in the world.

$1,635,000 Total

The total cost of our extras on this year's probable output will be $1,635,000. By extras we mean—

First, the five exclusive Goodyear features, employed by no one else.

Second, hidden extras not commonly employed, meaning extra strength and wear.

Those extras—some used by no rival, some by few—will cost us this year $1,635,000. If we omitted them we could add that to our profits. Only one or two are visible to buyers. The rest would never be missed until lessened mileage revealed their lack.

The Loss to You

Please mark this: Goodyear Fortified Tires would look like Goodyears with most of those features lacking. Tires that do lack them—all or most of them—look much like Goodyears, save in the tread. And many a tire user buys tires which lack them without knowing what he misses.

So these extras add small immediate attraction. They are given solely so that final verdicts will favor Goodyear Tires. But their omission would cost our users many millions of dollars this year.

Tires Not Alike

The moral is that tires are not alike. Men who think so—who buy carelessly—make a costly error.

The only way to get a tire like Goodyear—to get this maximum mileage and minimum trouble—is to ask for the Goodyear Fortified Tire. Some half million users have proved that worth doing. We ask you to prove it this summer.

Any dealer will supply you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Fortified Tires

Fortified Against
- Rim-Cuts—by our No-Rim-Cut feature
- Blowouts—by our "On-Air" cure.
- Loose Treads—by [illegible]
- Insecurity—by [illegible]
- Punctures and Skidding—by our double-thick All Weather tread

At Every Turn, as Always Goodyear Takes the Upgrade

DO you know a little house-mother—or a big one—whose appetite is a bit droopy in hot weather?

There's always a refreshing appeal in Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes with ripe fruits or berries—a little cold milk poured in at the side of the dish, and sprinkle the berries with powdered sugar, but *not* the golden flakes. All by themselves they have the coaxingest flavor.

There is a thought here for all of us perhaps—breakfast, luncheon or supper, or before going to bed—better than so much meat these summer days.

And remember, *please*, that you don't know corn flakes unless you know *Kellogg's*—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—with the pride of the maker to keep the delicate process *complete*.

Then too there is the *WAXTITE* package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

W. K. Kellogg

Copyright, 1915, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

WAR

(Continued from Page 7)

"No, it's not that, but —— Oh, war is too horrible! Millions of nice boys trained like football players—and then—then —— Oh, it's horrible ——"

V

STURDILY in a cold, fine rain the English troops, blond as their khaki uniforms, trudged a muddy road. They had a noise as of thunder in their ears; it was the thunder of cannon. Here and there sprawled huge rubbish heaps, the ruins of farmhouses. On the shoulder of a shell-torn slope a little wet group of crooked wooden crosses huddled. All the roadside trees were broken. They stood in tragic attitudes like maimed soldiers furiously displaying their mutilations.

As the blond English troops advanced there advanced also, by parallel ways, troops of coal-black and gigantic Senegalese, troops of brown and massive Turcos, and troops of buoyant, slender French lost in their long, loose coats.

When it grew dark, star shells, rising with clocklike regularity, illumined the dreary scene with baleful light. The roar of the guns became sharp and horrible, then it ceased altogether. Reaching their allotted places, the troops camped for the night.

They knew they were to charge at dawn, but this knowledge affected them no more than the aged are affected by the knowledge that they must soon die. As the aged keep in abeyance without difficulty the dreadful nearness of death, so the soldiers kept in abeyance without difficulty the nearness of their charge. They ate heartily. They smoked, talked, laughed. In due course, wrapped in their blankets, they fell asleep in the cold and the rain.

It was still dark when the covering cannonade began. Affrightedly the eyes of a hundred star shells, rising in the obscurity, looked down to see what was afoot. But they beheld nothing.

Terrible as uplifted battle-axes, the Turcos, in their trench far to the right, awaited in the dim, cold dawn the command to charge. They were brown and tall, massive and swift, the flower of the North Sahara, and from their dark eyes, their knit brows, their firm and cruel mouths spoke something rarer than mere bravery—spoke the love, the actual, passionate love, of battle.

The command came.

The Turcos leaped like tigers from the trench. In their short bolero jackets and their trousers cut like women's skirts they charged fiercely an empty plain of mud across which, swift, invisible and sure, death darted at them.

The French awaited the charge with a kind of angry gayety, an angry, self-contemptuous gayety which, they knew, failed to hide their nervousness. But their nervousness was not fear. It was the noble and pathetic fear of fear. It would give place, once the fight began, to that terrible *furia francese* which the sight and smell of blood enkindle in the Latin races. A lieutenant directed an encouraging smile on a slim private of nineteen who stood in an erect and martial attitude, shivering as with ague.

"It comes a little hard at first, eh?" said the lieutenant.

The boy, who had been lost in somber dreams, started as from a blow.

"*Mais non!*" he cried. "*Mais non, mon lieutenant!* I'm cold. I'm wet to the skin. That is why I am trembling."

Then the charge sounded, and the young private, leaping forward, was the first of his company to clear the trench. He was the first as well to fall. Pierced by a dozen bullets, he pitched on his head like a diver; he seemed to try for an instant to burrow with his face into the mud; then he lay still, quite still, a happy, happy soldier, his duty done.

The Senegalese were massed on the edge of a wet wood—tall young men, with shoulders no less wonderfully thick than broad, with broad, deep chests, slim waists, long, muscular legs, and small heads carried with a noble and free grace. Their whole aspect was strongly noble. With their serene, high air, born of a savage life wherein there was no inequality, no cringing, no poverty and no fear of poverty, the Senegalese might all have been young kings. But when it came their turn to charge they shied like a herd of horses. Their officers spoke to them firmly, quietly. "*Allons!*" "*Allons, mes enfants!*" And they advanced a step or two, then they shrank back.

The Senegalese were brave, no soldiers could be braver; but, like dogs, they must see the foe before their fighting blood would rise. To charge emptiness, to charge an empty plain—ah, that was new to them, that was exceedingly novel and difficult. "*Allons! En avant!*" And the officers touched them with their swords as one touches a shying horse with the whip. But the Senegalese, their eyes rolling white in their coal-black faces, wavered. They rebuked one another for wavering. They wrangled with one another in their sweet, mellow voices. "*Allons!*" And then suddenly the command rose loud and clear, and the Senegalese, bravely conquering their diffidence, charged from the wood. Tall, splendid youths, their coal-black faces ornamented with long, deep scars symmetrically traced, their coal-black hands covered with silver rings linked together by little silver chains, the Senegalese, with heads down, with shoulders hunched, bounded heavily through the mud toward the German trenches in a terrible fire of machine guns.

Captain Nugent, running unsteadily, waved his young veterans forward with a hand that clasped a revolver. A fog hung over the battlefield, and through the fog pulsed tiny, level, golden flashes as of lightning. The noise of rifles, machine guns and artillery drowned his voice. He saw dimly everywhere men falling.

Captain Nugent was conscious of an exultant hatred of the Germans and an exultant pride in his own bravery, but his dominant idea, his only real idea, was the shepherding of his men. He would get his men in good order to the trench assigned them, the trench whose entanglements had been cut last night, and, once there, he would organize the conquered position. Running unsteadily through the mud, waving his men forward with his revolver, seeing everywhere soldiers falling in a flame-shot fog, Captain Nugent thought calmly, gladly, of his duty alone.

All of a sudden he heard singing, a beautiful, impressive chorus, and beheld a body of Germans advancing in close formation with a flag. Their gray-green uniforms melted into the fog and smoke. A very halo of devotion illumined their young, broad, pale faces. But they fell at a fearful rate. Poor devils, poor devils! Singing, falling, they swept past; the fog swallowed them up.

He ran on, shepherding his men, on through a dim, faint scene—a muddy and desolate plain—rain that began to turn to snow—a fog through which pulsed golden flashes—a deafening roar and clatter—soldiers running heavily, soldiers falling, soldiers limping, soldiers crawling on hands and knees.

He saw the Germans with their flag again. Hardly a dozen were now left. Harried, bleeding, singing, they had the rapt look of young saints. But three Turcos leaped like tigers on them. The Turcos, bayonet in one hand and knife in the other, stabbed, stabbed, stabbed. It seemed they even bit. The Germans went down like babies. The Turcos got the flag.

Captain Nugent reached his trench. In it, like crabs in a basket, prostrate men in khaki struggled with prostrate men in gray. Two Germans tugged at a machine gun, and, as they swung it round, they kept throwing hurried, frightened glances up at him. He shot straight down into their upturned, pale, broad faces. Strange, strange to see them die. One dropped behind the gun, the other dropped across it.

He felt a dull blow, as from a sandbag, on the head. It sent him spinning round and round. The battle seemed to him thereafter a gray blur that resounded, like a vast drum, with fearful noise. He forgot his men, he forgot his trench. In a vast gray drum vibrating with thunderous blows he struggled dimly.

He found himself, with a gun he had picked up, struggling amongst the Senegalese. Their red fezzes had fallen off, and their topknots stood up like horns on their round, black, shaven heads. To intimidate the Germans they made horrible grimaces; they rolled their eyes up and down, back and forth, and round and round. The odds against them were cruel, but, tall, massive and agile, they kept the enemy at bay.

On your way home

stop at the nearest drug store and get a package of either

Dr.Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream

Both keep the teeth clean, the breath pure and fragrant and the mouth in a healthy condition.

You can depend on the safety of a dentifrice created by a Doctor of Dental Surgery and known and endorsed for half a century by the dental profession.

Send 2 cents today for a trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream, enough for 10 days' use. I. W. Lyon & Sons, 522 West 27th Street, New York City

Save the Free Tooth Brush Coupon in each Dr. Lyon's package.

A Typical "STERLING" Home

This is an actual photograph of the "Senator," one of the Famous Fifty Sterling Homes—eight large rooms—bath—porch and four large closets—a beautiful, modern American home—*and just as fine as it looks!*

8 Rooms and Bath $995.60

At this price we include all lumber, hardware, paint, plaster, nails, etc. (Plans and Blue Prints also.) *All materials GUARANTEED to be first quality or money refunded.*

All lumber comes *measured and cut to fit*, which saves one-half the usual labor cost. Done by *power machines* in a factory which last season produced more than 1000 handsome homes.

Erected in 27 Days!

Since every piece comes *cut* and *marked*, you can erect this Sterling Home in a jiffy—*in twenty-seven working days.* Yet no home could be more permanent or lasting

Two Years to Pay Our terms are 60 down, balance in 24 installments covering 2 years at 5 discount for cash. We are the only concern in our line who does not demand cash in full with order

Send now for our latest BOOK, "The Famous Fifty." Shows complete range of Homes from $296.50 to $2213.50. *No matter where you live or what type of Home you want, we are in position to save you money and supply you PROMPTLY.* Write to

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DELCO
ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

How often do you change your spark?

DO you change your spark every time you slow down to turn a corner?

Do you change your spark every time you step on the accelerator for a slight burst of speed?

Or do you just practically forget your spark excepting when your engine commences to knock?

Do you realize what spark regulation means in the development of power?

The average driver changes his spark when he has to do so to prevent knocking.

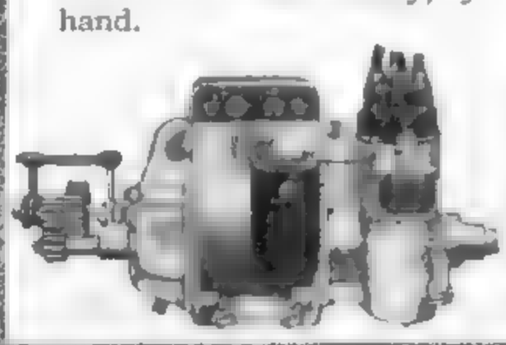
And yet, in order to secure maximum engine performance, the spark must be changed with every variation of engine speed.

Only the most expert drivers can do this accurately, by hand.

Delco automatic spark control, which is simply one feature of Delco ignition, does it automatically—and with absolute accuracy under all operating conditions.

The driver of a Delco equipped car forgets his spark lever and yet is always sure of a perfectly timed spark.

That is why Delco Equipped Cars are invariably economical in operation and unusually efficient in the development of power.



240,000 cars are now in operation equipped with Delco Cranking, Lighting and Ignition.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio

Sell Us Your Spare Time This Summer

WE need the assistance of a lot of people all over the country to look after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Thousands of men and women are doing it now, but we need more. We want representatives in every town in the country through whom old subscribers may renew and new readers subscribe.

Remember this: If you try the work for just a part of one day and then quit, you will have made *some* money.

But you won't quit, for the opportunity for turning spare time into cash will be just as apparent and attractive to you as it really has been to so many others. We will pay you in salary and commission and provide everything necessary, all without a cent of expense to you and without the least obligation on your part.

Agency Division, Box 922
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Splendid, splendid the great thrusts of their bayoneted rifles. But the odds against them were cruel, and with their queer topknots, their grimaces, their rolling eyes, their silver jewelry shining white on their black hands, they were like forlorn warriors battling hopelessly in a nightmare.

A radiant sun swooped down out of the smoky sky and burst in a hundred golden pieces before Captain Nugent's face. Something very hot struck his right leg. The leg gave way beneath him. He fell heavily on his right side.

And now he lay in tranquil meditation. The ground was covered with snow. Under the snow the prostrate figures of soldiers could be distinguished. Some lay still beneath their cold white coverlet. Others moved feebly, querulously, thrusting out leg or arm.

Very near him an unseen soldier shrieked now and then. Another soldier was crawling slowly and painfully on hands and knees toward him.

It seemed quiet and peaceful here. He felt strangely serene. At the same time—at the same time—it was a bad thing to be lying like this in the snow. And then—his wound—another bad thing—where was his wound? Ah, yes! He remembered! The leg.

Lifting his head with great difficulty, he glanced down at his leg. "Oh-h-h!" Captain Nugent moaned. His head dropped back heavily on the snow again. He became aware that he was very cold.

The chap near him shrieked.

Shivering, Captain Nugent tried to fix his mind on wholesome, elevating things—on self-sacrifice, religion, patriotism, valor—but he could think of nothing wholesome or elevating. He could think only of his leg. He shivered and moaned. That—that was his leg!

Again the shrieking. And how cold he was. His teeth clicked like castanets. He said: "I wish I was ——" But the shriek, strangely near, cut off his wish.

"I'll give you a morphine injection," a kind voice panted. Captain Nugent looked up into the face of the soldier who had crawled to him so painfully and slowly on hands and knees. He was a German. "I'll give you an injection, and I'll take one too."

With a groan the German lay down in the snow. He was a man of thirty-five, stout, with a yellow mustache.

"Better look after that shrieking chap first," said Captain Nugent.

"What!" The German frowned, then said: "But you are the shrieking chap. You didn't know it, eh? Well, that is strange. I crawled over here to help you."

The German had now got the injection ready. Propped on his elbow, he took hold of Captain Nugent's wrist awkwardly. The young man felt a slight prick, and a suave, warm wave of content flowed through his being.

"That's better, eh?" The German, settling back, groaned again. "Now one for myself." He thrust in the tiny syringe. "Ah, that's better."

The two enemy soldiers lay side by side for a long time without speaking. They were not cold now, they had no pain, nor were they unhappy. Like spirits they seemed to float serenely above their own poor, mangled bodies.

"And this is warfare," said the German. "Here we lie, mangled, freezing in the snow. We have reaped all the laurels. Well, well, it seems simple enough."

"Are you badly hurt?" Captain Nugent asked.

"I'm done for."

"I suppose I'm done for too," said Captain Nugent.

"I don't know —— If the Red Cross came —— But the battle has moved very far away from here —— And night will fall soon —— And it's going to snow again."

"I see a flake or two now," said Captain Nugent.

With incredible difficulty the German raised himself on his elbow and recharged his tiny syringe. He gave Captain Nugent a second injection of morphine, and he took a second injection himself. Then, settling down again, he murmured in a low, tranquil voice:

"Millions of us dying in the snow—dying, we think, for something beautiful, for God and fatherland—but perhaps we only die to support the mistakes and strengthen the power of a lot of old, fat, stupid, psalm-singing rulers."

His voice died sleepily away. He smiled up at the gray sky, closing his eyes to keep out the snowflakes.

"Both my hands are covered with snow," said Captain Nugent dreamily.

"Duty, honor, patriotism," murmured the German. "We are dying to support those things. But some of us know—some of us know ——"

"It's growing dark," said Captain Nugent.

The German roused himself. "Ah, yes," he sighed, "it's growing dark fast."

"I'm afraid," said Captain Nugent, "the Red Cross people won't find us."

"No," said the German, "they'll hardly find us—in the dark—under the snow ——"

He smiled, and his voice trailed off into German phrases: "Dear wife!" "Dear little Fritz!"

Night, black night, had fallen when Captain Nugent spoke again.

"I'm very sleepy," he said. And in a low voice full of profound and sorrowful significance he added: "Good night."

"Good night," said the German in the same low, mournful voice.

Their eyes closed. They lay quite still in the darkness. The snow fell lightly on their upturned faces.

VI

IT WAS like Foster Todd to propose in "romeos."

Romeos are high slippers—Mephistopheles wears something of the kind in Faust—which have long tongues rising in front and back to catch the trouser-ends in.

Foster Todd shuffled into the winter garden of the Mentone Hotel in romeos of palest yellow. His trouser-ends were caught in them, of course. But he did not know; nor would he, had he known, have cared. All his thoughts were fixed on the proposal which he was about to make to May Houghton.

She awaited him in her black gown. Her black gown brought out the delicate freshness of her full beauty and the glittering gold of her soft hair. In the winter garden, seated near an enormous window, an enormous sheet of plate glass which looked out over velvet lawns, sparkling flower beds and alleys of palms to the blue Mediterranean, May Houghton listened to Foster Todd's proposal gravely, and then refused him with a faint smile.

"But," he said, coughing, "but ——"

"No," she repeated.

"But ——"

"No."

There was a space of silence.

"I suppose you'll see Captain Nu—I mean Lord Neville—in Nice this afternoon," said Foster Todd quietly.

"Yes, I expect to see him."

"Odd about his uncle, wasn't it? The battle-field proved safer than the hunting-field."

"Yes, it proved a little safer."

Another space of silence. Two one-legged young French soldiers in their red trousers and voluminous, long-tailed blue coats—ridiculous blue coats that now have for us all a pathos and a beauty beyond expression, for how many heroes in those blue coats lie in strange, shrunken attitudes on the battle-fields of France!—two one-legged young soldiers limped in pleasant converse on their crutches past the window.

Foster Todd shuddered. "Poor little *pioupious!*" he said. "I can't look them in the face."

"But you are over thirty-eight," May Houghton objected. "Nobody expects you to enlist."

"You misunderstand me."

"Oh," said she, "are you under thirty-eight? Really? Well, then, why haven't you enlisted? Too much sacred egoism, as the Dagos say?"

What made her so cruel? Her eyes, to be sure, were fixed on the romeos. Perhaps the romeos—who knows?—maddened her.

"Why haven't I enlisted!" Foster Todd growled. "Me enlist, when my whole life is a protest against war!"

"I didn't know you'd ever done much protesting against war," said May Houghton calmly.

"I haven't done enough," he admitted. "We, the world's governors, not yet to have abolished war? No, I can't look those maimed lads in the face."

She smiled pensively.

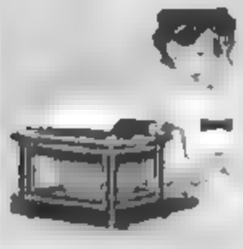
"But you don't protest against war in your war articles even now," she said. "Are you afraid, if you protested, it would make your war articles less popular?"

"No, no," he answered. "But this is not the psychological moment."

(Continued on Page 52)

Old Ways – and the NEW

Stone Age Message

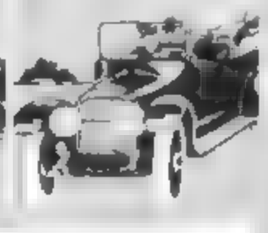


Typewriting a Letter

Flailing Wheat by Hand

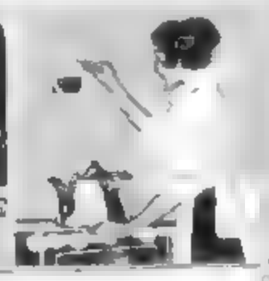
Threshing with Machine

Transportation—Horse and Drag



Seven-passenger Automobile

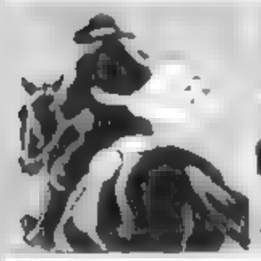
Making Fire—Rubbing Sticks



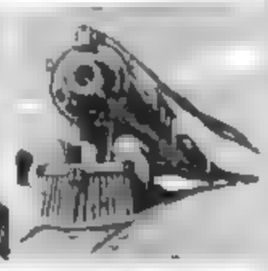
Sulphur Match

Candle Light

Electric Light



Horse Courier



20th Century Mail Train

Messenger Boy

Telephone

"Old Oaken Bucket"

Faucet

HAND-PUMPING your flat automobile tires on the road, or in the garage, is a primitive, "Stone Age" method. It's the OLD way. It's the joke of the road everywhere. To inflict on yourself and your guests such a hot, dirty, back-breaking job is an imposition. If you let your motor stand idle, while you strain and perspire with a hand-pump, why not leave the engine at home, and PUSH your car along the road?

When you bought a bicycle, twenty-five years ago, you also bought a crude hand-pump with which to keep the tires filled with air. There was no other way, then.

And now in the day of the automobile, man's most advanced achievement in transportation, some motorists still pump tires by that same old method of twenty-five years ago—*a hand-pump.*

There is a NEW and BETTER way of pumping tires that doesn't cause you backache, that doesn't make you perspire, that doesn't make you impose upon your guests.

The motor in your car can do all the hard work connected with automobiling; it now propels the car; furnishes light, also means for starting car; pumps the oil through the engine; pumps the water through the radiator; then, *why don't you also make it pump your tires?*

Surely, you think little of time, backache and tire costs if you continue to pump your tires with a hand-pump.

Let the *Stewart* Tire Pump do Your Hard Work

This is the day of efficiency.

You spend money freely at home and at the office for time and labor-savers of every nature. You *insist* on them.

Everywhere you go you pay any price necessary to enjoy all the comforts offered.

After spending hundreds or thousands of dollars for an automobile that you and your family and friends can enjoy, isn't it ridiculous to let the mountainous task of pumping tires by hand always stare you in the face every time you go out in your car?

A tire almost always "picks out" a spot to go "flat" where there is not a shade tree in sight, and where you will be the joke of all passing motorists.

You can't depend upon your extra, inflated tires. If you could, then why do you always carry a hand-pump? And don't forget that every tire must be blown up somewhere, sometime, on the road or in your own garage.

Then is when you would welcome a motor-driven Stewart Tire Pump, mounted right on the engine, requiring only the touch of a lever to do this hard work for you.

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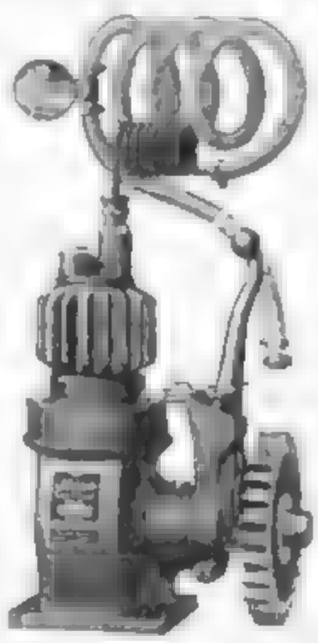

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You get your money back if not satisfied.

You can get one at any dealer's, or garage, or any Stewart Service Station or Branch. They can quickly put it on any car, old or new.

Complete with 15 feet of high grade hose, air gauge, brackets and gears.

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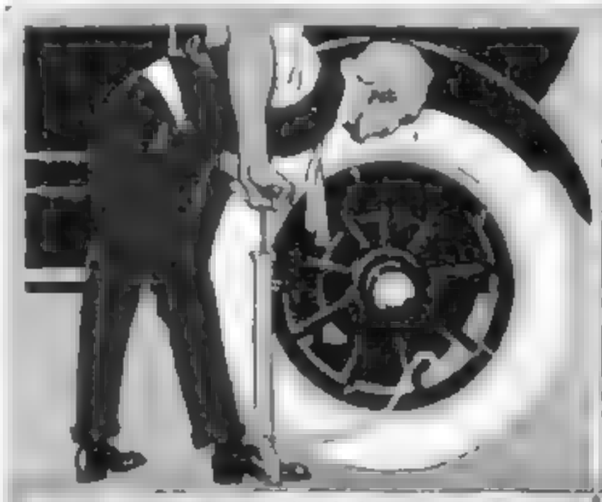

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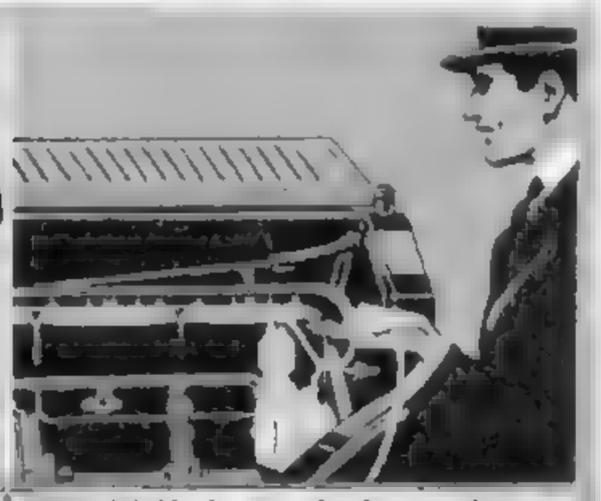

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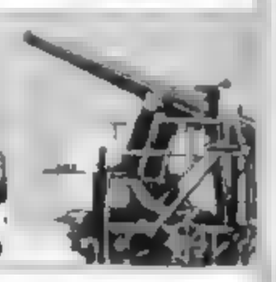
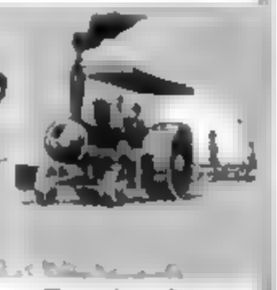
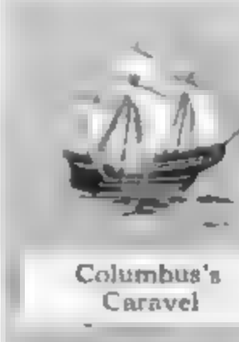


Modern Cannon

Plowing with Stick



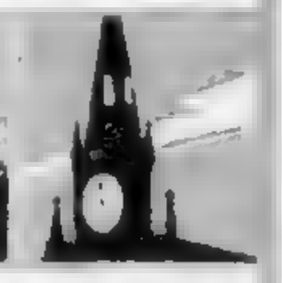
Traction Gang Plow



Columbus's Caravel

Ocean Liner

Telling Time—Sun Dial



Clock

Climbing Stairs

Elevator

Bird Flight

Human Flight—Aeroplane

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"STRAIGHTS"
CIGARETTES

It is significant that the majority of "STRAIGHTS" smokers formerly smoked Turkish brands of *higher price*. These men are experienced judges—they *know* Turkish quality—and five cents more or less in cost does not affect their selection. They prefer "STRAIGHTS" for just one reason—*quality*. This *100% Pure Turkish* cigarette gives them the greatest enjoyment and satisfaction.

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We believe that practically every tobacco dealer in the U. S. now sells "STRAIGHTS," but if you should be unable to get them, send us your dealer's name and 10c for a package of 10, or $1.00 for a package of 100. Smoke as many cigarettes as you wish, and if not satisfactory return remainder of box and we will refund your money. The American Tobacco Co., 111 Fifth Ave., New York

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10 for 10c

Cool—Stylish

Delightful and Practical for Summer

Genuine Palm Beach cloth is washable and will not shrink.

Style No. 1015, on the left, $15.00; Style No. 2000, in the center, $7.50; Style No. 414, on the right, $5.50.

Representative Dealers everywhere should be able to supply you with these models. If you are unable to secure them locally, write us for the address of a Dealer who sells these Kenyon Suits and Coats.

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(Continued from Page 50)

She nodded. She remembered absently that boots of the romeo type were worn in her own land, where some called them "congress gaiters," and others "elastic sides."

"I'll tell you why you can't look those soldiers in the face," she said. "It is because they die for their beliefs, but you won't do anything, anything, for yours."

"How do you mean?" he asked, coughing.

"Soldiers," she answered, "all kinds of people, soldiers, aristocrats, patriots, die for their beliefs. Their beliefs are wrong, but they die for them. Your beliefs, on the other hand, are right. Your beliefs might do some good. But would you die for them? No, not you! Why, you won't even advocate them in your books for fear of losing a few sales! It is only by dying for our beliefs that we move the world. But you—you and your kind—having the light, you hide it for fear of your pocket. Pah! It makes you look pretty small in days like these."

"I see how it is," hissed Foster Todd. "You have been reading Lanigan in the Authoritative. You are pounding me over the head with Lanigan's article in the Authoritative Review. How like a woman!"

She smiled and bit her lip, for it was true. She had indeed been quoting Lanigan, the banker-poet.

"How like a woman!" hissed Foster Todd again.

And he rose and shuffled from the winter garden in great anger, but the ends of his dark trousers, still caught in the yellow romeos, made his tragic exit merely ludicrous.

VII

MAY HOUGHTON descended from her car before the Palais de la Jetée, and, turning, she took Lord Neville's crutches. The young man—his leg had been amputated above the knee—got down, with the chauffeur's aid. He balanced against the car, gripping it helplessly, like a baby that has not yet learned to walk, while his eyes sought the crutches in smiling yet anxious appeal. She extended them. He fixed them under his armpits with care. Then, in the April sunshine, he limped slowly and cautiously out the Promenade des Anglais beside the American heiress.

The sky was pure and dazzling. On the green lawns of the Public Garden a hundred flowerbeds sparkled. Rosebushes were twined round the palms, strangely delicate and beautiful, the pink roses nodding against the rough brown trunks. On the left they had the blue Mediterranean, and on the right a line of splendid, ivory-colored hotels.

But all the hotels had been turned into hospitals. On their white and sun-drenched terraces, where aforetime wealth and beauty had lounged, bandaged young soldiers with horny hands now sat in slippers and broad-brimmed straw hats, their crutches propped beside them. The great halls and dining-rooms of marble and bronze, wherein rich youths and white-armed girls had feasted to the sound of music, were set with long rows of narrow beds, and in these beds hundreds of wounded soldiers suffered in patient silence.

And the promenade itself was thronged with soldiers. English soldiers in khaki, French soldiers in the new uniform of horizon-blue. They moved slowly in the pleasant sunshine. Some leaned on crutches, some on sticks. Here a Senegalese had lost a leg. There a Turco sat with both hands gone. A young French lieutenant passed on his mother's arm. Black patches covered his eyes; he had been blinded by a bursting shell.

Ah, that strange, pathetic procession, ghastly and smiling! That splendor of ruined youth! Without complaint, without question, it moved slowly on the broad promenade beside the sea, amongst the palms and flowers, in the gay Riviera sunshine.

Down the Rue Halevy swung a regiment of *chasseurs alpins*, singing. Gay blossoms, a red rose, a white carnation, were thrust into the barrels of their guns, a sign that they were off for the front. Off for the front! It was impossible to look at them without a lifting of the heart. The *chasseurs alpins*, the crack infantry of France, picked youths of strangely sturdy build, skiers and mountaineers, who could march five miles an hour all day with perfect ease! They wore canvas breeches and short canvas jackets. Their muscular, quick-striding legs were wrapped in blue puttees.

All Your Foot Troubles May be in Your Socks!

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The famous Belgian Mercedes of Europe [illegible]
the motor. From dealers or direct from us, $1.50, postpaid
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Their blue *bérets*, or tam-o'shanters, had a rakish tilt. On they swung—their admirers on the sidewalk ran a little to keep up with them on they swung in swift and supple unison, singing splendidly. "*A Marseille!*" one of them shouted from the ranks. He waved his hand. He was aflame with fierce joy, a handsome, dark lad, his *béret* pulled down over his eye. "*A Marseille! Aux Dardanelles!*" They took the curve of the Avenue Masséna and disappeared very quickly behind the Public Garden. She remembered afterward how they had each carried, strapped to his knapsack, a pair of new boots.

All those new boot-soles, turned outward as it were with complacent ostentation, caught her eye. They seemed, in the retrospect, very pathetic somehow.

A grave, silent crowd was gathered before the Hotel Ruhl. She and Lord Neville joined it. A fresh lot of wounded from the Meuse and Moselle campaign were being carried in on stretchers.

"Poor fellows!"

The wounded lay motionless upon the stretchers whereon they had journeyed, by train and ambulance, straight from the battle-field. Some were tucked under gray blankets, their faces alone visible. Others were uncovered; they still wore their uniforms; the long-tailed, loose coats were made august and beautiful by the mud and dust of actual battle which soiled them. Here a trouser, there a sleeve, had been cut away, revealing bare arms and legs bandaged in white. One soldier's head was pillowed on a thick sheaf of grass—august grass from the battle-field. Another soldier, a brown, sturdy lad, lay on his stomach, a pillow supported his chin; his arms, which hung down on either side of the stretcher, dangled and swung dreadfully as he was carried forth; and in that strange and terrible attitude he gazed straight before him with a grave, faint smile, as if lost in beautiful dreams.

Lord Neville, leaning on his crutches, nodded with a kind of grim sympathy.

"Poor devils," he said, "they've got a stiff time ahead of them! It's only the bad surgical cases that are brought here to the Ruhl. A bad surgical case—I know what that means, don't I?"

She nodded in assent. They resumed their slow walk. On the terrace of the Hotel Negresco a young man stood in the uniform of a private soldier amongst a group of wounded. He saluted smartly, and May Houghton said:

"That is Monsieur Negresco. Monsieur Negresco's hotel is the best on the Riviera. He is the Ciro of to-day. He is not rich; he is too young to be rich yet; but when the war broke out he gave his hotel to the government for a hospital, and ever since he has provided at his own expense the food of all the patients and staff. How France is loved!"

Lord Neville halted. "I'm tired," he said. "Do you mind if we rest a bit?"

"No, of course not, you poor boy."

He dropped heavily on a bench.

As he rested there, a young soldier, supported by two orderlies, hopped out upon the hotel terrace. The soldier's right leg had been amputated at the hip. A girl nurse in white walked behind him with a pair of crutches. Studying his awkwardness, Lord Neville said with a chuckle:

"A first lesson, I expect."

The young soldier with humble, grateful smiles permitted the girl to fix the crutches under his arms. Then, she always hovering beside him, he hopped up and down the terrace, while his bandaged comrades from their chairs encouraged him with good-humored jokes as he passed.

"He doesn't do badly," said Lord Neville, interested and amused. He lighted a cigarette, leaned back, and blew a cloud of smoke. "It's jolly fine, this sun. Different, eh, from lying helpless and freezing in a snowstorm?"

"But you didn't suffer," she said quickly.

"No, thanks to my German." He smiled pensively over his cigarette. "Good old German!"

"How lucky it was you were found!"

"Yes, wasn't it? After we'd both fallen asleep too."

"Your German—what was he in real life?"

"Head-waiter at the Troc, by Jove!" He laughed quietly. "Fancy, a head-waiter! He's coming to visit me after the war."

"To visit 'me'?" She bit her lip, then suddenly she turned to him with a queer, nervous smile. "You mean to visit—us!"

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The Luxurious New
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With the All-Weather Tread

Here, now, is a tire de luxe that grips the road securely and lets you take sharp curves with full speed ahead. It is big and easy-riding. It is handsome and sturdy. It's the only Motorcycle Tire with the famous All Weather Tread like that on Goodyear Fortified Automobile tires. Two rows of rugged, sharp-edged blocks are tough and extra thick so they multiply mileage and lessen the risk of puncture.

The [illegible] Blue Streak tire is the outgrowth of [illegible] Goodyear racing tires that won [illegible] tests [illegible] tires that [illegible] to [illegible] tires in [illegible]

[illegible] Blue Streaks are the sum of all [illegible] men have learned to date.

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But Lord Neville faltered in a low voice, with downcast eyes:

"No, we'll drop that, please. It's no good. For suppose you—you were mutilated—like me. Then could I—marry ——"

With tender laughter she laid her hand on his. "Ah, don't look at it like that," she said. "A woman is different from a man."

He answered doubtfully, but through his doubt hope gleamed: "Is a woman truly so very different ——"

"Yes," she assured him in a breathless whisper. "Yes, oh, yes!"

His clear, calm, grave eyes, studying hers, softened till she could almost have believed that tears suffused them.

"Well, it's wrong, it's selfish, but ——" He hesitated, then floundered on: "If you can be so compassionate and kind to a poor ——" His voice fell. "I'm none too happy, you know. Never to climb again, never to hunt, no more long tramps over the windy downs, no more ——"

But she murmured passionately, with the beautiful confidence of youth:

"I'll make you forget all you've lost."

He lifted her hand and kissed it—a humble, grateful kiss. Then for a little while, enrapt in dreams, they were silent. At last, smiling, he made as if to rise. She helped him to his feet. She set his crutches under his arms. Thus he resumed his walk; thus, with her to solace him, he took his place for life in that ghastly, smiling procession, that splendor of ruined youth, which moved slowly amongst palms and roses, beside the blue sea in the gay sunshine.

Controlling the Touch

THE distinguished British scientist, Professor G. H. Bryan, Fellow of the Royal Society, who has for nearly two years been trying to find out why it is that varying kinds of touch on the keys of a piano will give varying kinds of sound, has now announced his discovery of how it works, even though he cannot tell why. Based on his discoveries he has developed an attachment for player-pianos that enables him to control the touch in addition to the customary controls for loudness and time.

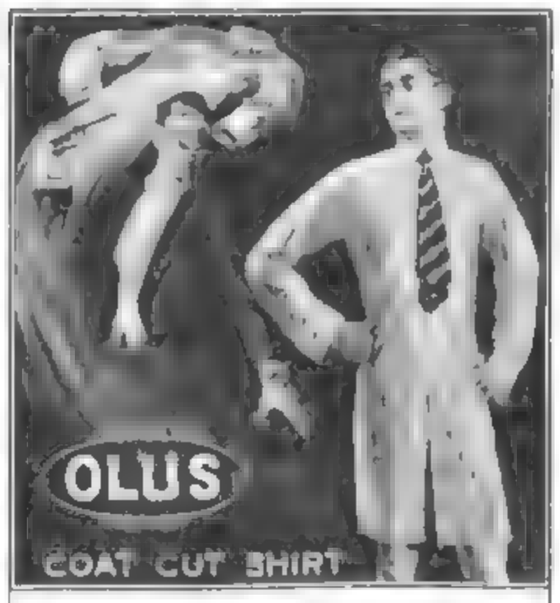
He is convinced that there is something more to touch than the mere force of a blow. The force of the blow determines the loudness of the sound in great measure, he admits, but he is in full accord with the pianists who contend that the way the blows are struck is very important. A short, sharp blow, for instance, he finds gets the greatest effect from the high notes, while a slower, more pushing sort of blow brings out the lower notes best.

Though pianists agree with him largely he has had plenty of disputes with other scientists and with manufacturers, who do not agree that there is anything to it more than the mere force of the blow. Lately he has tried to find in mathematics an explanation of the case; but he has worked everything, from the tone theories of Helmholtz to the mathematical studies of Kaufmann, without success, and he has now called on the mathematicians of the world to tackle the problem.

Nevertheless, he has produced an attachment that will undoubtedly vary the touch; and those who believe, with him, that touch variation is the one final needed improvement to player-pianos can now have touch control. Instead of a spring on the regulating bellows of the player he uses a weight.

The leverage of this weight can be controlled at will by a little lever on the keyboard as the music is played. If it is desired to strike the high notes with a short, sharp blow, the control lever is turned to increase the leverage of the weight that controls the bellows, and a short, sharp blow may be obtained.

In practice he has found that it is necessary to learn just what force of blow is best for bringing out each part of the scale best, as the leverage for the bass notes is different from that for the high notes. He has, therefore, been able to have the treble notes ring out while the bass is soft, or to have the bass vigorous while the higher notes are softer.



¶ "Keep your shirt on."

¶ Your advice to a gentleman who, to use slang again, is "up in the air."

¶ Stop and think what a task you impose!

¶ Not a man in the United States that doesn't have trouble because of his shirt working up. Isn't yours now? Wear **OLUS**—the shirt with drawers attached.

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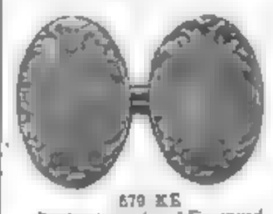

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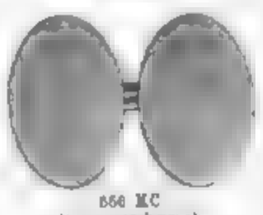

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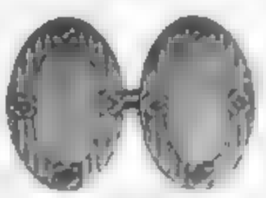

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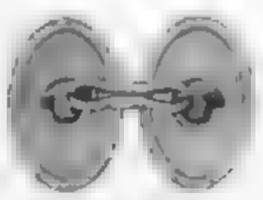

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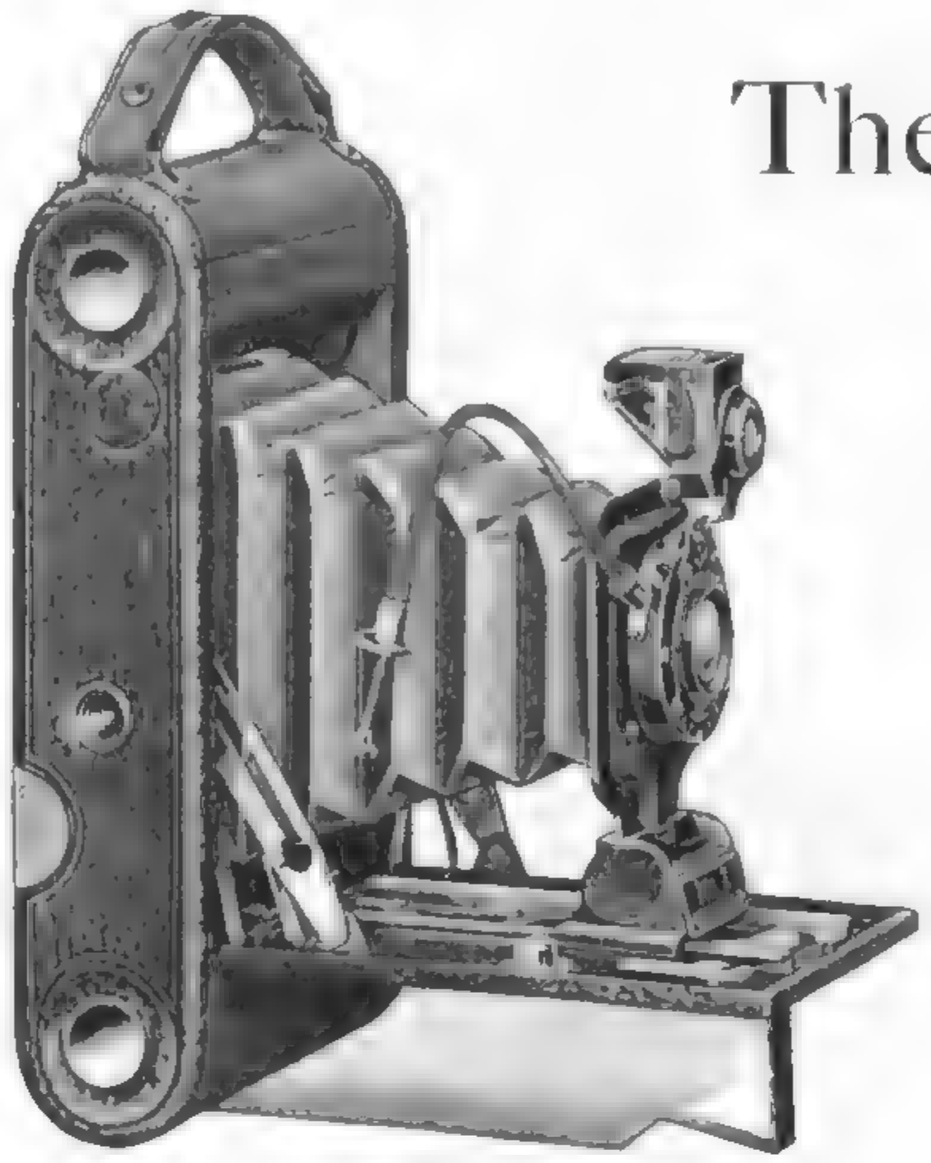

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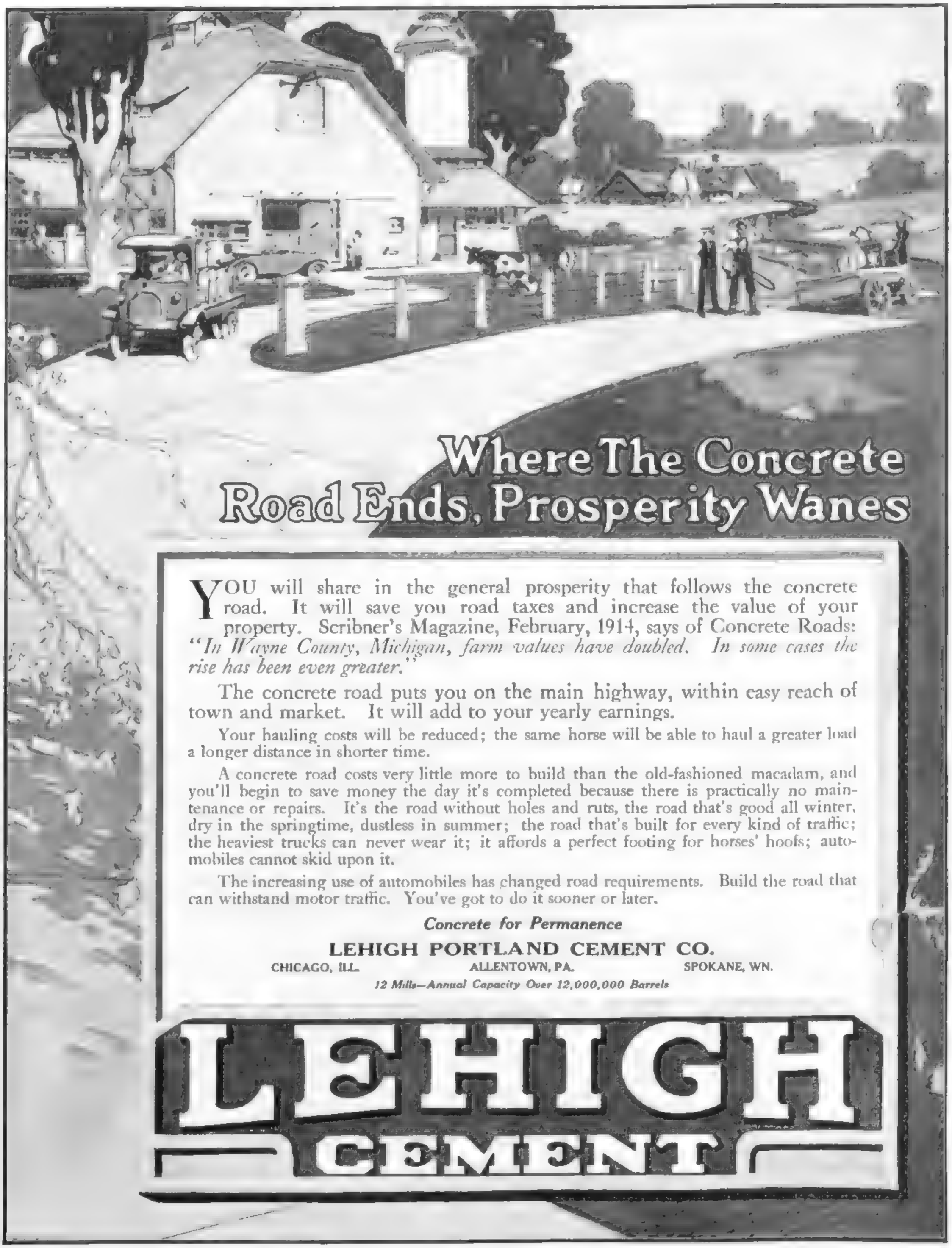

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THE TREASURE SINK

(Continued from Page 9)

the Christian Era. At any rate, the images of gods supposed to have lived in prehistoric times are all adorned with jewels and precious metals. The breastplate of Vishnu—the great god, Light of the World, All Glorious—was studded with diamonds. In the ancient literature that grew up about those worthies diamonds and thunderbolts were one and the same substance.

No one knows who first called India the World's Sink of Gold, so old is the expression; but the Phœnicians are said to have exchanged silver for gold dust of the lower Indus, and Darius the Great exacted a tribute of three hundred and sixty talents of gold dust from the Punjab. Pliny, the Roman historian, tells of selling silver to the natives of that far-off land. Columbus was seeking to tap the riches of India when he discovered America, and five years later Vasco da Gama, a Portuguese explorer, did reach India by the Cape of Good Hope route and brought back to his king this message from the Great Khan of Tartary:

"Vasco da Gama, a nobleman of your household, has visited my kingdom and has given me great pleasure. In my kingdom there is abundance of cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper and precious stones. What I seek from thy country is gold, silver, coral and scarlet."

The smooth little gold bars, the export of which to India at certain seasons of the year is such a profitable business to the bullion brokers of London, "never come back," said the late Lord Rothschild to the Royal Commission on Finance and Currency. Hundreds of millions of gold sovereigns dumped into that country, in the hope of increasing its pitifully small money supply, are promptly locked up in treasure vaults by the natives or melted down into ornaments. Not only directly from London but by way of Egypt, Persia and China, India draws year after year and century after century on the world's store of gold and silver.

It must not be supposed, however, that the rajahs are the only insatiable treasure collectors. They alone may wear shawls of pearls and diamonds as heavy as coats of mail and known to weary the strongest men. They alone may boast of drinking cups cut out of a single emerald. But it is the people of India—the swarming, teeming three hundred and fifteen millions—who are the real hoarders.

Baffling and mysterious as India's peculiar relation to the precious metals has always been, the explanation probably depends, first, on the ingrained, hereditary fear of ravage and pillage; and second, but more directly at the present time at least, on the persistence of ignorance—especially among the women.

Where the Gold Bullion Goes

Of course India is making progress; but, at the best, man's effort to better his condition in that vast domain is like scratching an elephant's ear. About ninety-three per cent of the people cannot read or write, and less than two millions out of three hundred and fifteen millions can read or write English. In 1911 only 193,646 girls were attending school; whereas in the United States, with a population less than one-third that of India, there were about nine million girls in school.

"How can such a mass of illiterate humanity, living mostly from thirty to fifty miles away from railroads, draw checks or handle currency with confidence?" exclaimed Dadiba Merwanjee Dalal, a Bombay banker, before the Royal Commission on Indian Finance and Currency. "Such people cannot be induced to accept foreign securities or modern agricultural and industrial equipment.

"It is through education alone that the demand in India for gold ornaments can be minimized and the tension on the world's gold relaxed."

This admission on Mr. Dadiba Merwanjee Dalal's part that education alone could thaw the frozen hoards is rather amusing, because in the previous sentence he had denied the insinuations of the commissioners that hoarding existed. "The unfounded and unjust indictment has been made against India that it hoards gold bullion and sovereigns." Well, the gentleman was not nearly so inconsistent as he may appear to have been. Except for the princes, there is not much hoarding in the ordinary sense. The people simply turn the gold coins into ornaments.

The women of India are unable to read or write, but for the most part they are storehouses of the wisdom of ages, which is really the blackest, densest ignorance. They consider it disgraceful for their daughters not to be married at the latest by twelve or fourteen years of age; and countless thousands have been married at the ages of four, five and six. There are actually hundreds of thousands of widows under fifteen; and, of course, we all know how horrible is the lot of the widow in India—often in ages past burned on the funeral pyre, now unable to remarry, and doomed to be the lowest of drudges. Efforts to break up social customs and traditions are, at the best, pitifully slow.

Woman is the submerged half of India; and until she begins to rise these terrible customs will necessitate the so-called hoarding of gold and silver for purposes of personal adornment, which, at the very least, must always amount to about three billion dollars. The reason is that, from time immemorial, the native laws of inheritance have simply regarded woman as nonexistent.

Any male relative of a deceased man has rights prior to those of the wife and daughters. Any scamp of a cousin or nephew can take all the property.

Neither by will nor by gift can a man provide for his wife and daughters any portion of his land, houses, furniture, or even government bonds, bank deposits or insurance policies. The son, as soon as he is born, gets an interest in the property and can impeach any alienations even twenty or thirty years after they have been made.

Ornaments as Assets

Often women who have been accustomed to every luxury can obtain only from two dollars and a half to five dollars a month from their male relatives or relatives-in-law, as soon as they become widows. Daughters and sisters of the late head of the family cannot claim even that sum.

"The only way the strictness of the law is evaded," according to Mr. Iyer, secretary of the Madras Economic Association, "is by presenting the ladies with jewels, which become their personal property and which male members of the family cannot claim as family assets. In the case of daughters, from their birth to their death presents are made on various occasions—presents of gold sovereigns or jewels. By the time of the marriage of the girl, which happens in her twelfth or thirteenth year at latest, the girl in an ordinary middle-class family would have absorbed from fifty to a hundred sovereigns at the least. This is strictly a provision, as these jewels could not be attached even for the husband's debts. I have given a very low figure, and nowadays at the time of marriage even gold vessels are presented."

The bride's father and the husband's father present the bride with gold and silver when she is married. There are whole native books describing this subject, known as *stree-dhan*, or "woman's property." Certain months are considered especially propitious for marriages, and at such times the Bombay bullion dealers arrange for enormous imports of gold from England to meet the upcountry demand.

"Even assuming," said one of the native bankers to the last Royal Commission, "two hundred million natives are so poor that they are born never to possess a single piece of gold, the consumption of the remaining one hundred and fifteen millions is enormous. And this amount, though it may appear large," he went on ingenuously, "is certainly not excessive on a population basis. We are entitled to more gold than any other country in the world except China, which is on a silver basis; and as a matter of fact we are a bad sixth in the absorption of the yellow metal."

Of course what the wily Oriental money-changer conveniently forgot to say was that, though England, France, Germany and the United States may actually take as much gold as India or more, it is used as the basis for billions of dollars of bank credit to finance the trade of the world; whereas the gold that goes to India is made into bracelets.

Mr. Iyer believes the idea of providing for female members of a household has been

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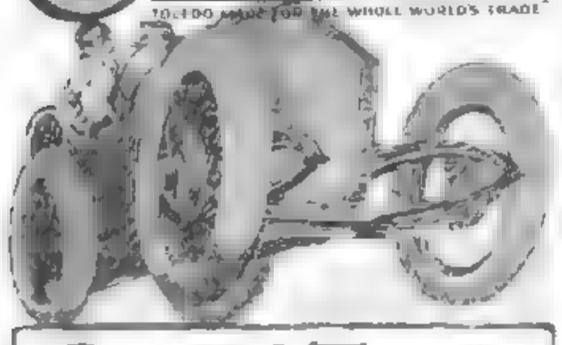

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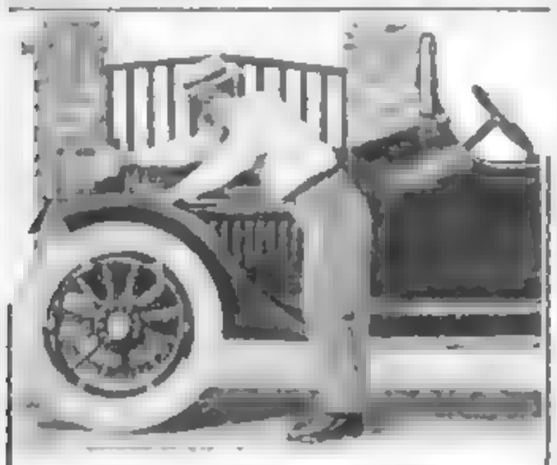

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largely due to the spread of Western civilization and ideas; and that Hindus will turn more rather than less gold into their wives' and daughters' possession as time goes on. He says there is no limit to this absorption, and declares that as soon as a woman receives a sovereign she has it melted into ornaments—"or it waits its turn to go into the melting pot."

Though in theory the women sell their ornaments for support in case their husbands and fathers die, in practice they are more tenacious of those ornaments than any other women in the world. Ornaments are theoretically a reserve or a form of savings bank; but every authority agrees that the women will not let them go until the worst happens—and usually not even then.

"All women are reluctant to part with their jewelry," said a native Bombay bullion dealer; "but the Indian women are peculiarly tenacious. Terrible famines swept over the country in 1877 and 1899; and, though destitution was intense and in some districts one-fourth of the population was in receipt of government relief, still gold did not come out for export. In the famine year of 1899 the imports of gold were actually thirty-one million dollars."

It is said that every year four thousand girls are murdered in India for their jewels. One witness before the Royal Commission of 1913 spoke of seeing a child totally naked and yet wearing four coins about her neck. It is a conservative estimate that one-third of the average Hindu family's wealth is in some form of precious stone or metal. The lower classes have very little in the way of clothing, furniture and dishes; but even beggar women have been seen to wear twenty-six rings on their fingers. Ordinary serving women are literally covered from head to toe with silver. Every part of the body—toes included—has its pieces of silver.

India produces no silver whatever and only ten million dollars in gold from its own mines; but it can draw from Europe, because from earliest times it has produced what Europe wanted. In the early days spice was the desired cargo; now cotton, wheat, oilseed, jute, tea, rice, tobacco and opium are the chief exports.

Thus, India always had a balance of trade in her favor; in 1912 and 1913 it ran up to nearly three hundred million dollars each year, and the normal yearly average cannot be far from one hundred million dollars. Therefore, though the country is miserably, shockingly poor, so far as most of the people are concerned, it is able to draw from the rest of the world what it most wants—gold and silver.

The Loanshark's Paradise

About nine-tenths of the population depend on agriculture, which, in turn, depends on the monsoons or storms, which now and then fail for two or three years in succession, with famine and plague as the sure results. The farmer is immobile. He does not know enough to move from a too thickly populated district to the many underpopulated regions.

Not long ago farm laborers received only about two dollars and a half a month. Methods are cumbersome and old-fashioned. Though there are factories in Bombay, and industrial education receives constant attention and agitation, India, for the most part, resembles Europe before the discovery of steam power. The two greatest characteristics of modern Western civilization—the subdivision of labor and power machines—are practically unknown.

Naturally under these conditions, with the average person raising on an acre of land practically all he uses except a few yards of cotton cloth, the village money-lender still flourishes. England, with a population one-tenth that of India, has among its many banks a single institution with nearly twice the deposits of all the banks in India. The actual circulation of money in India is about eighty cents to each inhabitant as compared with nearly forty dollars in this country. Where India has a few scores of banks, countries whose area and population would be lost in one corner of its jungles have literally hundreds.

So the native money-lender, who is often a grain merchant as well, has his stall in the bazaar and provides minute doses of money at unbelievably high rates of interest. He is a much-abused person; but he takes plenty of risk, for not only does the native farmer borrow his neighbors' jewels to deck out his wife and daughters on festival occasions but he often buys several times as many as he can pay for.

Despite the great amount of money-lending, there is literally no such thing as personal credit. To borrow money by an ordinary mortgage on land causes inordinate delay, arising out of the inspection of title deeds, registration of documents, and getting the attestation of all the adult relatives, who may be in different parts of the country; and without such attestation the transaction will not be complete. Lastly the mortgagee will insist that the term be for at least three years; and so the money cannot be paid back as soon as the farmer has sold his grain.

"Loans to Europeans and Indian officials are made at a rate of interest that may appear incredible," says Mr. Iyer. "For a loan of a hundred rupees the calculation is made thus: Interest at three per cent a month for twenty months comes to sixty rupees. The sum of sixty rupees is deducted and forty rupees is paid into the hands of the debtor; and the amount in the bond is a hundred rupees, which must be paid in monthly installments of five rupees. This is an ordinary transaction taking place every day. Nothing less than twenty months is accepted. I know a number of Europeans, civil-service men—men in the financial service and various departments—who have and are taking loans at those rates."

The Buddhist legends contain the supposed autobiography of a girl living about four hundred years before Christ, who tells how her parents, no longer being able to meet the usurer's rates, which began at fifteen per cent and grew larger as the months went by, were forced to sell her into slavery.

Quick Loans on Jewels

"For an Indian who has no government post," Mr. Iyer went on to tell the Royal Commission, "or who wants to avoid these men"—money-lenders—"the easiest way to raise money is by the pledging of his wife's or family's jewels. The only convenient, the popular and the cheapest, way of raising loans is by pledging jewels. They may be taken to a different town, and the money is raised in half an hour, without any registration or witnesses; and the jewels may be redeemed at any time with a month's interest.

"The transaction may be completed, even by a woman, without the presence of the adult members. The interest is cheap, there is the utmost secrecy, and the money is raised immediately. The result of this is that whenever the farmer gets a surplus, little or more, he invests it in jewels. It gives a status to his wife, proclaims her as a rich woman, there is peace and happiness at home; and, lastly, he is sure he can raise as much money as he wants at a moment's notice."

Until a farmer could buy jewels he formerly wore strings of silver rupees round his neck. Now that gold money has been introduced he wears a smaller string of gold sovereigns, or his wife wears them, or hides them until the requisite sum is reached. A wealthy trader failed a few years ago and, though every article belonging to the concern went into the hands of the official receiver, the jewels of the wife were valued at three hundred thousand dollars only six months later.

Some success has attended the introduction of coöperative societies among the farmers of India; but as to how many centuries it will take to make any radical change all men are afraid to predict. Even the experts have only a hazy conception of how ruinously wasteful has been the hoarding of gold and silver, and their use for ornaments instead of for money.

It only remains to be noted that, if India ever should suddenly disgorge its treasures, the world would probably be as much upset by the revolutionary inflation that would surely follow as by any war.

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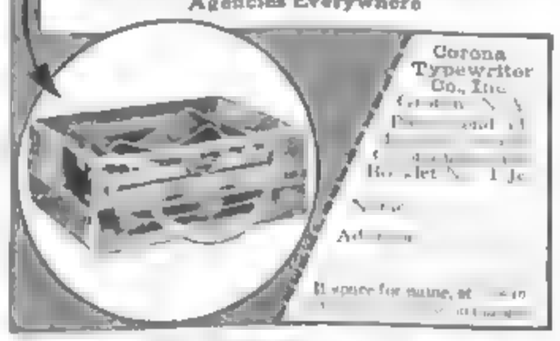

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Here's what we now offer ***you!***

The ***best*** Non-Skid Safety-Tread ever put on the market, at ONLY 5% HIGHER PRICE than our own best ***Plain***-Tread.

Made as *always,*—the *same* reliable Construction, the *same* dependable Service—without anything whatever taken out of *Quality,* no matter what reductions in List-Price are ever made.

Note following comparative prices. "A," "B," "C" and "D" represent four Widely-Sold Non-Skid Tires:

Size	Goodrich Safety Tread	OTHER MAKES			
		"A"	"B"	"C"	"D"
30 x 3	$9.45	$10.55	$10.95	$16.35	$18.10
30 x 3½	12.20	13.35	14.20	21.70	23.60
32 x 3½	14.00	15.40	16.30	22.85	25.30
34 x 4	20.35	22.30	23.80	31.15	33.55
36 x 4½	28.70	32.15	33.60	41.85	41.40
37 x 5	33.90	39.80	41.80	49.85	52.05

"Traction-Wave" Breaker

Observe the Foxy-Fingers of the Goodrich *Safety* Tread.

Made *in series,* so the transverse space between each two sets will act as a working *Hinge,* in Tire Travel.

These "Hinges" then break up the "Traction-Wave" area into its most harmless form, HEAVILY increasing MILEAGE for only 5% increase in Rubber and Cost to you.

NO Vibration, no "Tread Separation," due to isolated Projections,—no clumsy, Resilience-killing stiffness.

But,—instead, a practical ***hinge*** between each series of Grips, which breaks up the "Traction-Wave" in the Tire, and thereby adds ***enormously*** to Mileage, at only 5% ***more Cost.***

We could well ***justify*** an increased charge for this Feature, equal to the increased Mileage which results from it.

But we ***don't*** take advantage of that.

Just as we have never taken anything out of the well-established ***quality*** of Goodrich Tires, when lowering their Fair-List Price to ***you.***

Will you appreciate the ***Good-Faith*** behind this Policy? *THE B. F. GOODRICH CO.*
Akron, O.

GOODRICH FAIR-LISTED TIRES

THROUGH THE KNOTHOLE

(Continued from Page 13)

and gave his plans a chance to work out according to schedule. They did everything that was anticipated, allowing a reasonable discount for unsettled business conditions. Sales were not so large as in good times, but were satisfactory; and the concern laid good foundations for the future. Keeping up the spirits of the organization is certainly half the battle.

When war broke out salesmen for a subscription-book house began coming in, with reports of hard times, scarce money, despondent prospects and no sales. The manager had half a dozen of his best canvassers outfitted at the best clothing store in town. They were dressed in morning coats, silk hats, Ascot ties, pearl stickpins, patent-leather shoes and spats; and when they showed up for instructions he gave them a vigorous coaching:

"Talk confidence! Talk money! If a prospect says business is not good, tell him it is good with you. If he complains that he has no money, tell him you have plenty of money, that you will lend him some money, that you will sell him these books and take his note."

That went fine! Somehow prospective buyers seemed to feel better about the general business situation almost as soon as they shook hands with one of those aristocratic book agents.

Again and again it was demonstrated, by increase of sales through the year over those in 1913, that intelligent selling effort in hard times brings results. Sometimes this was proved in a striking contrast.

Two large concerns making the same article of general use were hit in about the same way, each losing a snug export business and being unable for about thirty days to get imported ingredients to make goods. One stiffened its selling force and doubled its advertising expenditure, and gained fifteen per cent over the previous year; while the other retrenched and suffered a twenty-five per cent loss in the gross.

A factory making working clothes was kept busy right through the depression, because the owners, two young men, believed extra selling effort was needed to keep their sort of industry alive in bad times.

"We anticipated a slump in our business, because so many workpeople were being laid off everywhere, making less demand for our stuff; but we were determined not to lie down in the road, like many other manufacturers, and wait for the steam roller of depression to flatten us out. Our idea was to get a fast automobile and try to keep ahead of the roller."

Powder for Peaceful Purposes

So they canvassed the trade for orders more vigorously, increased their advertising to the consumer, and kept the factory going on full time. All the while, however, they were waiting for the slump to come, and wondering whether it would come to-morrow.

"It got to be quite an anxiety," says the senior partner. "You know the old story of the sleepless man in a hotel and the noisy neighbor who came into the next room, took off one shoe, and dropped it with a bang. The sleepless man lay waiting for him to drop that other shoe. Every time we heard a story of business loss and retrenchment we stiffened for trouble. 'When will it come—why don't the other shoe drop?' But we got through September and October, and there was no falling off in business. The factory worked full time and we had only the ordinary seasonal lull round Christmas. Our sales for the year showed an increase—if the other shoe dropped we never heard it."

In good times a blasting-powder company finds most of its customers among railroads, contractors, mines, quarries and cement plants. This demand slackened before the war; and one powder company started a campaign among farmers, teaching them to use powder for clearing land, subsoiling, planting trees, and so on. When the war came this campaign was continued; and, though sales to an individual farmer are small compared with the carloads of explosives ordered for big construction work, this company closed the year with an increase of a hundred thousand dollars in the gross.

A typewriter company lost forty per cent of its business in the month of August, because some of its best demand was in Germany, England and France. What might have been disaster was turned into benefit, however, because the management discovered that it was underorganized on the sales end at home and made good the loss by an intensive sales campaign.

Some of the concerns hit hardest by the war were houses in the importing trade, for they had to face difficulties in getting goods from abroad as well as a falling off in demand.

Until a few years ago one New York importer had been doing business along old-fashioned lines, buying stuff of every description in Europe for close prices and selling to retailers in this country on slender margins of profit. He saw he was not only competing with other importers but with American goods that were being made and sold more skillfully every year; so he Americanized his own business. Several high-class toilet specialties were selected, and on these he put his own trade-mark.

Great pains had to be taken to find manufacturers abroad who could turn out what he wanted to build a reputation on; but he made permanent connections with three concerns on the other side and started advertising.

Wartime Merchandising Methods

When war was declared his supplies were shut off. At one factory, in France, two sons went to the front and were killed, while their father, the proprietor, was drafted as a drill sergeant. Some weeks passed before this factory could be heard from, and then it developed that only the chemist was left. Another factory was in Hungary. The proprietor had gone to war, his wife ultimately reported. Nothing at all could be learned about the third factory, in Germany.

His competitors in the import trade could get goods from any plant in Europe that was able to turn them out, as their business was not limited to a few specialties. He had virtually tied himself to those three factories—in such an emergency, at least; but he had a fairly large fall stock of the stuff in New York and he decided to go ahead as usual, keeping his trade-mark alive and maintaining his trade connections.

The crisis caught him with fall selling plans under way. During August he had to decide about a costly advertising campaign. There was still no certainty of getting goods, but he gave the order to go ahead. Then came a war tax on his stuff, cutting profits. He shouldered that. On top of this competitors commenced advancing their prices; but by a stroke of inspiration he decided to stick to his old prices as long as it was possible for him to sell at a profit.

After repeated failures he got in touch with the French factory by cable and found that it could turn out some goods. Arguing that money would be badly needed over there, he sent word that payment for goods would be made immediately by cable as soon as each lot was loaded on a ship. Presently goods were coming along in small quantities; and then the proprietor of the Hungarian factory got back to his home, wounded, and started up his plant in a small way.

The German factory has not been heard from yet. All through the winter the business was pushed in this country on the selling end; and the result has been to lay such foundations during the general demoralization of import trade as could hardly have been laid in ordinary times.

Another concern hard hit by war was a food business depending on Europe for some of its ingredients. This is managed by a woman, the founder's widow. She has always spent money liberally for advertising and saleswork. Confronted by scarcity in materials, she suspended her advertising for two months and put the money into materials. As soon as she had a year's supply stored away she resumed advertising again, and the business shows an increase for last year.

In hard times business is apt to be viewed through the small end of the glass. Expenses are cut blindly, valuable employees dropped, and prices cut regardless of cost. Ocean steamships find a distinct increase of travel, represented by salesmen seeking export trade—a reflection of the common idea that, if there is any trade at

At a time like this how would a check for $400 help?

LAID up in the hospital—with his income stopped—with big expenses for nurses and doctors—this man was helped towards recovery by the check for $400 that came to him promptly each eight weeks from the Ætna Life. He had been careful in time. He had taken out an Ætna Comprehensive Health Policy that made his income safe in case of sickness.

ÆTNA-IZE

You may feel fine today—tomorrow a sudden illness may come. The strongest is more liable than the weakest because the strongest takes the least care. Protect yourself now. If you take out an Ætna Comprehensive Health Policy you will get:

$50 a week for six months if you are confined to a hospital—$25 a week for a year if you are prevented by sickness from doing your work (even if you do not have to stay at home)—$12.50 a week if after your total disability you still lose half your business time.

$25 a week for 100 weeks—nearly two years—if you lose the sight of both eyes by disease, or the use of both hands or feet or one hand and one foot by paralysis. Also fees for surgical operations resulting from illness.

This is only one of the Ætna's big line of Health, Accident and Disability policies, which meet every need of every man. You can get an Accident Policy for as little as three cents a day.

The day your policy is issued your insurance begins. This coupon brings you the whole story—then you can judge for yourself whether you can go one day longer without this means of safety.

Send the coupon now, while it is at your hand.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.
The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance
Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding Lines

Yours for 5 Cents

This "one-cake" package of fresh-keeping Dromedary Cocoanut, a cook-book of 40 tempting cocoanut recipes, and a 10c Dromedary cookie-cutter—all sent you on receipt of 5 cents (partially to cover postage and packing) and your name and your grocer's.

The Hills Brothers Company
Dept. K—375 Washington St.
New York

Are your Tires, your Time and your Temper worth $15?

Many manufacturers, like Packard, Peerless, Franklin, Premier, Velie, Lexington, King, think so and furnish our pump as regular car equipment. Some thirty other cars are coming to standard equipment as fast as they can. We have furnished thousands of outfits recently to dealers and owners of cars like the Buick, Chalmers, Chandler, Hupmobile, Overland, Reo, Studebaker and others on recommendation of the car maker.

$15 Whether you drive a new or a used car, be sure that you have the . . Complete with air gauge hose and attachments carefully fitted and ready to install. Special Ford Outfit, $9.50; Dodge, $10.

Engine Driven KELLOGG Tire Pump

"Guaranteed Not to Spray Oil With Air"

Needs oil once a month—splash system. Four metal piston rings. Carbon steel shaft. Grey iron cylinder. Designed and made as well as your engine.

The Attachments Make This the Perfect Outfit

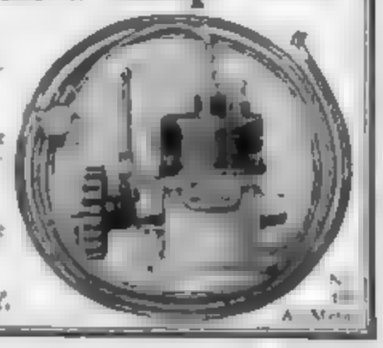
When you need a tire pump, you need a good one. Like a good starter, the Kellogg pump is the accessory you want on your car because of its dependability, its convenience and comfort. Saves time, temper and tires.

Distributors in all leading centers

If your dealer does not have pump with attachments for your model in stock, save time by sending us $15 with name and model of car and dealer's name.

We protect our dealers. Descriptive matter free.

KELLOGG MFG. CO., 10-24 CIRCLE STREET, ROCHESTER, N.Y.



BRING YOUR CAR UP TO DATE WITH

Atwater Kent Ignition

Magneto Replacement

This famous system—standard equipment on thirty of the best known and most modern cars—has also been adopted by thousands upon thousands of wise owners whose cars were previously magneto equipped.

The Atwater Kent System with magneto replacement mounting is easily and quickly installed in the place of your present magneto, making it possible for you to realize in your own car the pleasure, comfort and increased safety secured by the A K automatic spark control, together with the better power performance, acceleration, idling and easier starting due to the unfailing constancy of its hot, dynamic spark.

Any one of more than five thousand dealers, garage and repair men will gladly inform you regarding Atwater Kent Ignition for your car, and you will be surprised at the ease and reasonable cost with which it may be installed

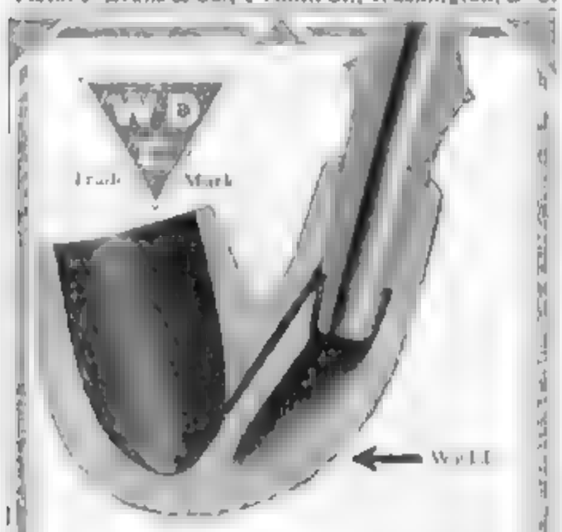
A special outfit is furnished for Ford cars.

Write your name on the margin of this advertisement or drop us a postal for interesting descriptive matter

Atwater Kent Mfg Works 4037 STENTON AVE PHILADELPHIA PA

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

SALESMEN Profitable high class proposition for capable men to sell a new form of advertising to retail merchants everywhere. Sole line or side line. Address Sales Manager
WINSLOW CABOT CO., 204 Congress Building, Boston, Mass.



This picture shows you why

The Wellington

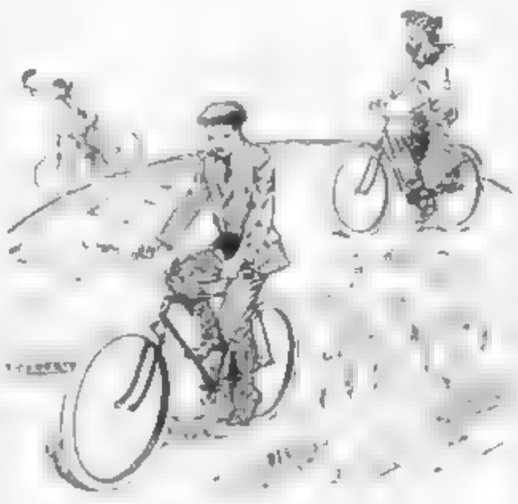
always gives a cool, clean smoke to the very last puff. It's guaranteed.

WILLIAM DEMUTH & CO.
NEW YORK

IVER JOHNSON

See the World on a Bicycle

A millionaire in a $10,000 Touring Car can't begin to have the fun you could get on a two weeks' bicycle tour.



Any man or boy with a bicycle and blanket can *travel!* No trip to Europe this year—see America first.

The Iver Johnson Bicycle is so sturdily made, its bearings are so wear proof, its equipment is so excellent that it will stand the hardest trip without giving trouble. It is the finest bicycle that money will buy. Prices, $20 to $55.

Send for 84-page Book on Bicycles, Motorcycles, Revolvers and Shot Guns

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
290 River Street Fitchburg, Mass.
New York 99 Chambers Street

Getting Data on Costs

all left anywhere, it must be far off in other countries.

During each industrial depression our salesmen are hurried abroad to hustle foreign business that is neglected with the return of good times. People who fancy the American salesman does not understand foreign trade would change their minds if they saw him at work in strange countries.

The biggest manufacturer in a certain industry knew it was honeycombed with price-cutting evils, and that the root of the trouble lay in ignorance of costs among a host of small concerns. Several efforts to bring them together into an organization during good times had come to nothing. They met in conference, but were either indifferent to the general good of the industry or wasted their time in bickering. Two months after the war started he called another meeting.

"They've all lost money by now," he reasoned. "They'll be ready for a new deal. Only one thing I'm afraid of—that some of 'em haven't lost quite enough money yet!"

The meeting came together. Everybody wanted to talk prices and see what could be done by an agreement to bring back profits. The big manufacturer was in the chair.

"We can't talk prices," he said. "Uncle Sam would prosecute us if we did. But we can talk something far more important—and that's costs. How much does it cost the industry to do business? I've set down here in a list two dozen of the chief cost items, as we figure things in our own plant. We want to strike a general average for the trade.

"I'll chalk the first item up on this blackboard; and each man in the room will write on a slip of paper his percentage of cost for that item, drop it into a hat—unsigned—and the secretary will strike an average from all the slips. That will be the trade average. We'll see whether it is high or low. Each man can judge whether the general trade cost is higher or lower than what he has been figuring to make his prices."

This was like a new game explained to a lot of boys. They forgot bickerings and grudges and went to figuring. The first general average struck on a major cost item was so high that everybody was astonished. Half a dozen other big items were high; and after that the game ran into items that hardly one manufacturer in three could write in a percentage.

"I can't tell that—I don't know!" confessed the puzzled players in this game of cost averages.

"But you'd ought to know!" insisted the chairman. "Those items enter into profit and loss. Perhaps it is because you don't know that you've been losing money."

Before the whole list had been gone through, every man in the meeting plainly saw the lesson—that price evils were destroying their industry, because hardly anybody knew what costs and profits really were. Before the conference ended steps were taken to have expert cost accountants study all their plants and devise a standard cost-keeping system that could be used by all, stabilizing prices.

Depression is not a reason for retrenching and tearing down, but for maintaining and building up. It brings loss and dislocation when it comes, but business has not disappeared altogether—it exists in ample volume—and by active work along intelligent lines will yield revenue to make up losses. Depression is a reason for keeping the organization together, for improving it, linking it with other organizations, rectifying errors of policy and method, making reputation and connections.

An automobile manufacturer illustrates the idea with a symbol from his own business. He makes a large car, but one for which moderate weight is claimed, and a corresponding economy of running and upkeep. To demonstrate this point he has one of his cars towed round town by another with an ordinary fishline. The whole secret of towing is to start both cars gently until they are under way, and then maintain an even pull. A very slight jerk will snap the fishline.

Business is like that, he says. In depression many executives snap the fishline by the jerks and starts of uncertain policy; whereas it is fairly easy to keep everything going with a steady, confident, properly applied pull.

"Cool as a cucumber!"

No necessity for hot, sticky, [illegible] Get [illegible] cleverly [illegible] cool air and to evaporate perspiration without letting in dust, dirt or sweat. They'll keep your gloved hands cool as a cucumber. Ins[illegible] the features found only in

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Made from soft, flexible [illegible] tough as rawhide. [illegible] Most good dealers [illegible] Grinnell Book and leather samples free — send today.

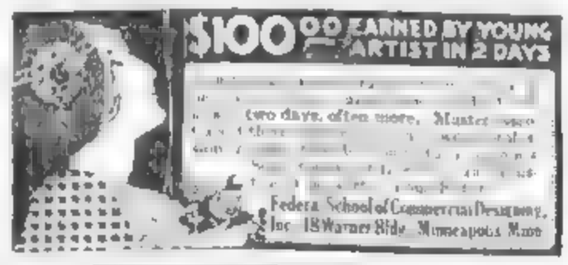
Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.
(Est. 1850)
25 Broad Street
Grinnell, Iowa

Style No. V4400—one of the 900 ventilated!

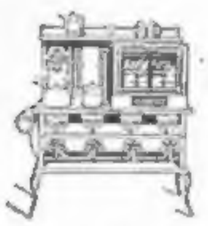
Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

[illegible] Men, Women and Children. [illegible] in any style. Light Weight Durable. All head sizes. Brims from 2¾ to 6 inches.

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00
Money back if not satisfactory. *Write for Catalog.*
Panamas from $1.00 to $100.00
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City

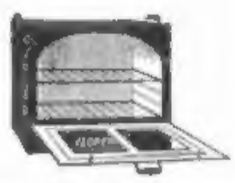

$100.00 EARNED BY YOUNG ARTIST IN 2 DAYS
two days, often more. Master [illegible]
Federal School of Commercial Designing, Inc. 18 Warner Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE SWEET WHOLESOME



FLORENCE Blue Flame, 4-Burner, Leg Stove

4-Burner, High Frame FLORENCE Automatic



FLORENCE Glass Door Oven, Rust Proof Arched Roof

Comfort in the Kitchen

FLORENCE

Oil Cook Stoves

"Look for the Lever"

You need have a hot summer kitchen *no more.* Florence Oil Cook Stoves are ready *when* you want to cook. As much heat as you want, when you want it, right *where* you want it. The flame is close up under the cooking.

Florence Oil Stoves are so simple, so sure, so little trouble. You light a match. You turn a lever. You have a clean, intensely hot, blue flame. Every drop of oil is changed to gas. This mixes with oxygen. That is what burns. It does *not* smoke. It does produce the hottest flame (blue) for cooking.

The heat is regulated by raising or lowering the burners by means of a simple (but patented) lever device. You can have an intensely hot or merely simmering flame, as desired. The heat goes upward into the cooking, instead of outward into the kitchen.

These stoves have *no wicks* to need trimming, to smoke, scent and soot the house—*no valves* to wear, clog or leak.

Each burner costs about one-half a cent an hour. *A glass "bull's-eye" always shows you amount of oil in the tank.* Upper reservoir holds a full gallon. Water cannot spill into lower reservoir, nor get into the pipes.

We believe the Florence Automatic principle the best and most efficient for oil cook stoves. Others cannot use it—we own the patents. All Florence Stoves and Ovens are fully guaranteed.

FREE

"Household Helper"

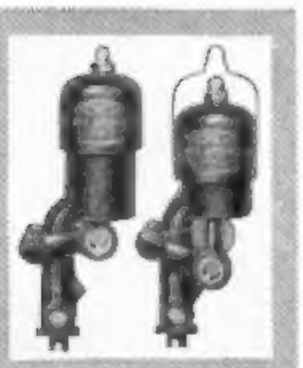
A Very Good Cook-Book for You

We have for you—FREE—an unusual and handsome recipe book of household helps, called "Household Helper." It is a first aid to economy in these "high cost" days. Please write factory for this Free Book today, giving your dealer's name.

Write Us Today

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE COMPANY
123 School St., Gardner, Mass.

3 Big TEMCO Features Combined in No Other Shock Absorber for FORD Cars



1 The Telescoping Dust Cap

The fender rods on Ford cars would ordinarily strike the top of a shock absorber as tall as the Temco. But Temcos *telescope* and avoid the blow. You never see a Temco Dust Cap missing—knocked off by the fender rod.

2 Longer, Stronger Springs

Even when telescoped, Temcos are as tall as others. When normal, they are the tallest. This is a tremendous advantage. It lets us use *longer* springs.

And we make them *stronger* and *more flexible*, too. We use *two* Genuine Crucible *Vanadium* Steel Helical Springs in each shock absorber. They *couldn't* be longer—they *couldn't* be stronger.

3 Radius Links to Prevent Side-Sway

Temco shock absorbers never lean one way or the other. They stand uncompromisingly erect—always absolutely vertical—giving full spring action.

Radius Links *hold* them straight.

This prevents side-sway which is the beginning of the dangerous skid. By preventing side-sway, Temcos minimize skidding.

$15 Complete Set of 4 **Unlimited Guarantee** Temco Shock Absorbers must fully, thoroughly and completely satisfy you in every way, or you may return them and get your money back.

Insist on Temcos if you want the best. Your dealer has them or can quickly get them for you. If you have any trouble getting Temcos, write to us at once and we will see that you are supplied. Write now for descriptive printed matter.

THE TEMCO ELECTRIC MOTOR CO., 519 Sugar St., Leipsic, Ohio

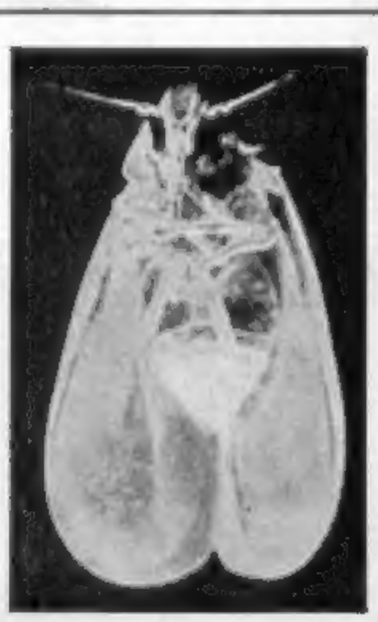
War in the Orchard

Florida orange and grapefruit growers have formed an *entente cordiale* with disease for a war on their most dangerous enemy, the White Fly.

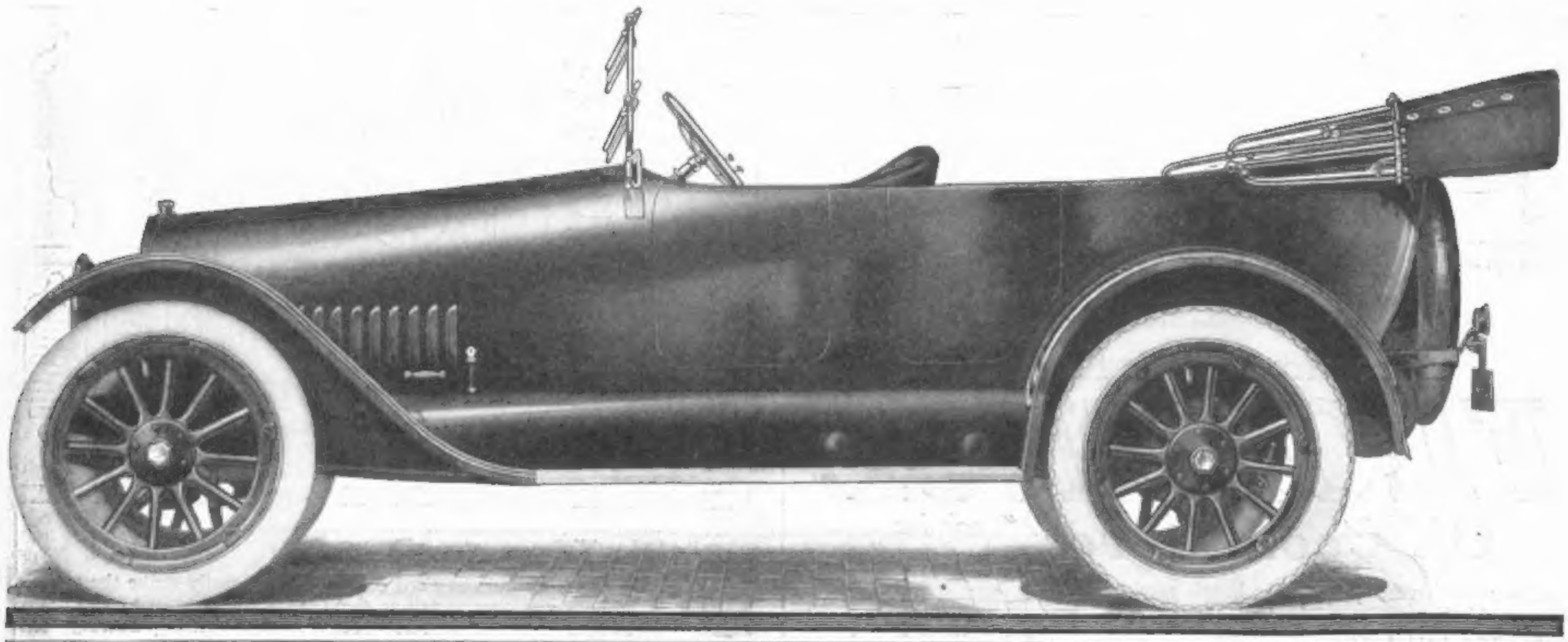
They are mobilizing the Fungi—red, yellow, brown and white brigades—and the enemy is doomed.

There's an interesting story of the war in this week's issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN



FIVE CENTS
the copy



The Supreme Achievement of this great Mitchell factory —The New "Six of '16"

THIS beautiful motor car, big and roomy, with long wheel base and cantilever springs, has a powerful, economical motor; beauty of line and finish; flexibility and accessibility; the comfort of deep luxurious upholstering; reliability; lightness; safety, and above all this—special value.

Compare All These With Any Other Car Costing Up to $2,000

Study this Mitchell—you'll long to drive it. Drive this Mitchell—you're sure to own one.

There is a Mitchell dealer near by who will show you this car. With Seven-Passenger Body $35 extra. Descriptive Booklet on request.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

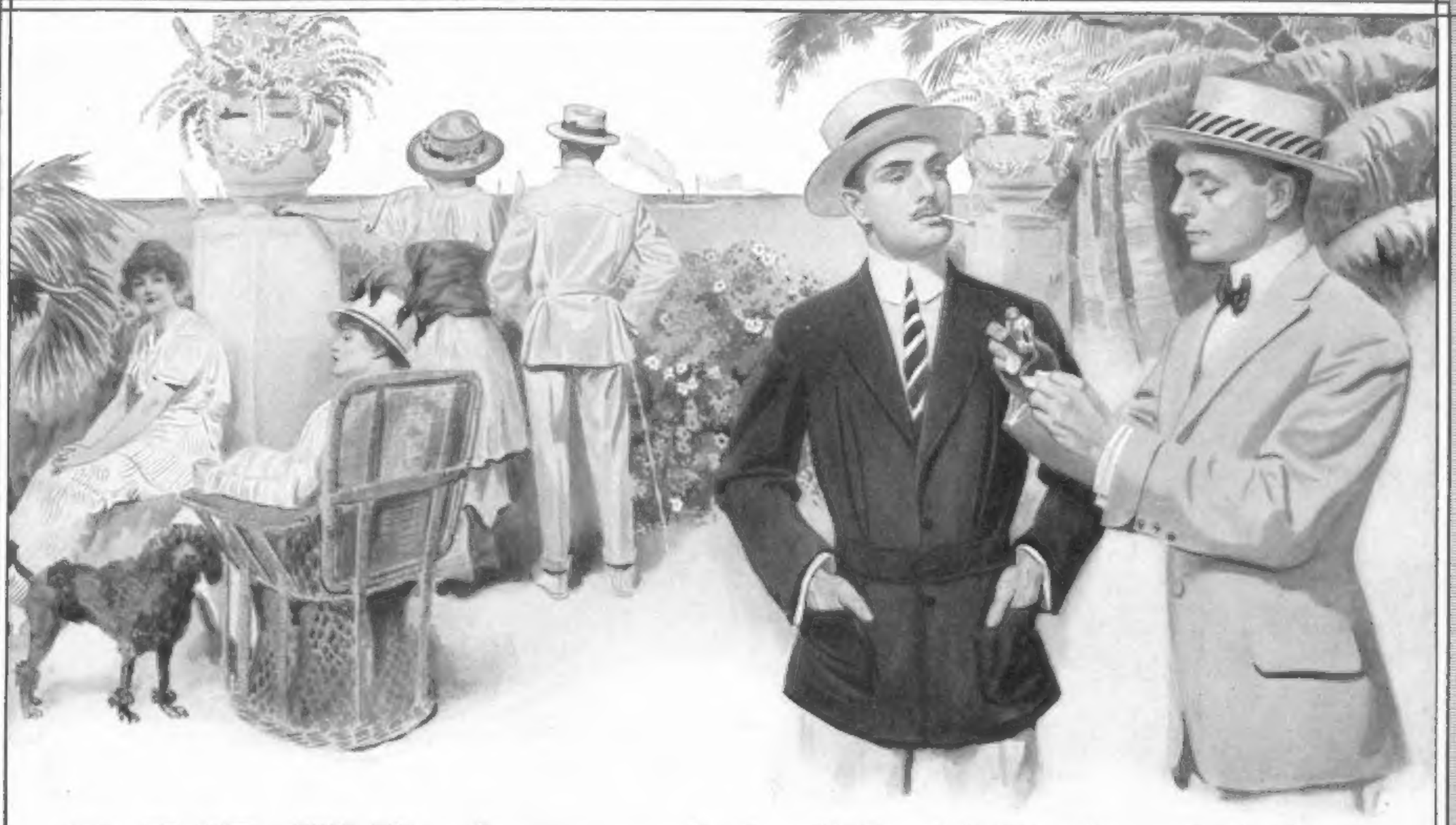
Our dealer proposition is attractive—write us—there may be an opportunity for you.

Over Eighty Years of Faithful Service to the American Public

Mitchell

THE SIX OF SIXTEEN

$1250



Roll "Bull" Durham and the World Rolls with You

"Bull" Durham tobacco in fresh-rolled cigarettes is smoked by smart, active, virile young manhood the world over. There's smacking, mellow-sweet flavor and relish to every puff of this famously good tobacco, that fit right in with youthful spirits and enthusiasm. There's immense satisfaction in making your own cigarettes just the way *you* want them, with the fresh, flavory tobacco you *like best* of all.

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

The millions of "Bull" Durham smokers are men of wide tobacco-experience. They have used tobacco in many forms. They *prefer* "Bull" Durham in fresh, hand-made cigarettes above all—because of the supreme tobacco satisfaction and wholesome, lasting enjoyment insured by "rolling their own."

"Bull" Durham is distinguished from all other tobaccos by its wonderfully pleasant, *unique aroma*. This fresh fragrance is combined in "Bull" Durham cigarettes with the most delightful mildness, mellowness and smoothness—a smoke of unusual character.

Ask for FREE package of "papers" with each 5c sack

FREE An Illustrated Booklet, showing correct way to "Roll Your Own" Cigarettes, and a package of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, *free*, to any address in U. S. on request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C., Room 1269.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Find the Woman's Letter!

25 Men and 1 Woman Wrote this Advertisement

IF YOU can find the woman's letter below, clip it and mail it to us with your name and address. We will send you a free trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick, Powder or Cream—whichever you wish. If you cannot find the woman's letter, send 4c in stamps for the trial size. Within each pair of quotation marks (in the body of the advertisement below) is a portion of an unsolicited letter from a satisfied user of Colgate's Stick, Powder or Cream. The name of any one of the writers will be given on request.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. P 199 Fulton Street New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined

COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER

STICK - POWDER - CREAM

"To show that one can get the money's worth from your Shaving Stick, I enclose what is left of mine.* I am sending it to show the complete satisfaction of an old customer."

"Colgate's leaves no smarting sensation." "I sent for a sample of Colgate's and I want nothing better for my use." "Makes the skin smooth and comfortable with a most delightful and cool feeling not obtained with other soaps." "Colgate's superiority is particularly pronounced in the point of *not drying on the face*. My experience is by no means isolated, for I have yet to find a man who having tried Colgate's would go back to the soap he formerly used." "Yours has a heavier and firmer lather than any other I have used." "To any man with a wiry beard and tender skin, I most heartily commend Colgate's." "Shaving has been a bug-bear to me—but since I used Colgate's, a real pleasure." "In all the time that

"Its coming marked the beginning of shaving comfort for me. I am delighted with it. My skin is so tender that shaving usually leaves it irritated and sore, but your Rapid-Shave-Powder is soothing."

I have been using Colgate's, I have never had my face smart though I have used dull razors, cold water and all the other drawbacks. I have a very tender skin." "It is so far superior in smoothness, freshness of scent and otherwise, that I wonder how I ever remained a slave to another so long." "Have been troubled with stinging sensation after shaving and blamed my razor. With your soap and the same razor I enjoy a fine, quick shave." "You must try it—it makes your skin look wonderful, so clear and alive. I massage with lather and brush about twice a week. Your skin will respond almost at once and you will have people raving about your complexion as they have about mine this winter." "I shaved with Colgate's today

"Your Shaving Cream leaves that smooth, comfortable, velvety feeling and never leaves the skin with the sensation as of having been stretched and the hair pulled out."

and had the first delightful shave since I began shaving myself." "Have purchased several sticks for friends who are as much pleased with it as I am." "You don't say enough for it." "It is absolutely the best. I know, for I have tried them all." "It is the best I ever used and I have been shaving for 40 years." "With its soothing and softening qualities it is now a pleasure to shave." "I find the lather continues moist until I have finished." "I have more than my money's worth." "The handiest, cleanest and best soap I ever used." "My morning shave is a luxury since using your soap." "It is all and more than you claim for it." "It is a better lather and lasts longer."

* Less than 2 grains left. Even this he could have stuck on a new stick—no waste with Colgate's.

Colgate's Needs No Mussy "Rubbing In" with the Fingers